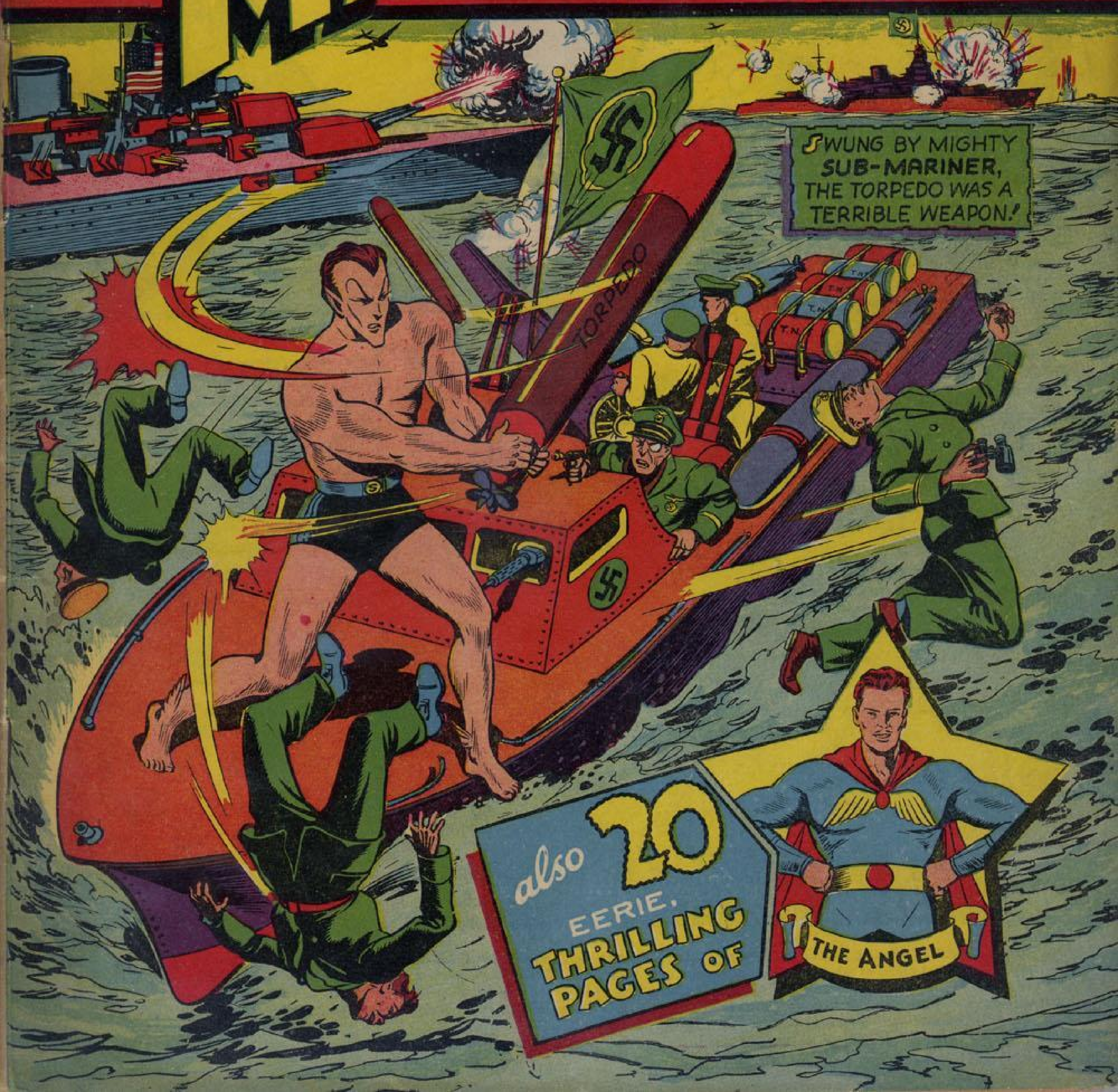
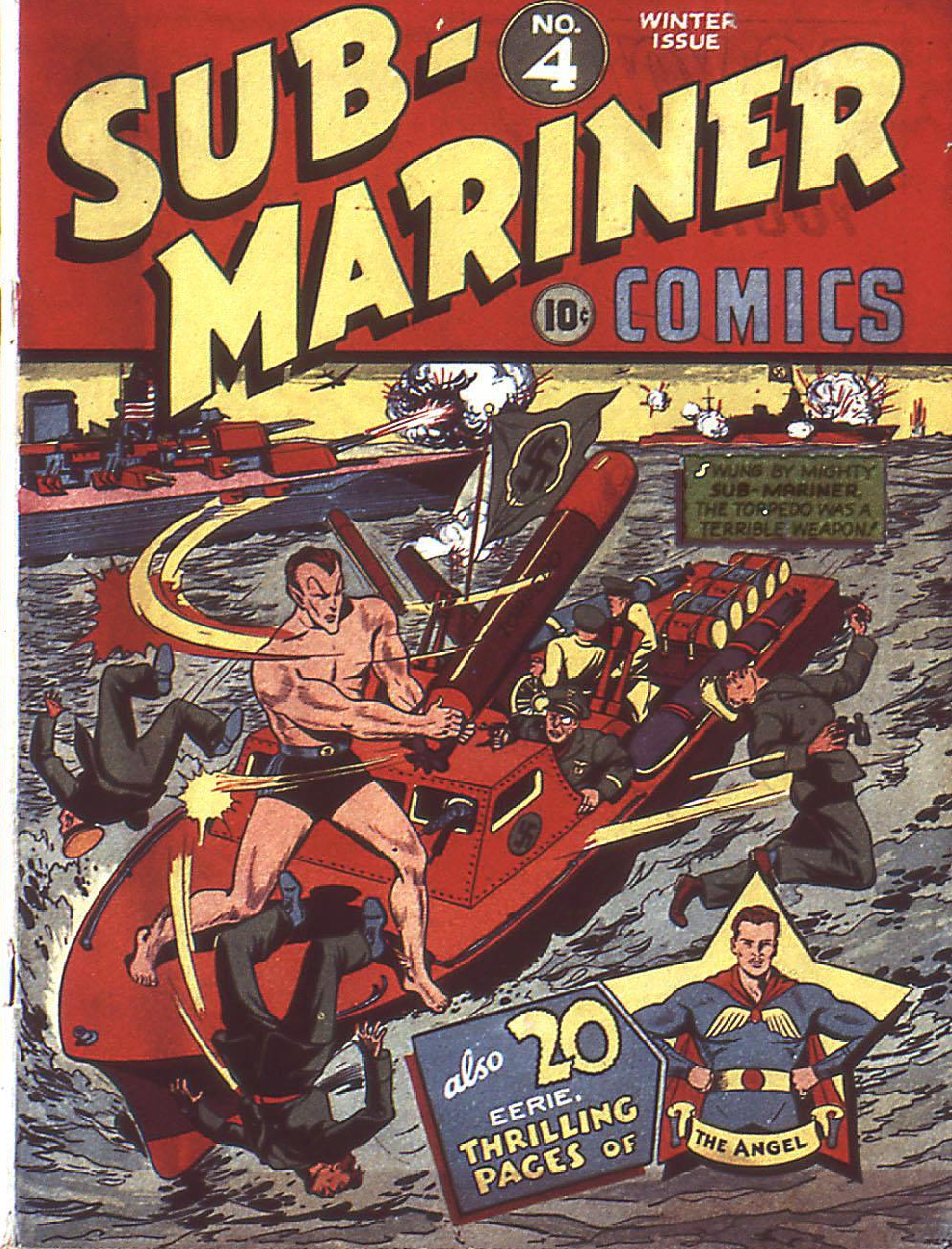
NO. 4

WINTER ISSUE

SUB-MARINER

10¢ COMICS


SWUNG BY MIGHTY SUB-MARINER, THE TORPEDO WAS A TERRIBLE WEAPON!
TORPEDO
T.N.T.
also 20 EERIE, THRILLING PAGES OF
THE ANGEL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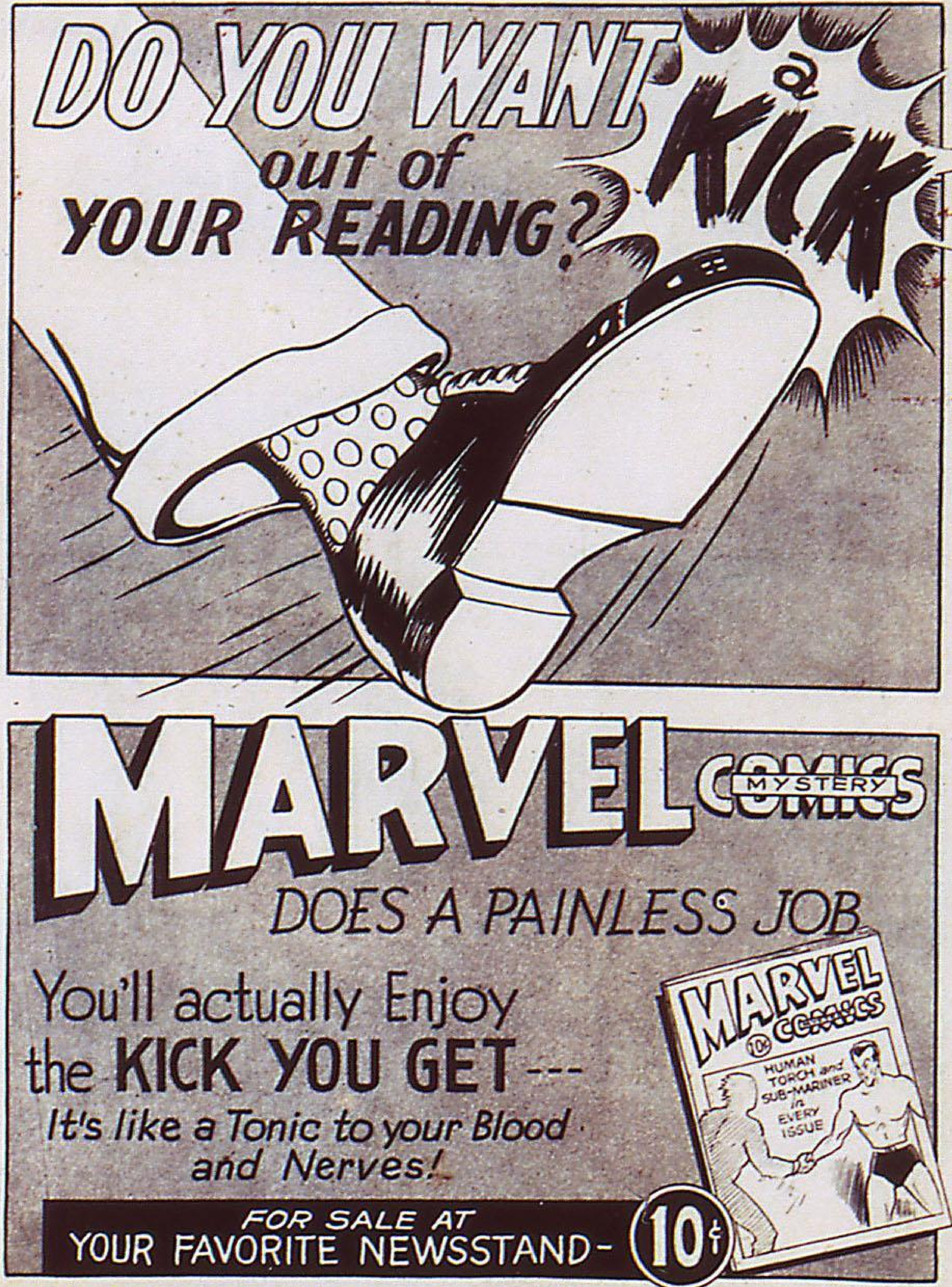
DO YOU WANT a KICK
out of YOUR READING?
MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS
DOES A PAINLESS JOB
You'll actually Enjoy the KICK YOU GET---
It's like a Tonic to your Blood and Nerves!
FOR SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND- 10¢
MARVEL COMICS
10¢
HUMAN TORCH and SUB-MARINER in EVERY ISSUE

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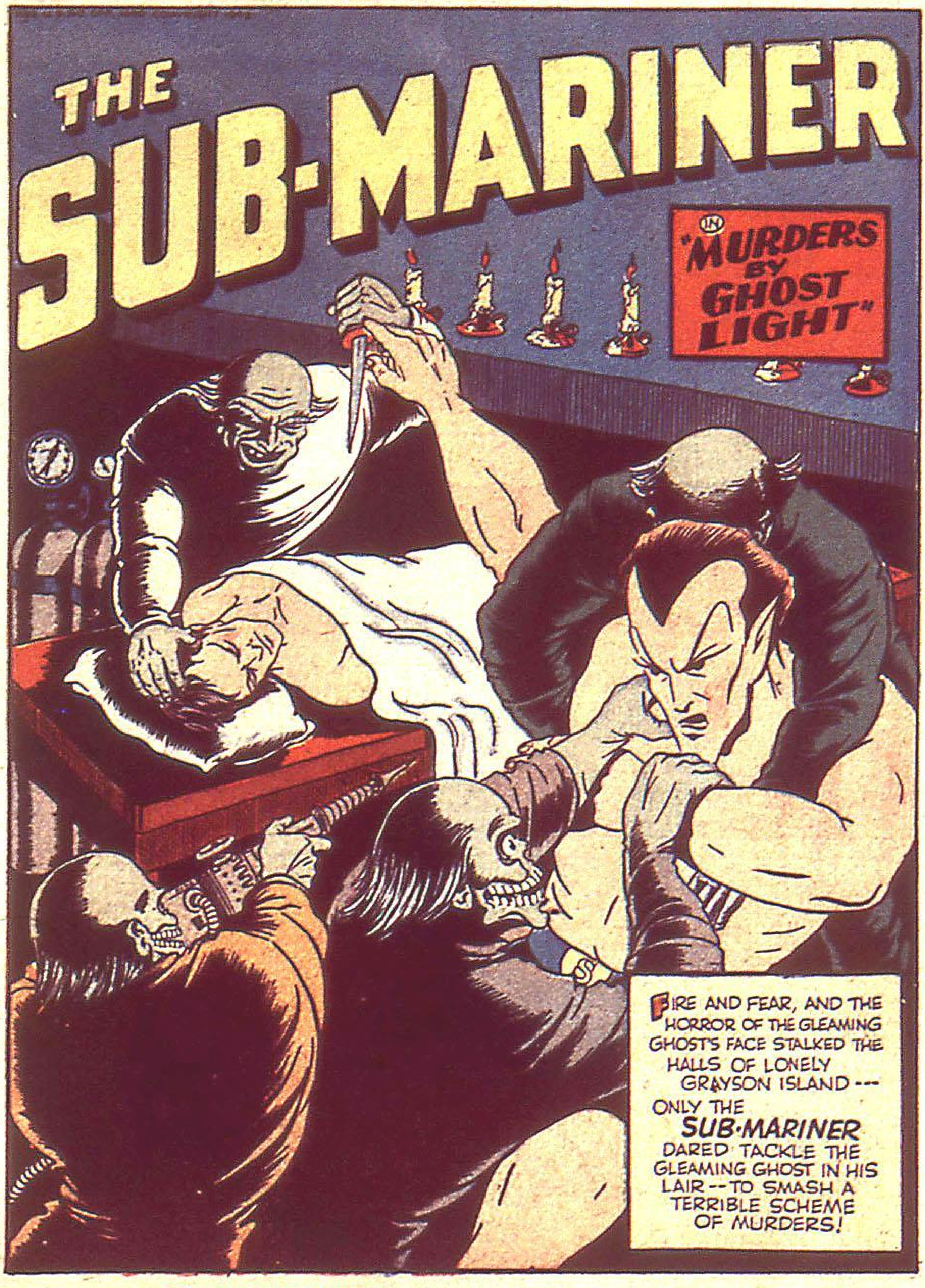
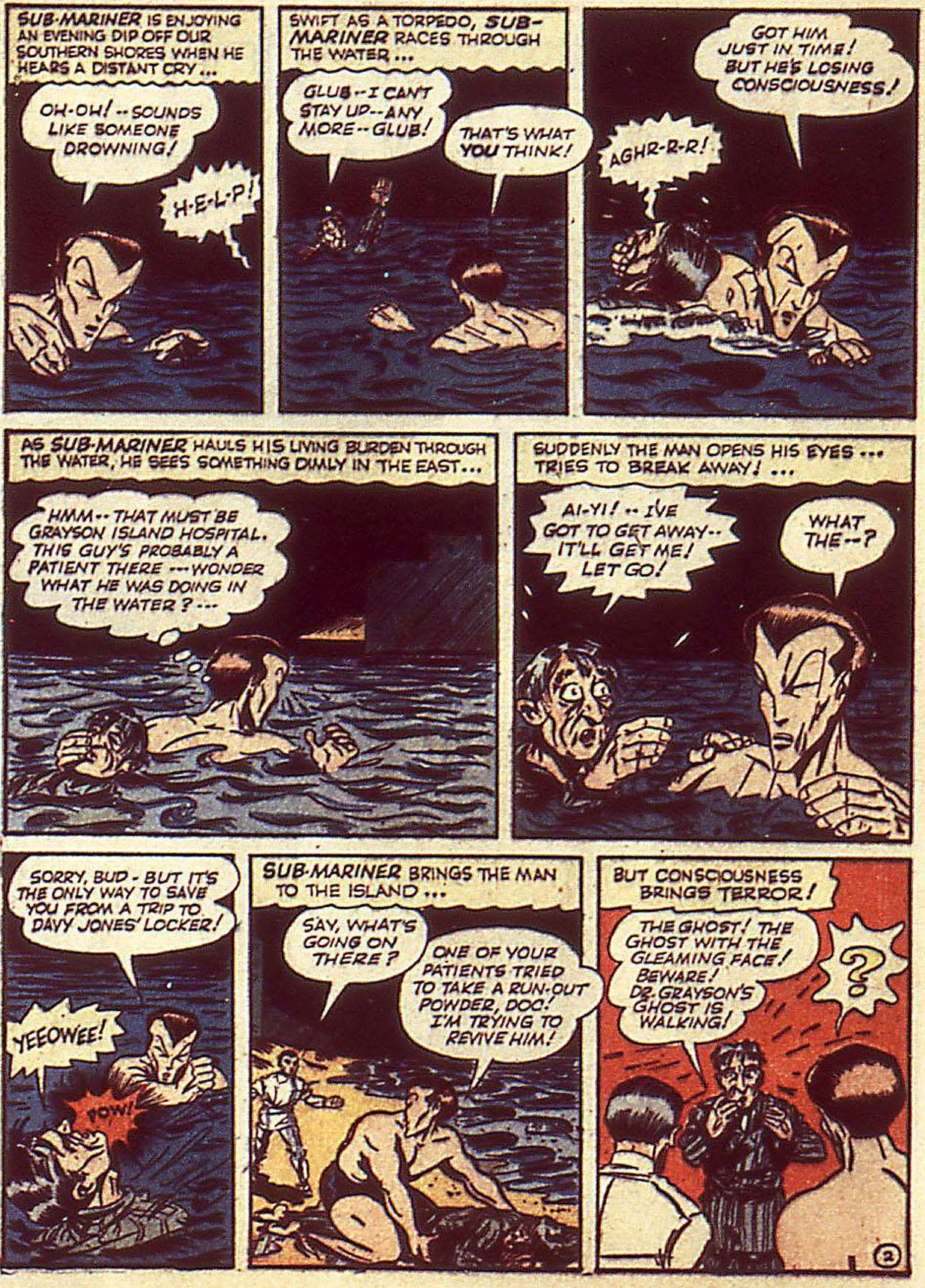
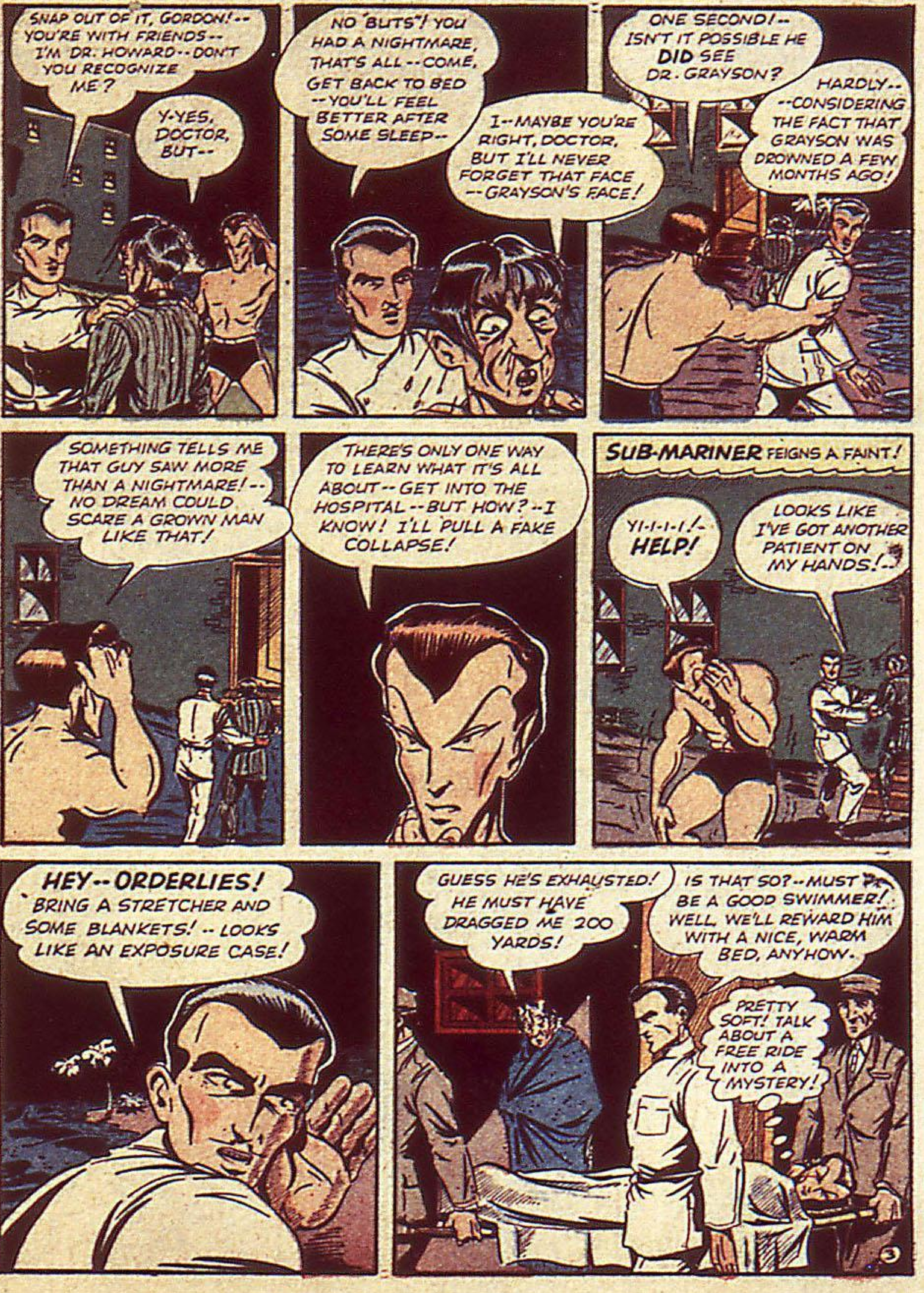
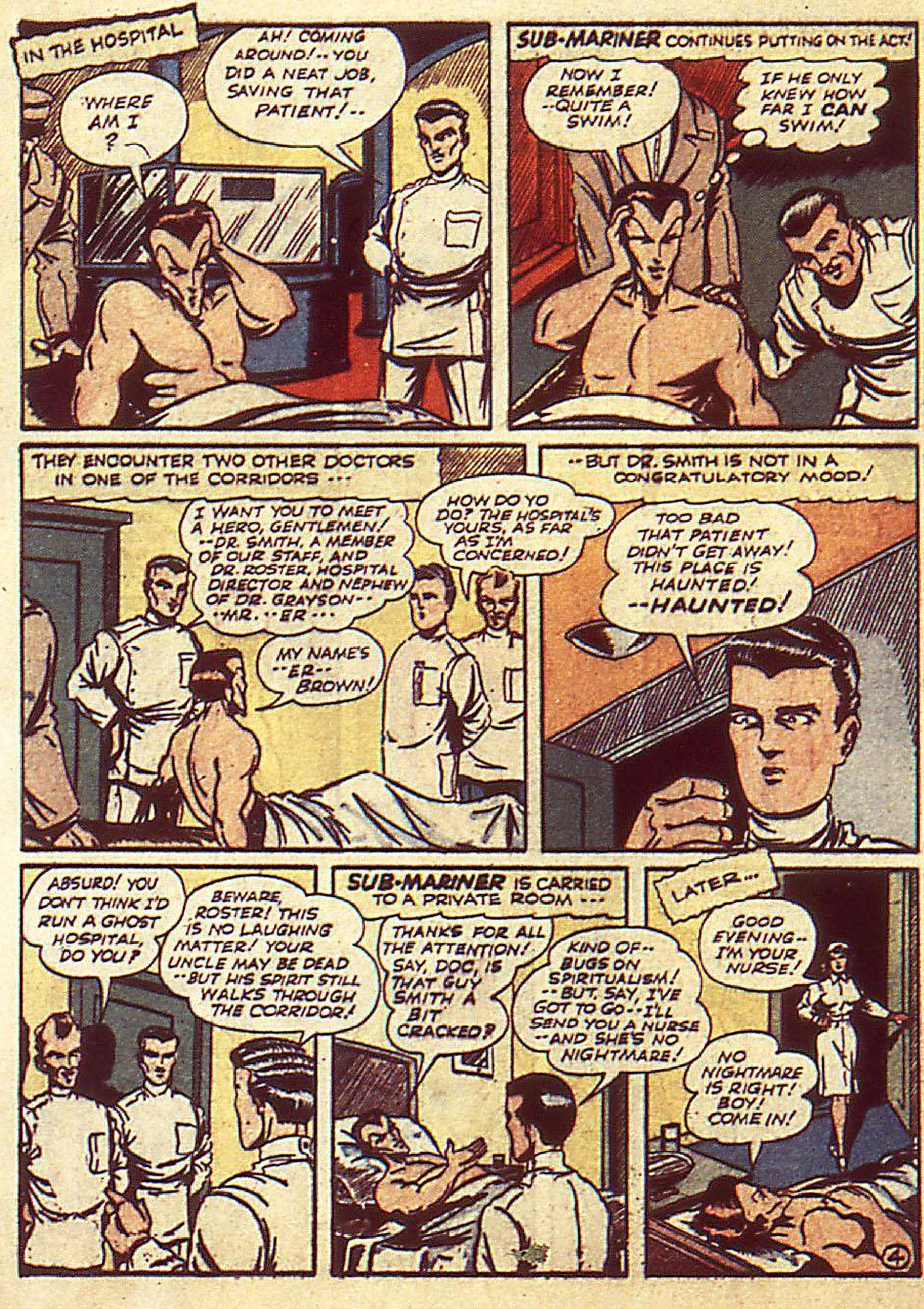
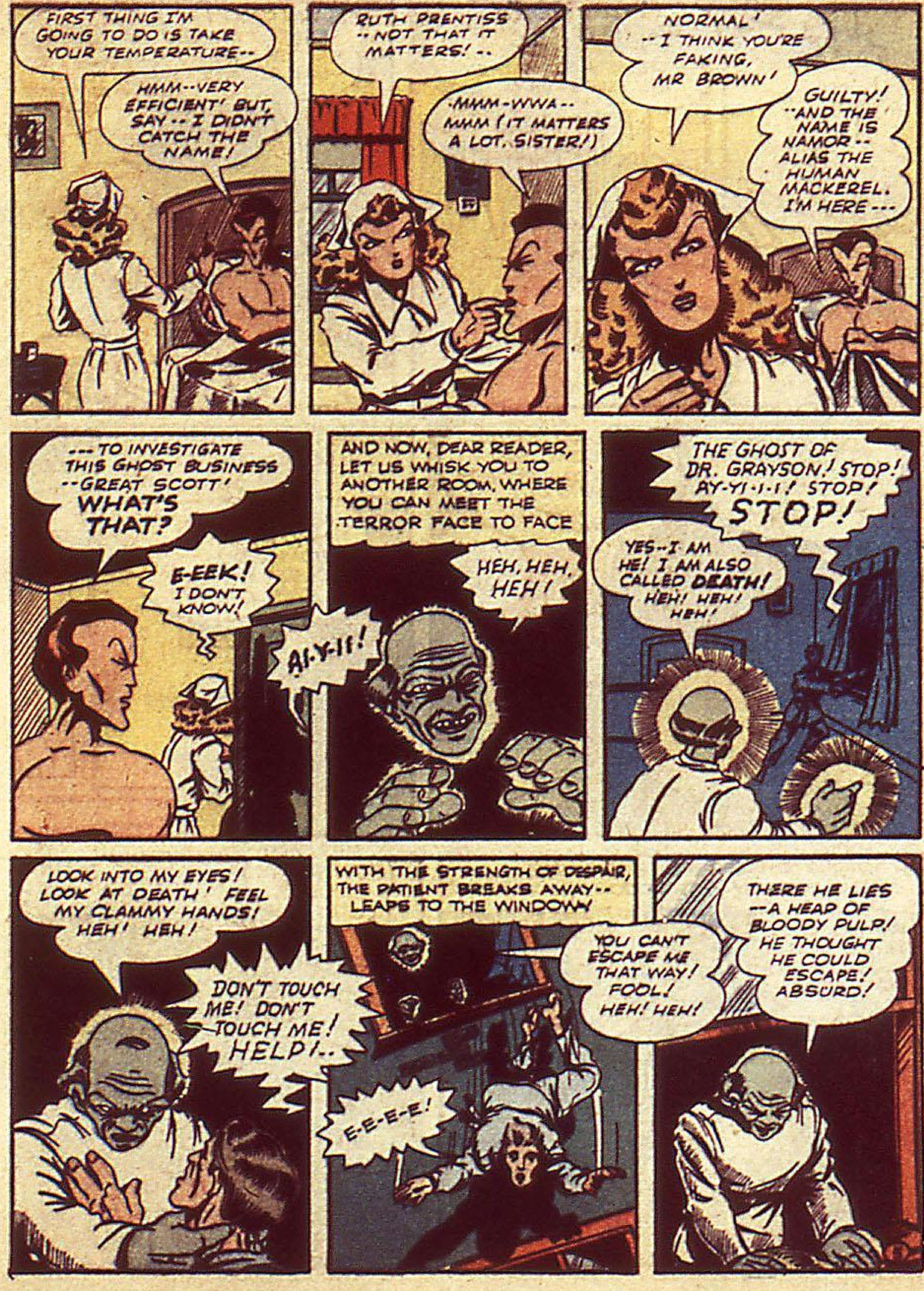

THE SUB-MARINER
IN "MURDERS BY GHOST LIGHT"
FIRE AND FEAR, AND THE HORROR OF THE GLEAMING GHOST'S FACE STALKED THE HALLS OF LONELY GRAYSON ISLAND --- ONLY THE SUB-MARINER DARED TACKLE THE GLEAMING GHOST IN HIS LAIR -- TO SMASH A TERRIBLE SCHEME OF MURDERS!
S

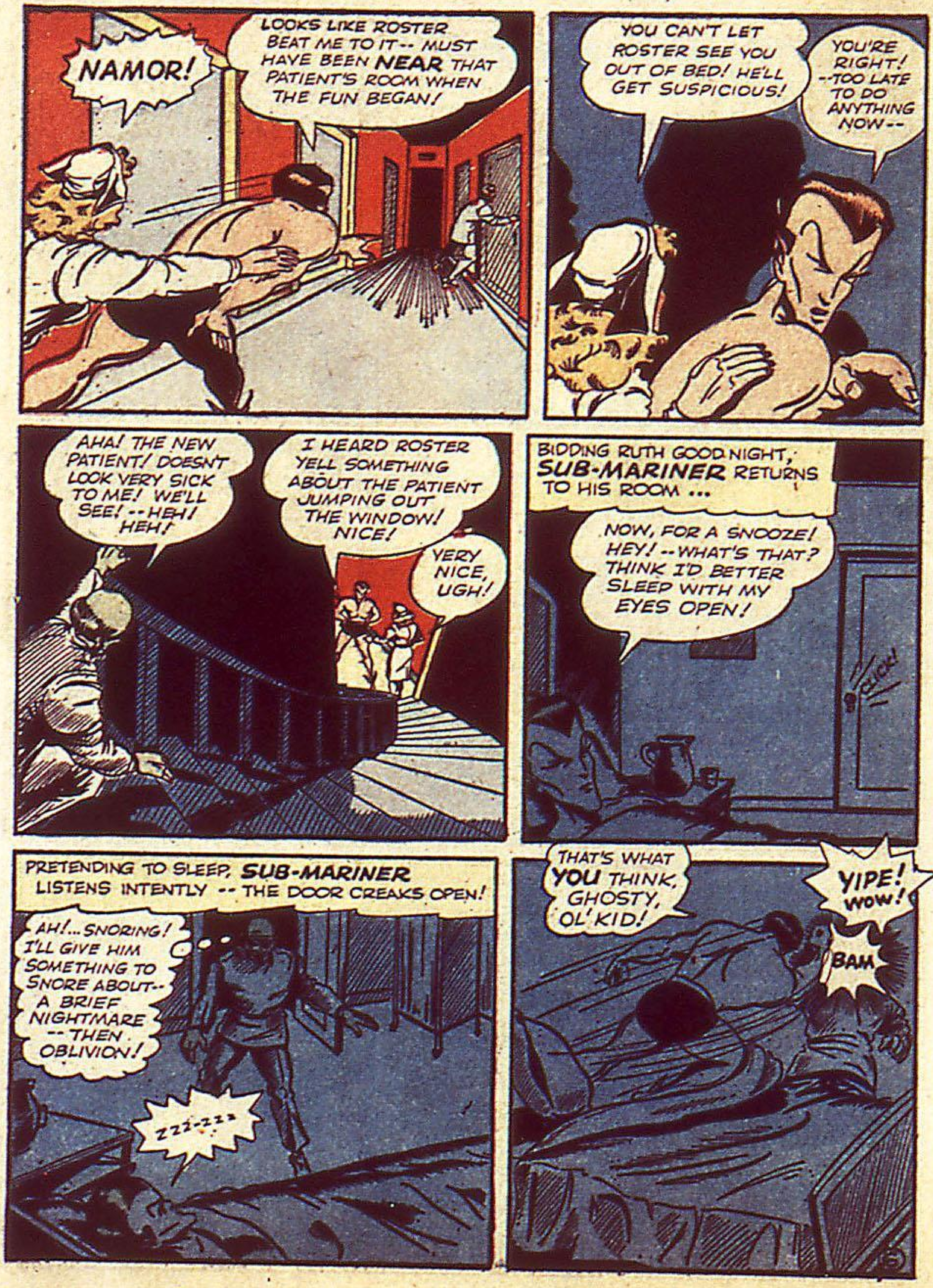
COMIC ART COLLECTION

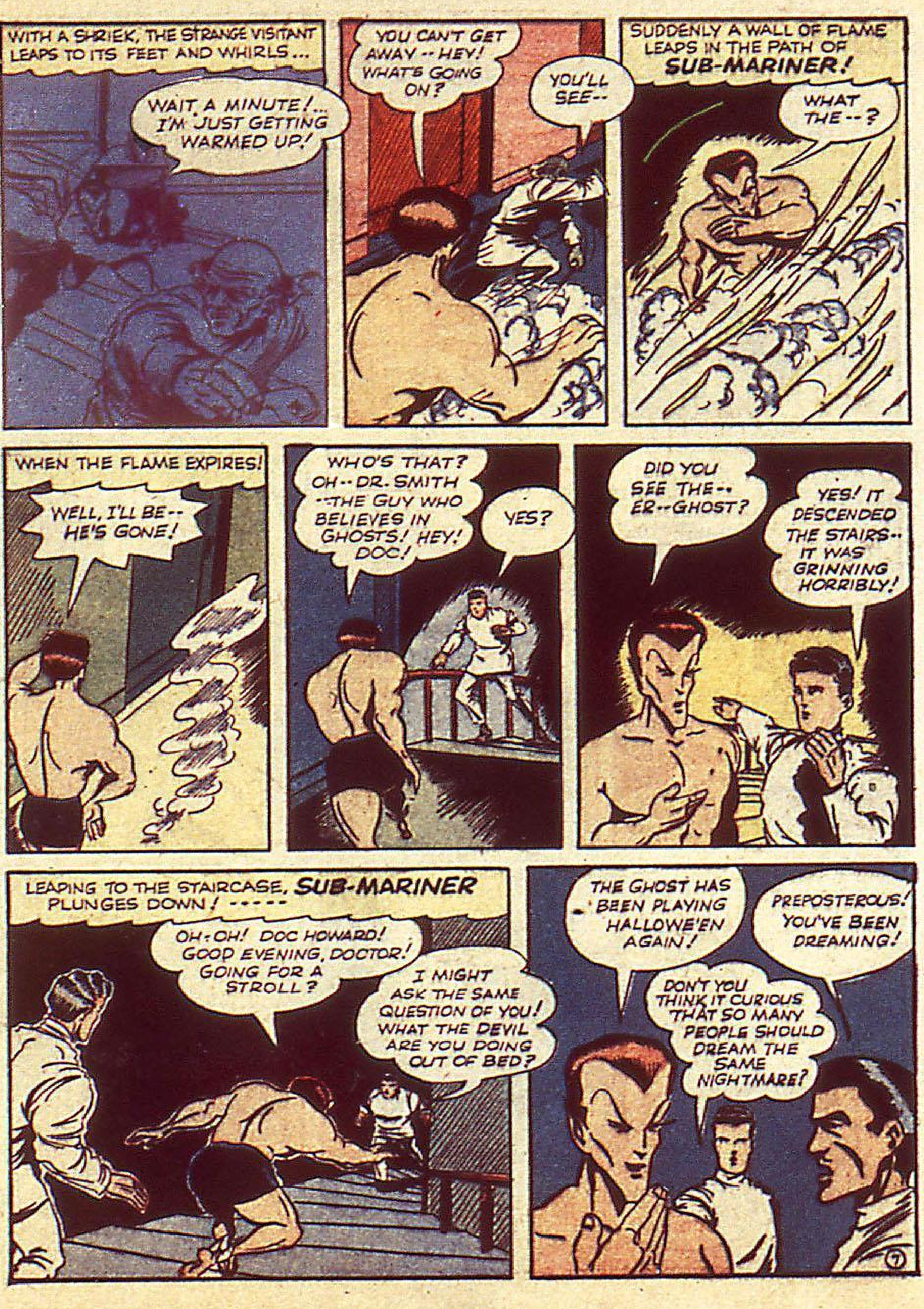

SUB-MARINER IS ENJOYING AN EVENING DIP OFF OUR SOUTHERN SHORES WHEN HE HEARS A DISTANT CRY ...
OH-OH! -- SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE DROWNING!
H-E-L-P!
SWIFT AS A TORPEDO, SUB-MARINER RACES THROUGH THE WATER ...
GLUB -- I CAN'T STAY UP -- ANY MORE -- GLUB!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
GOT HIM JUST IN TIME! BUT HE'S LOSING CONSCIOUSNESS!
AGHR-R-R!
AS SUB-MARINER HAULS HIS LIVING BURDEN THROUGH THE WATER, HE SEES SOMETHING DIMLY IN THE EAST ...
HMM -- THAT MUST BE GRAYSON ISLAND HOSPITAL. THIS GUY'S PROBABLY A PATIENT THERE --- WONDER WHAT HE WAS DOING IN THE WATER ? ---
SUDDENLY THE MAN OPENS HIS EYES ... TRIES TO BREAK AWAY! ...
AI-YI! -- I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY -- IT'LL GET ME! LET GO!
WHAT THE --?
SORRY, BUD - BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO SAVE YOU FROM A TRIP TO DAVY JONES' LOCKER!
YEEOWEE!
POW!
SUB-MARINER BRINGS THE MAN TO THE ISLAND ...
SAY, WHAT'S GOING ON THERE ?
ONE OF YOUR PATIENTS TRIED TO TAKE A RUN-OUT POWDER, DOC! I'M TRYING TO REVIVE HIM!
BUT CONSCIOUSNESS BRINGS TERROR!
THE GHOST! THE GHOST WITH THE GLEAMING FACE! BEWARE! DR. GRAYSON'S GHOST IS WALKING!
?
2

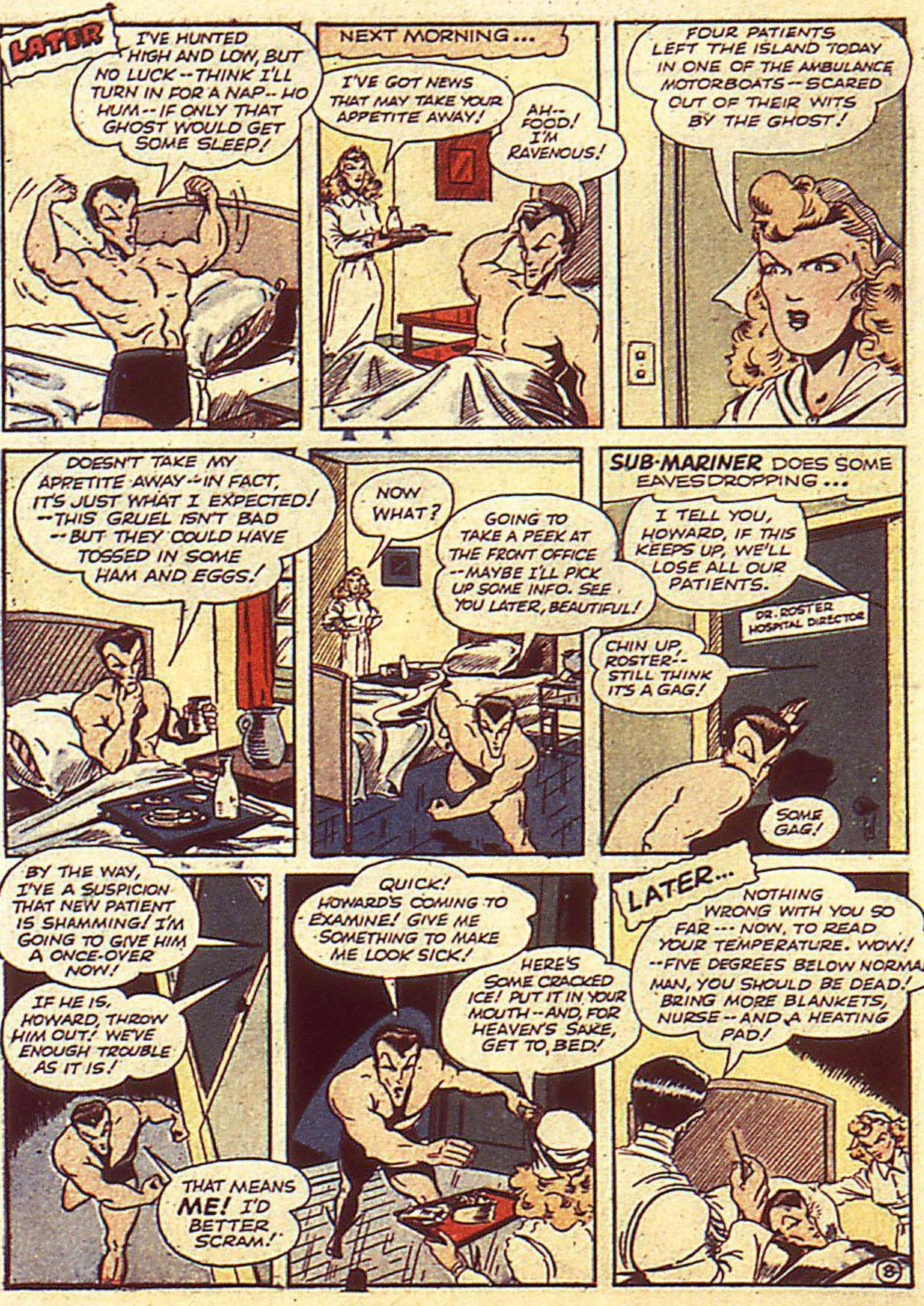

SNAP OUT OF IT, GORDON! -- YOU'RE WITH FRIENDS -- I'M DR. HOWARD -- DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE ME?
Y-YES, DOCTOR, BUT --
NO "BUTS"! YOU HAD A NIGHTMARE, THAT'S ALL -- COME, GET BACK TO BED -- YOU'LL FEEL BETTER AFTER SOME SLEEP --
I -- MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, DOCTOR, BUT I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT FACE -- GRAYSON'S FACE!
ONE SECOND! -- ISN'T IT POSSIBLE HE **DID** SEE DR. GRAYSON?
HARDLY -- -- CONSIDERING THE FACT THAT GRAYSON WAS DROWNED A FEW MONTHS AGO!
SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT GUY SAW MORE THAN A NIGHTMARE! -- NO DREAM COULD SCARE A GROWN MAN LIKE THAT!
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO LEARN WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT -- GET INTO THE HOSPITAL -- BUT HOW? -- I KNOW! I'LL PULL A FAKE COLLAPSE!
SUB-MARINER FEIGNS A FAINT!
YI-I-I-I! **HELP!**
LOOKS LIKE I'VE GOT ANOTHER PATIENT ON MY HANDS! --
HEY -- ORDERLIES! BRING A STRETCHER AND SOME BLANKETS! -- LOOKS LIKE AN EXPOSURE CASE!
GUESS HE'S EXHAUSTED! HE MUST HAVE DRAGGED ME 200 YARDS!
IS THAT SO? -- MUST BE A GOOD SWIMMER! WELL, WE'LL REWARD HIM WITH A NICE, WARM BED, ANYHOW.
PRETTY SOFT! TALK ABOUT A FREE RIDE INTO A MYSTERY!

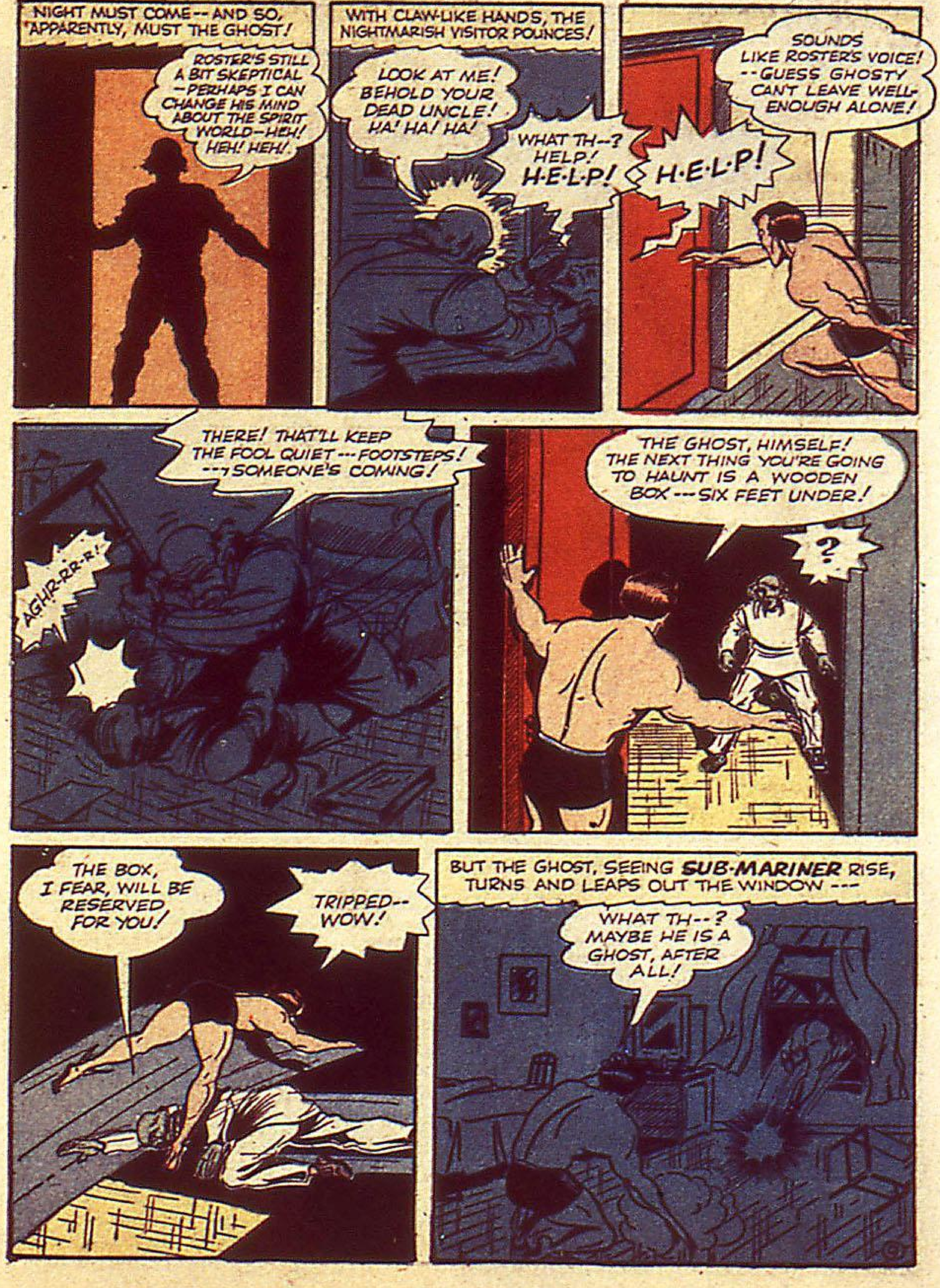

IN THE HOSPITAL
WHERE AM I ?
AH! COMING AROUND!--YOU DID A NEAT JOB, SAVING THAT PATIENT!--
SUB-MARINER CONTINUES PUTTING ON THE ACT!
NOW I REMEMBER! --QUITE A SWIM!
IF HE ONLY KNEW HOW FAR I CAN SWIM!
THEY ENCOUNTER TWO OTHER DOCTORS IN ONE OF THE CORRIDORS ---
I WANT YOU TO MEET A HERO, GENTLEMEN! --DR. SMITH, A MEMBER OF OUR STAFF, AND DR. ROSTER, HOSPITAL DIRECTOR AND NEPHEW OF DR. GRAYSON-- --MR.--ER---
HOW DO YO DO? THE HOSPITAL'S YOURS, AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED!
MY NAME'S --ER-- BROWN!
--BUT DR. SMITH IS NOT IN A CONGRATULATORY MOOD!
TOO BAD THAT PATIENT DIDN'T GET AWAY! THIS PLACE IS HAUNTED! --HAUNTED!
ABSURD! YOU DON'T THINK I'D RUN A GHOST HOSPITAL, DO YOU?
BEWARE, ROSTER! THIS IS NO LAUGHING MATTER! YOUR UNCLE MAY BE DEAD --BUT HIS SPIRIT STILL WALKS THROUGH THE CORRIDOR!
SUB-MARINER IS CARRIED TO A PRIVATE ROOM ---
THANKS FOR ALL THE ATTENTION! SAY, DOC, IS THAT GUY SMITH A BIT CRACKED?
KIND OF-- BUGS ON SPIRITUALISM! --BUT, SAY, I'VE GOT TO GO--I'LL SEND YOU A NURSE --AND SHE'S NO NIGHTMARE!
LATER...
GOOD EVENING-- I'M YOUR NURSE!
NO NIGHTMARE IS RIGHT! BOY! COME IN!

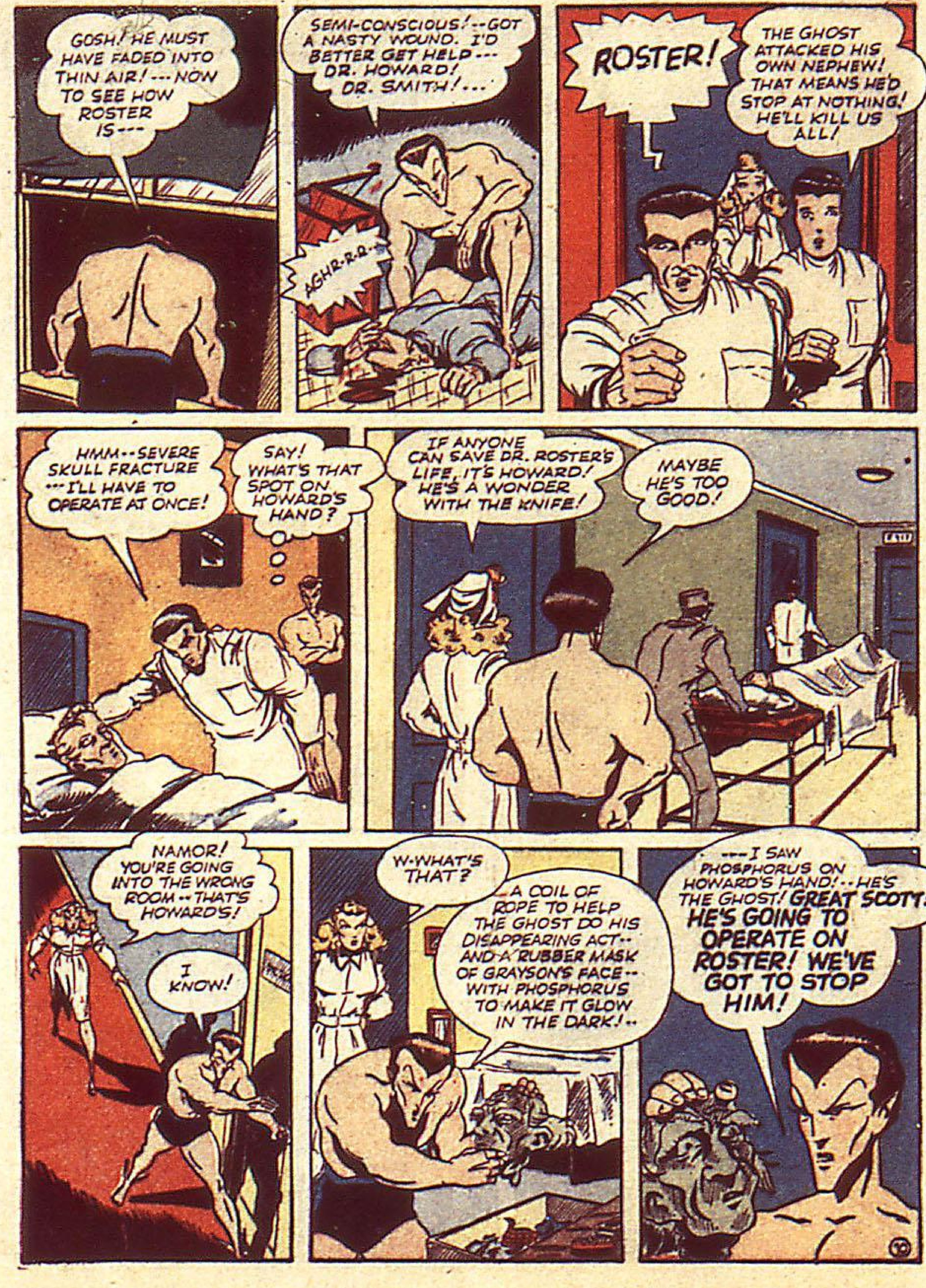

FIRST THING I'M GOING TO DO IS TAKE YOUR TEMPERATURE--
HMM--VERY EFFICIENT' BUT, SAY--I DIDN'T CATCH THE NAME!
RUTH PRENTISS--NOT THAT IT MATTERS!--
MMM-WWA--MMM (IT MATTERS A LOT, SISTER!)
NORMAL'--I THINK YOU'RE FAKING, MR BROWN'
GUILTY!--AND THE NAME IS NAMOR--ALIAS THE HUMAN MACKEREL. I'M HERE---
---TO INVESTIGATE THIS GHOST BUSINESS--GREAT SCOTT' WHAT'S THAT?
E-EEK! I DON'T KNOW!
AND NOW, DEAR READER, LET US WHISK YOU TO ANOTHER ROOM, WHERE YOU CAN MEET THE TERROR FACE TO FACE
HEH, HEH, HEH!
AI-Y-II!
THE GHOST OF DR. GRAYSON! STOP! AY-YI-I-I! STOP! STOP!
YES--I AM HE! I AM ALSO CALLED DEATH! HEH! HEH! HEH!
LOOK INTO MY EYES! LOOK AT DEATH' FEEL MY CLAMMY HANDS! HEH' HEH!
DON'T TOUCH ME! DON'T TOUCH ME! HELP!..
WITH THE STRENGTH OF DESPAIR, THE PATIENT BREAKS AWAY--LEAPS TO THE WINDOW!
YOU CAN'T ESCAPE ME THAT WAY! FOOL! HEH! HEH!
E-E-E-E!
THERE HE LIES--A HEAP OF BLOODY PULP! HE THOUGHT HE COULD ESCAPE! ABSURD!


NAMOR!
LOOKS LIKE ROSTER BEAT ME TO IT -- MUST HAVE BEEN NEAR THAT PATIENT'S ROOM WHEN THE FUN BEGAN!
YOU CAN'T LET ROSTER SEE YOU OUT OF BED! HE'LL GET SUSPICIOUS!
YOU'RE RIGHT! --TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING NOW --
AHA! THE NEW PATIENT! DOESN'T LOOK VERY SICK TO ME! WE'LL SEE! --HEH! HEH!
I HEARD ROSTER YELL SOMETHING ABOUT THE PATIENT JUMPING OUT THE WINDOW! NICE!
VERY NICE, UGH!
BIDDING RUTH GOOD NIGHT, SUB-MARINER RETURNS TO HIS ROOM ...
NOW, FOR A SNOOZE! HEY! --WHAT'S THAT? THINK I'D BETTER SLEEP WITH MY EYES OPEN!
CLICK!
PRETENDING TO SLEEP, SUB-MARINER LISTENS INTENTLY -- THE DOOR CREAKS OPEN!
AH!... SNORING! I'LL GIVE HIM SOMETHING TO SNORE ABOUT -- A BRIEF NIGHTMARE -- THEN OBLIVION!
ZZZ-ZZZ
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, GHOSTY, OL' KID!
YIPE! WOW!
BAM


WITH A SHRIEK, THE STRANGE VISITANT LEAPS TO ITS FEET AND WHIRLS...
WAIT A MINUTE!... I'M JUST GETTING WARMED UP!
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY -- HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON?
YOU'LL SEE--
SUDDENLY A WALL OF FLAME LEAPS IN THE PATH OF SUB-MARINER!
WHAT THE --?
WHEN THE FLAME EXPIRES!
WELL, I'LL BE-- HE'S GONE!
WHO'S THAT? OH-- DR. SMITH --THE GUY WHO BELIEVES IN GHOSTS! HEY! DOC!
YES?
DID YOU SEE THE-- ER--GHOST?
YES! IT DESCENDED THE STAIRS-- IT WAS GRINNING HORRIBLY!
LEAPING TO THE STAIRCASE, SUB-MARINER PLUNGES DOWN! -----
OH-OH! DOC HOWARD! GOOD EVENING, DOCTOR! GOING FOR A STROLL?
I MIGHT ASK THE SAME QUESTION OF YOU! WHAT THE DEVIL ARE YOU DOING OUT OF BED?
THE GHOST HAS BEEN PLAYING HALLOWE'EN AGAIN!
PREPOSTEROUS! YOU'VE BEEN DREAMING!
DON'T YOU THINK IT CURIOUS THAT SO MANY PEOPLE SHOULD DREAM THE SAME NIGHTMARE?
7


LATER
I'VE HUNTED HIGH AND LOW, BUT NO LUCK -- THINK I'LL TURN IN FOR A NAP -- HO HUM -- IF ONLY THAT GHOST WOULD GET SOME SLEEP!
NEXT MORNING...
I'VE GOT NEWS THAT MAY TAKE YOUR APPETITE AWAY!
AH -- FOOD! I'M RAVENOUS!
FOUR PATIENTS LEFT THE ISLAND TODAY IN ONE OF THE AMBULANCE MOTORBOATS -- SCARED OUT OF THEIR WITS BY THE GHOST!
DOESN'T TAKE MY APPETITE AWAY -- IN FACT, IT'S JUST WHAT I EXPECTED! -- THIS GRUEL ISN'T BAD -- BUT THEY COULD HAVE TOSSED IN SOME HAM AND EGGS!
NOW WHAT?
GOING TO TAKE A PEEK AT THE FRONT OFFICE -- MAYBE I'LL PICK UP SOME INFO. SEE YOU LATER, BEAUTIFUL!
SUB-MARINER DOES SOME EAVESDROPPING...
I TELL YOU, HOWARD, IF THIS KEEPS UP, WE'LL LOSE ALL OUR PATIENTS.
DR. ROSTER HOSPITAL DIRECTOR
CHIN UP, ROSTER -- STILL THINK IT'S A GAG!
SOME GAG!
BY THE WAY, I'VE A SUSPICION THAT NEW PATIENT IS SHAMMING! I'M GOING TO GIVE HIM A ONCE-OVER NOW!
IF HE IS, HOWARD, THROW HIM OUT! WE'VE ENOUGH TROUBLE AS IT IS!
THAT MEANS ME! I'D BETTER SCRAM!
QUICK! HOWARD'S COMING TO EXAMINE! GIVE ME SOMETHING TO MAKE ME LOOK SICK!
HERE'S SOME CRACKED ICE! PUT IT IN YOUR MOUTH -- AND, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, GET TO BED!
LATER...
NOTHING WRONG WITH YOU SO FAR --- NOW, TO READ YOUR TEMPERATURE. WOW! -- FIVE DEGREES BELOW NORMAL! MAN, YOU SHOULD BE DEAD! BRING MORE BLANKETS, NURSE -- AND A HEATING PAD!


NIGHT MUST COME -- AND SO, APPARENTLY, MUST THE GHOST!
ROSTER'S STILL A BIT SKEPTICAL --PERHAPS I CAN CHANGE HIS MIND ABOUT THE SPIRIT WORLD--HEH! HEH! HEH!
WITH CLAW-LIKE HANDS, THE NIGHTMARISH VISITOR POUNCES!
LOOK AT ME! BEHOLD YOUR DEAD UNCLE! HA! HA! HA!
WHAT TH--? HELP! H-E-L-P!
SOUNDS LIKE ROSTER'S VOICE! --GUESS GHOSTY CAN'T LEAVE WELL-ENOUGH ALONE!
H-E-L-P!
THERE! THAT'LL KEEP THE FOOL QUIET --- FOOTSTEPS! --- SOMEONE'S COMING!
AGHR-RR-R!
THE GHOST, HIMSELF! THE NEXT THING YOU'RE GOING TO HAUNT IS A WOODEN BOX --- SIX FEET UNDER!
?
THE BOX, I FEAR, WILL BE RESERVED FOR YOU!
TRIPPED-- WOW!
BUT THE GHOST, SEEING SUB-MARINER RISE, TURNS AND LEAPS OUT THE WINDOW ---
WHAT TH--? MAYBE HE IS A GHOST, AFTER ALL!


GOSH! HE MUST HAVE FADED INTO THIN AIR! --- NOW TO SEE HOW ROSTER IS---
SEMI-CONSCIOUS! --GOT A NASTY WOUND. I'D BETTER GET HELP --- DR. HOWARD! DR. SMITH! ...
AGHR-R-R
ROSTER!
THE GHOST ATTACKED HIS OWN NEPHEW! THAT MEANS HE'D STOP AT NOTHING! HE'LL KILL US ALL!
HMM--SEVERE SKULL FRACTURE ---I'LL HAVE TO OPERATE AT ONCE!
SAY! WHAT'S THAT SPOT ON HOWARD'S HAND?
IF ANYONE CAN SAVE DR. ROSTER'S LIFE, IT'S HOWARD! HE'S A WONDER WITH THE KNIFE!
MAYBE HE'S TOO GOOD!
NAMOR! YOU'RE GOING INTO THE WRONG ROOM --THAT'S HOWARD'S!
I KNOW!
W-WHAT'S THAT?
A COIL OF ROPE TO HELP THE GHOST DO HIS DISAPPEARING ACT-- AND A RUBBER MASK OF GRAYSON'S FACE-- WITH PHOSPHORUS TO MAKE IT GLOW IN THE DARK!--
---I SAW PHOSPHORUS ON HOWARD'S HAND!--HE'S THE GHOST! GREAT SCOTT! HE'S GOING TO OPERATE ON ROSTER! WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!
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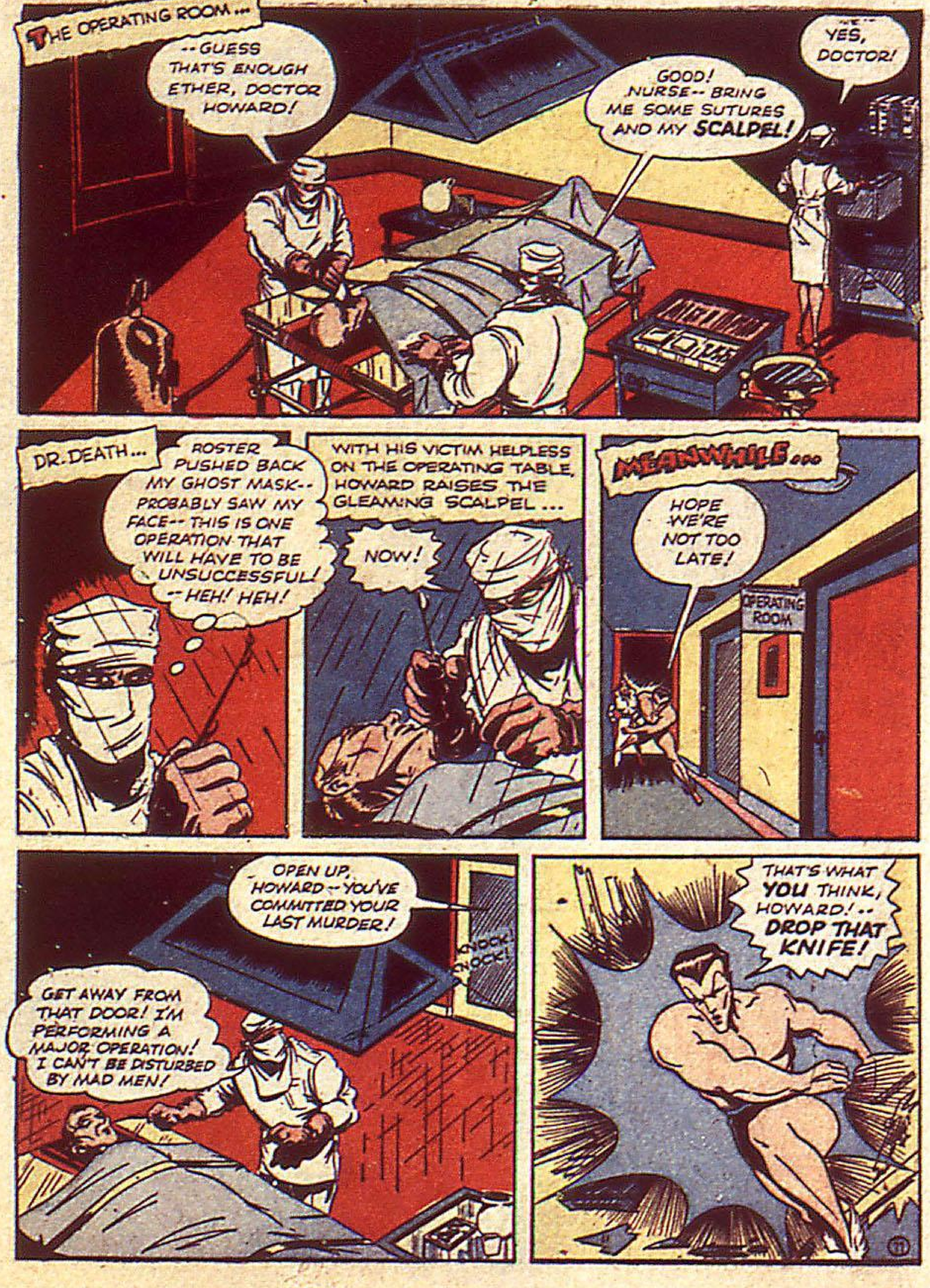
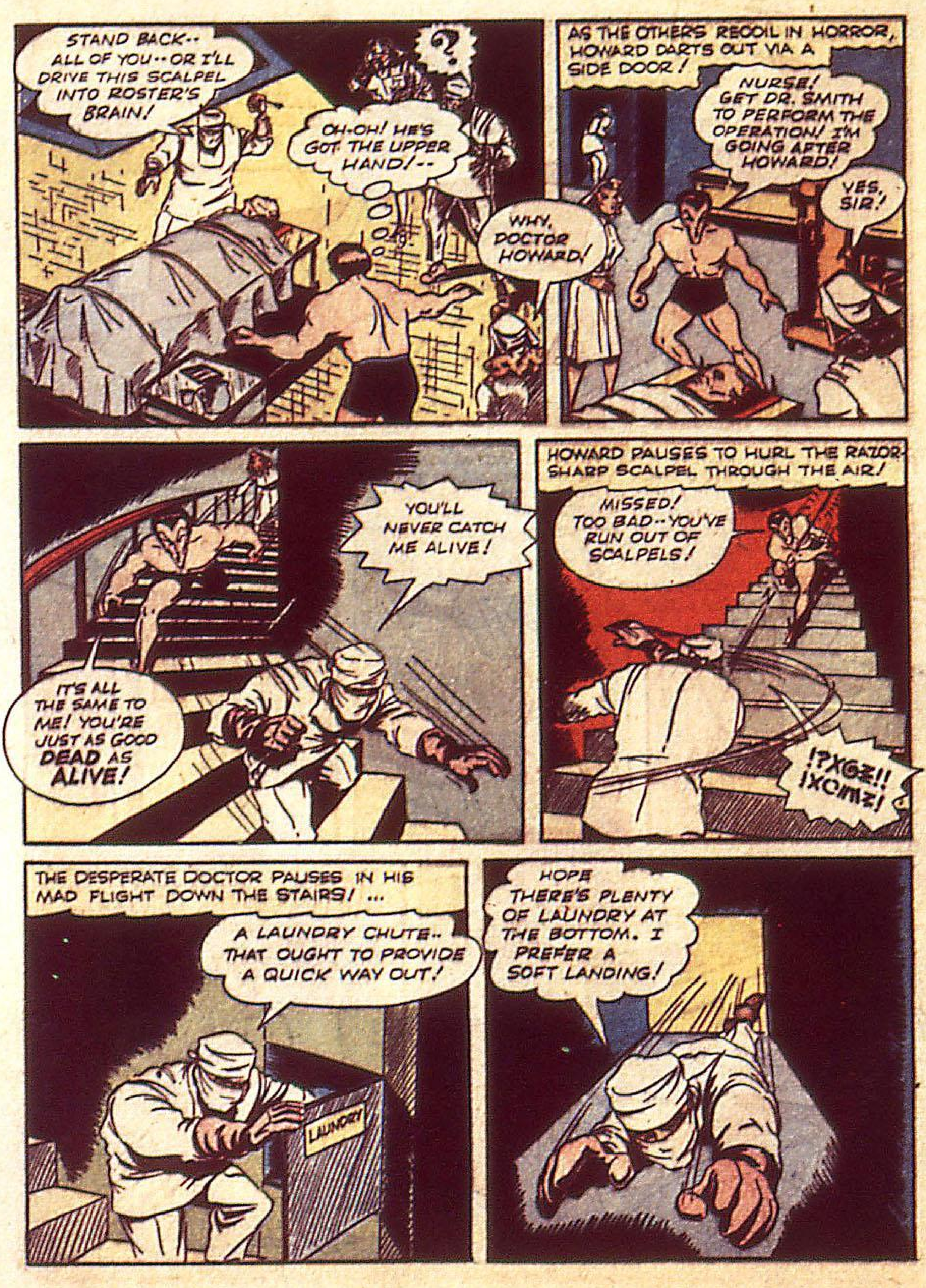
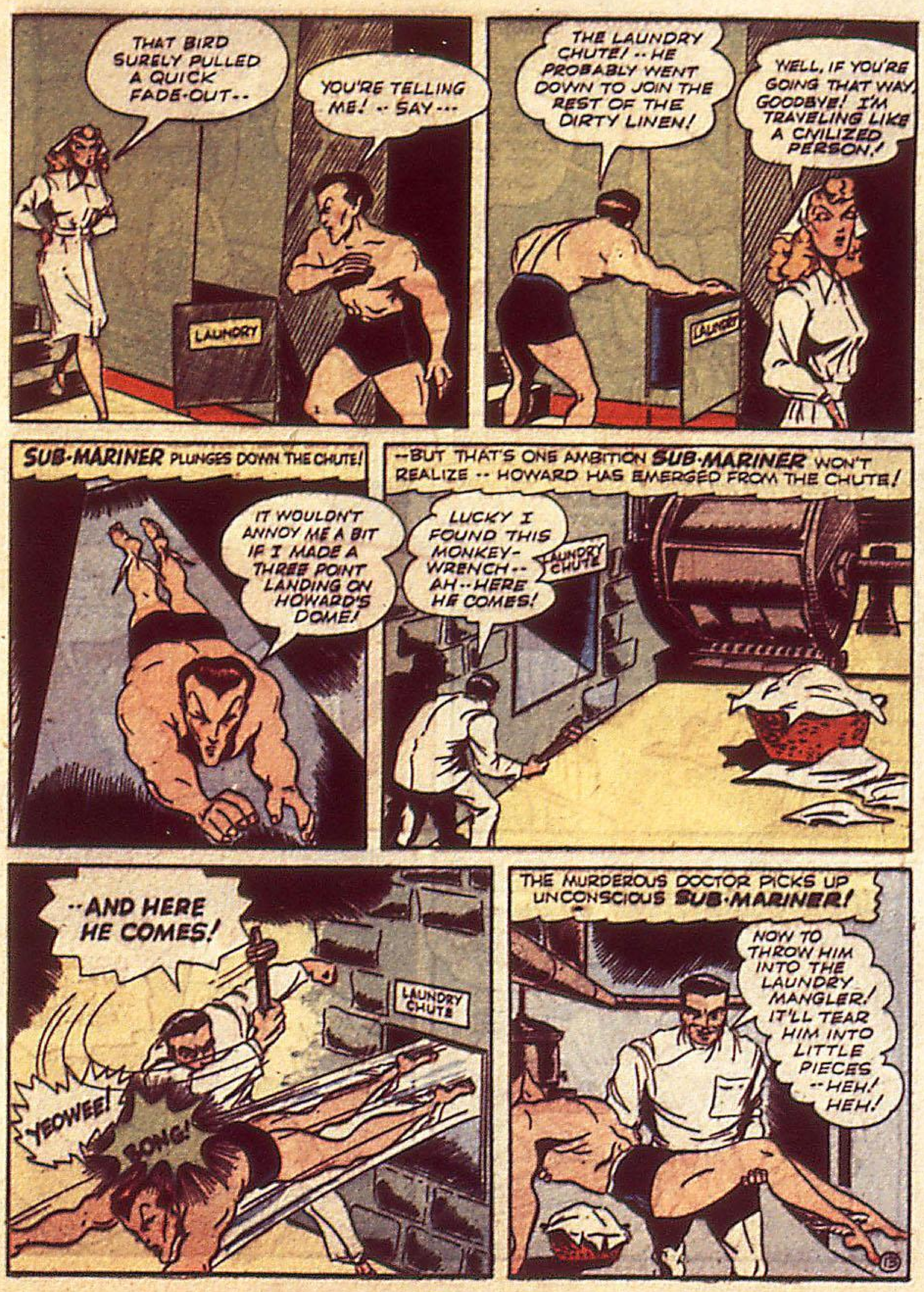
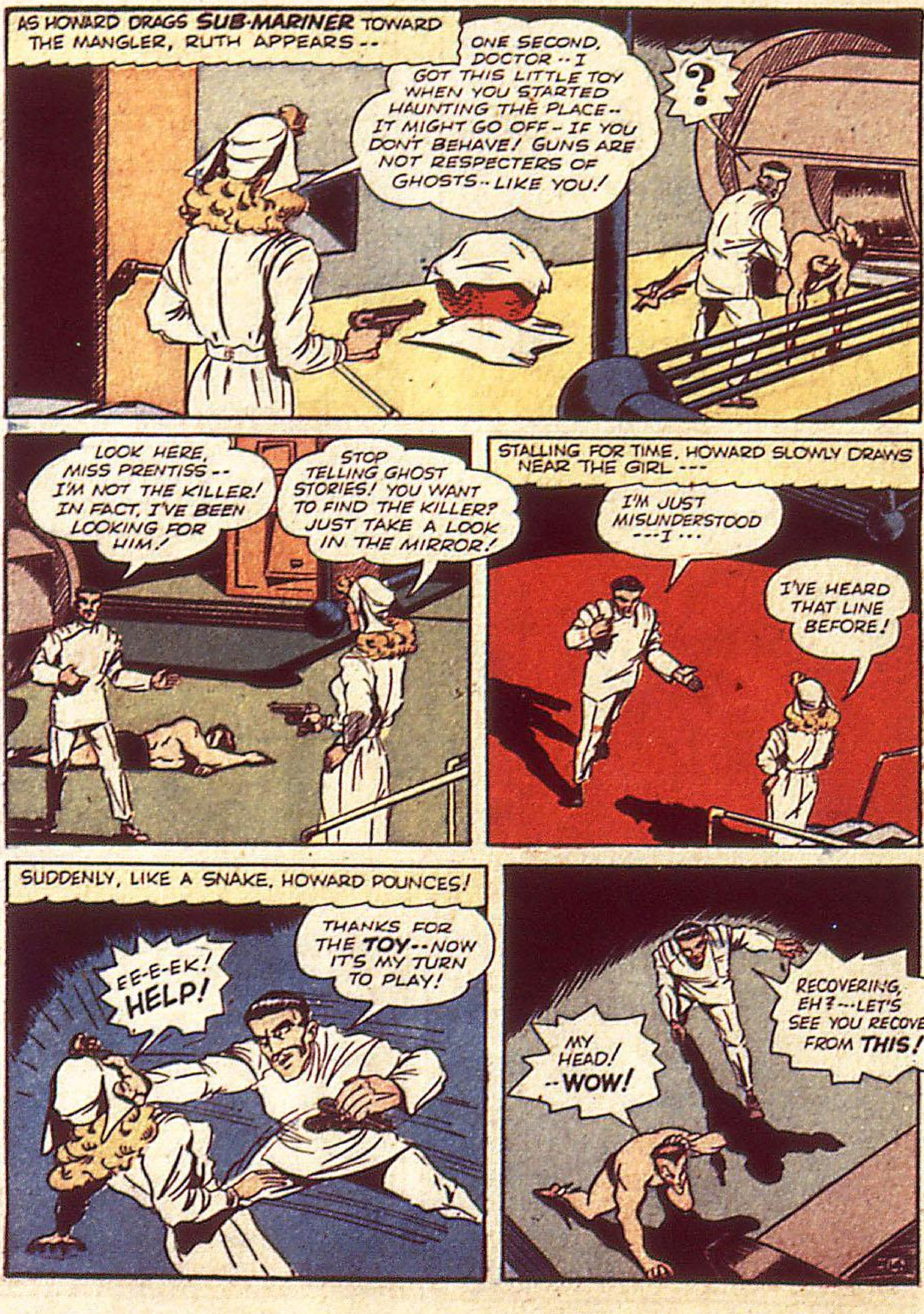
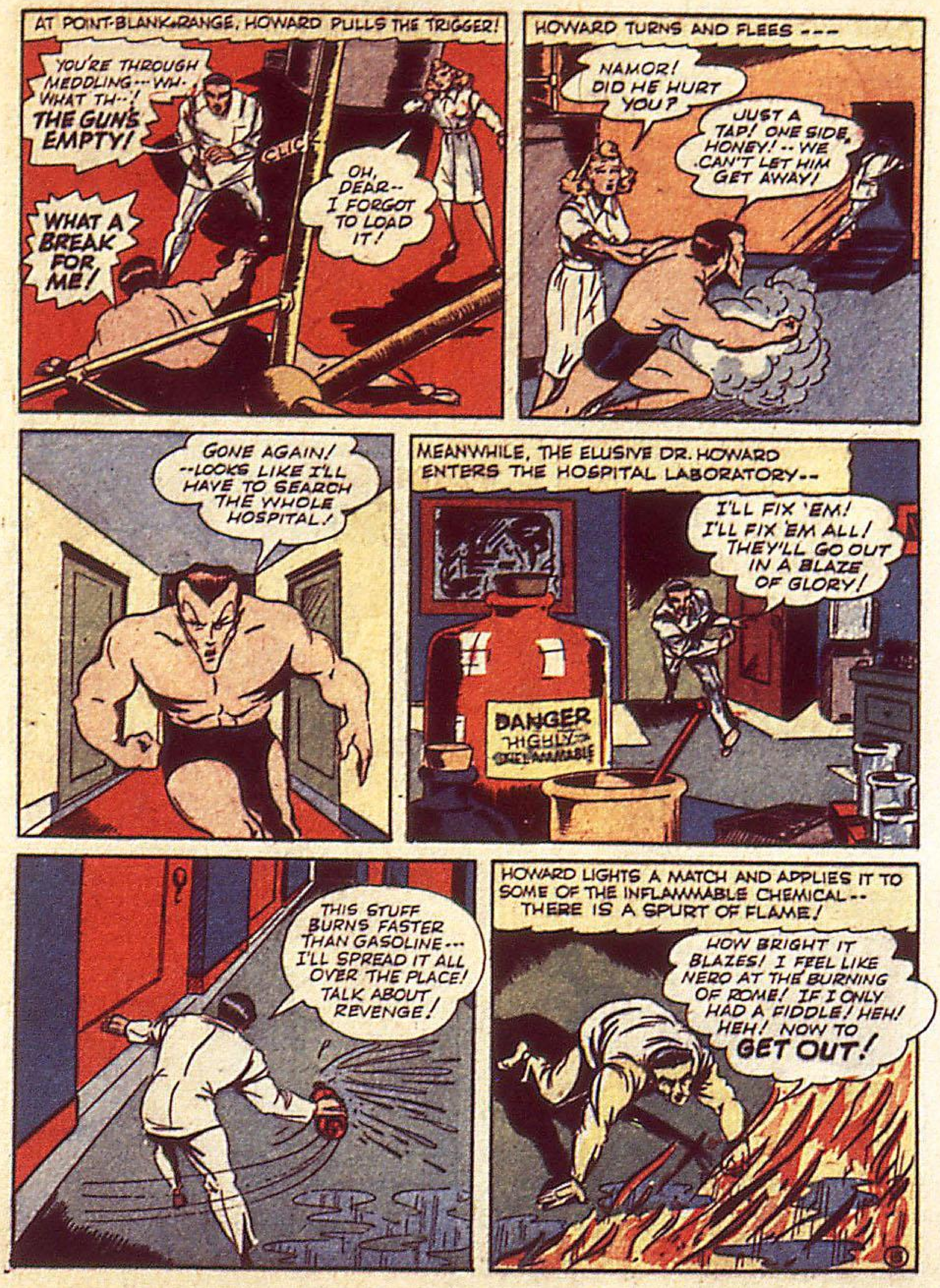
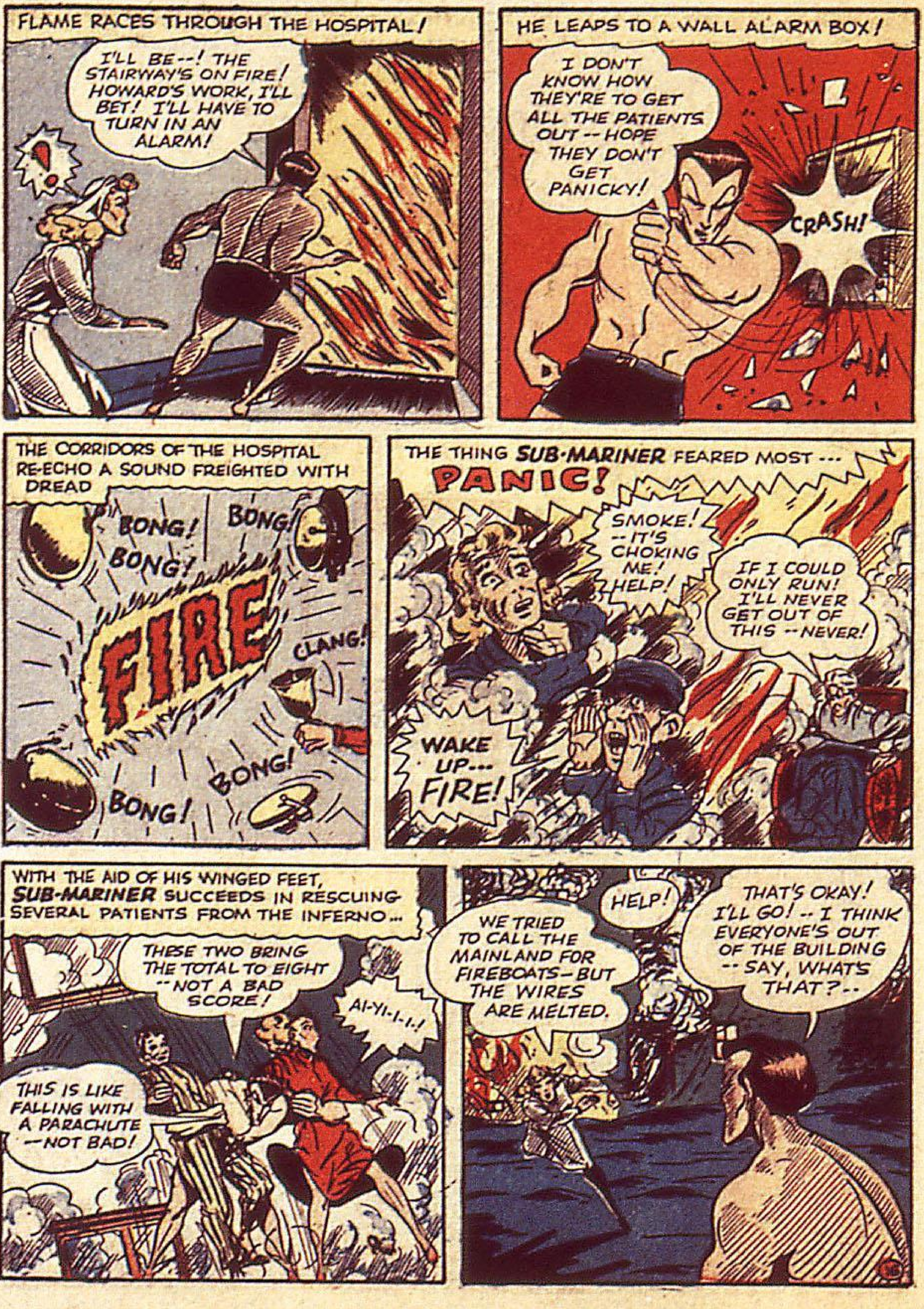

THE OPERATING ROOM...
--GUESS THAT'S ENOUGH ETHER, DOCTOR HOWARD!
GOOD! NURSE-- BRING ME SOME SUTURES AND MY SCALPEL!
YES, DOCTOR!
DR. DEATH...
ROSTER PUSHED BACK MY GHOST MASK-- PROBABLY SAW MY FACE-- THIS IS ONE OPERATION THAT WILL HAVE TO BE UNSUCCESSFUL! --HEH! HEH!
WITH HIS VICTIM HELPLESS ON THE OPERATING TABLE, HOWARD RAISES THE GLEAMING SCALPEL...
NOW!
MEANWHILE...
HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!
OPERATING ROOM
OPEN UP, HOWARD-- YOU'VE COMMITTED YOUR LAST MURDER!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
GET AWAY FROM THAT DOOR! I'M PERFORMING A MAJOR OPERATION! I CAN'T BE DISTURBED BY MAD MEN!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, HOWARD! .. DROP THAT KNIFE!

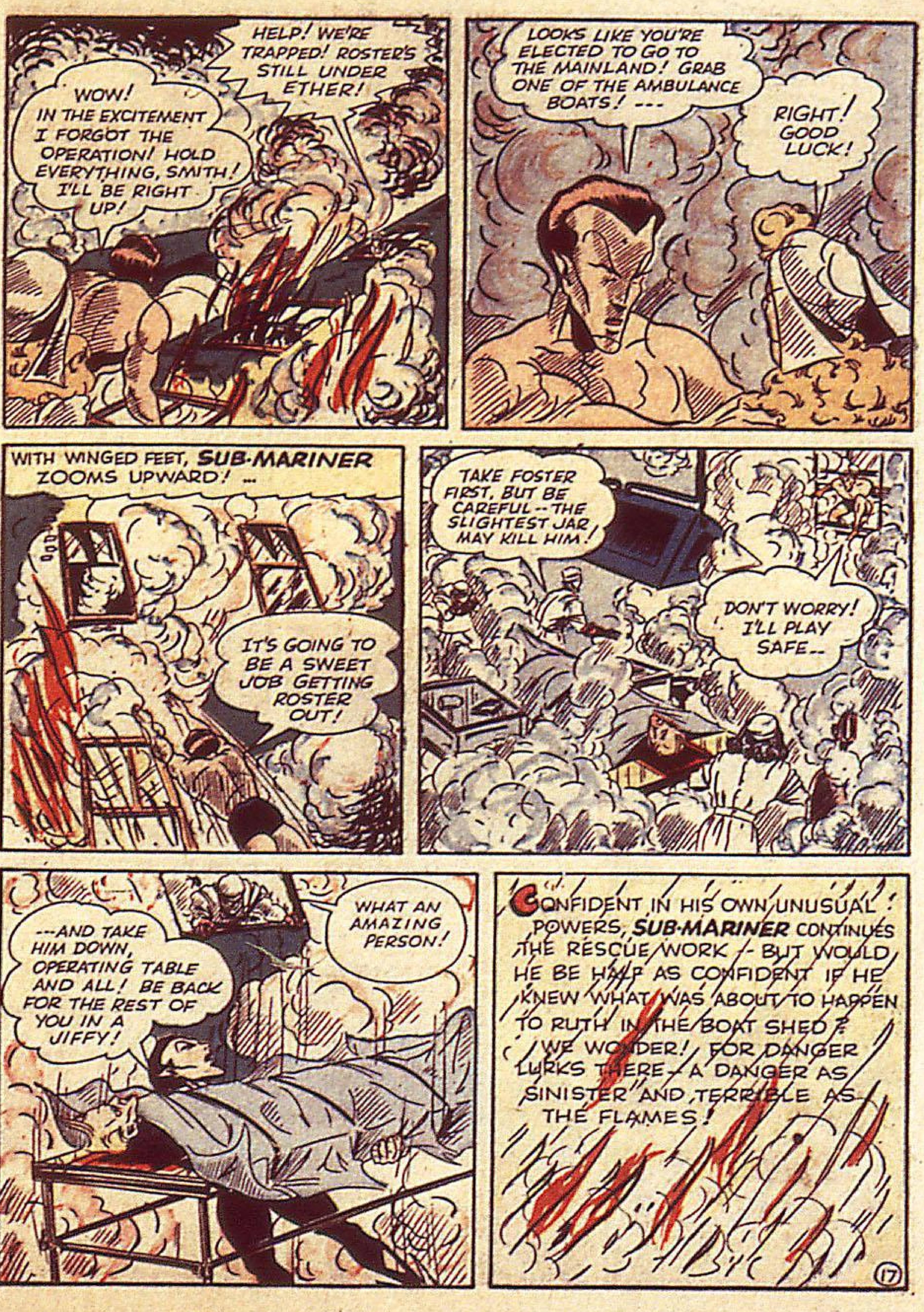

STAND BACK.. ALL OF YOU--OR I'LL DRIVE THIS SCALPEL INTO ROSTER'S BRAIN!
?
OH-OH! HE'S GOT THE UPPER HAND!--
WHY, DOCTOR HOWARD!
AS THE OTHERS RECOIL IN HORROR, HOWARD DARTS OUT VIA A SIDE DOOR!
NURSE! GET DR. SMITH TO PERFORM THE OPERATION! I'M GOING AFTER HOWARD!
YES, SIR!
YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ME ALIVE!
IT'S ALL THE SAME TO ME! YOU'RE JUST AS GOOD **DEAD** AS **ALIVE!**
HOWARD PAUSES TO HURL THE RAZOR-SHARP SCALPEL THROUGH THE AIR!
MISSED! TOO BAD--YOU'VE RUN OUT OF SCALPELS!
!?XGZ!! !XOMZ!
THE DESPERATE DOCTOR PAUSES IN HIS MAD FLIGHT DOWN THE STAIRS! ...
A LAUNDRY CHUTE.. THAT OUGHT TO PROVIDE A QUICK WAY OUT!
LAUNDRY
HOPE THERE'S PLENTY OF LAUNDRY AT THE BOTTOM. I PREFER A SOFT LANDING!

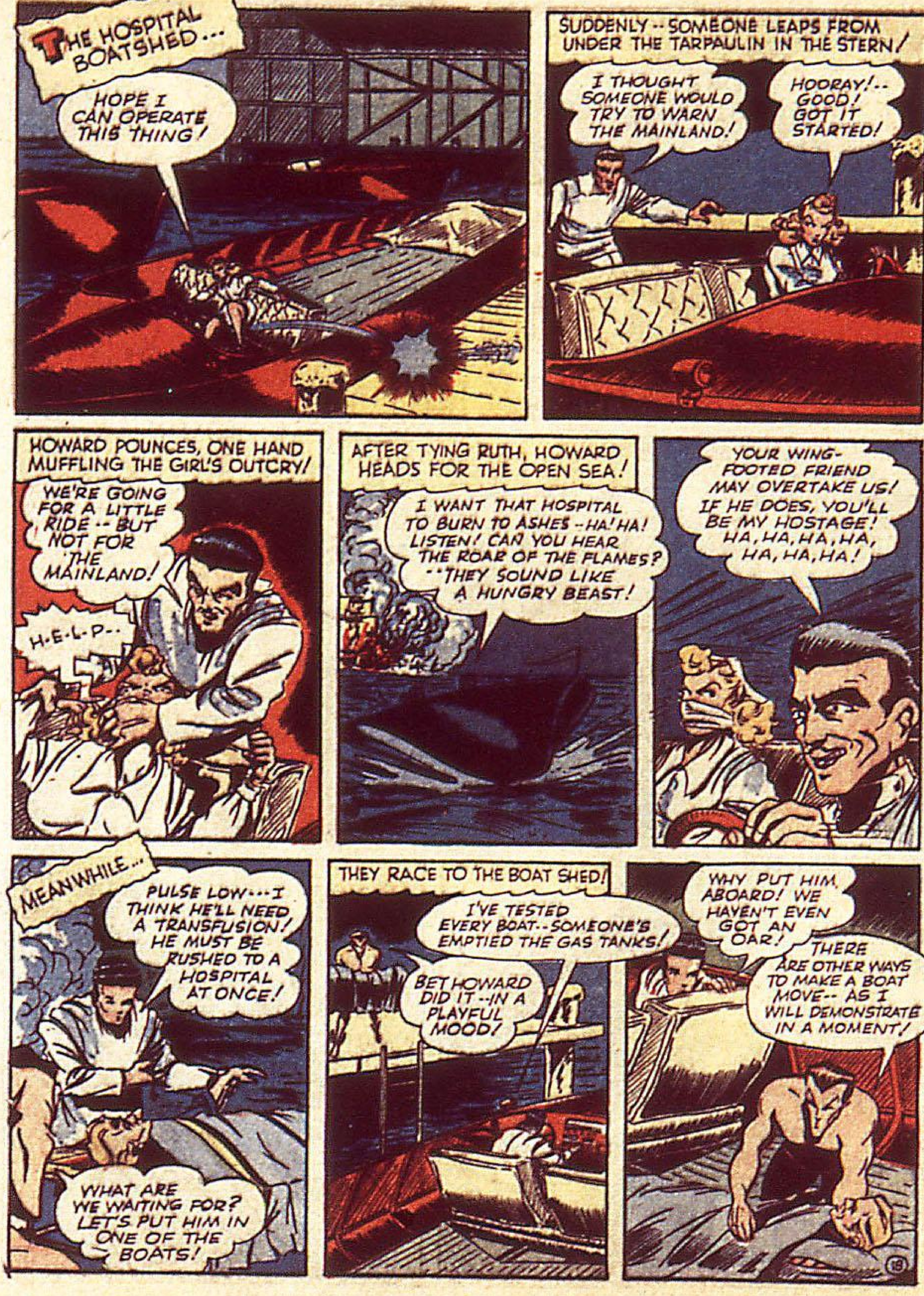

THAT BIRD SURELY PULLED A QUICK FADE-OUT--
YOU'RE TELLING ME! -- SAY---
LAUNDRY
THE LAUNDRY CHUTE! -- HE PROBABLY WENT DOWN TO JOIN THE REST OF THE DIRTY LINEN!
WELL, IF YOU'RE GOING THAT WAY, GOODBYE! I'M TRAVELING LIKE A CIVILIZED PERSON!
LAUNDRY
SUB-MARINER PLUNGES DOWN THE CHUTE!
IT WOULDN'T ANNOY ME A BIT IF I MADE A THREE POINT LANDING ON HOWARD'S DOME!
--BUT THAT'S ONE AMBITION SUB-MARINER WON'T REALIZE -- HOWARD HAS EMERGED FROM THE CHUTE!
LUCKY I FOUND THIS MONKEY-WRENCH-- AH--HERE HE COMES!
LAUNDRY CHUTE
--AND HERE HE COMES!
LAUNDRY CHUTE
YEOWEE!
BONG!
THE MURDEROUS DOCTOR PICKS UP UNCONSCIOUS SUB-MARINER!
NOW TO THROW HIM INTO THE LAUNDRY MANGLER! IT'LL TEAR HIM INTO LITTLE PIECES --HEH! HEH!
13

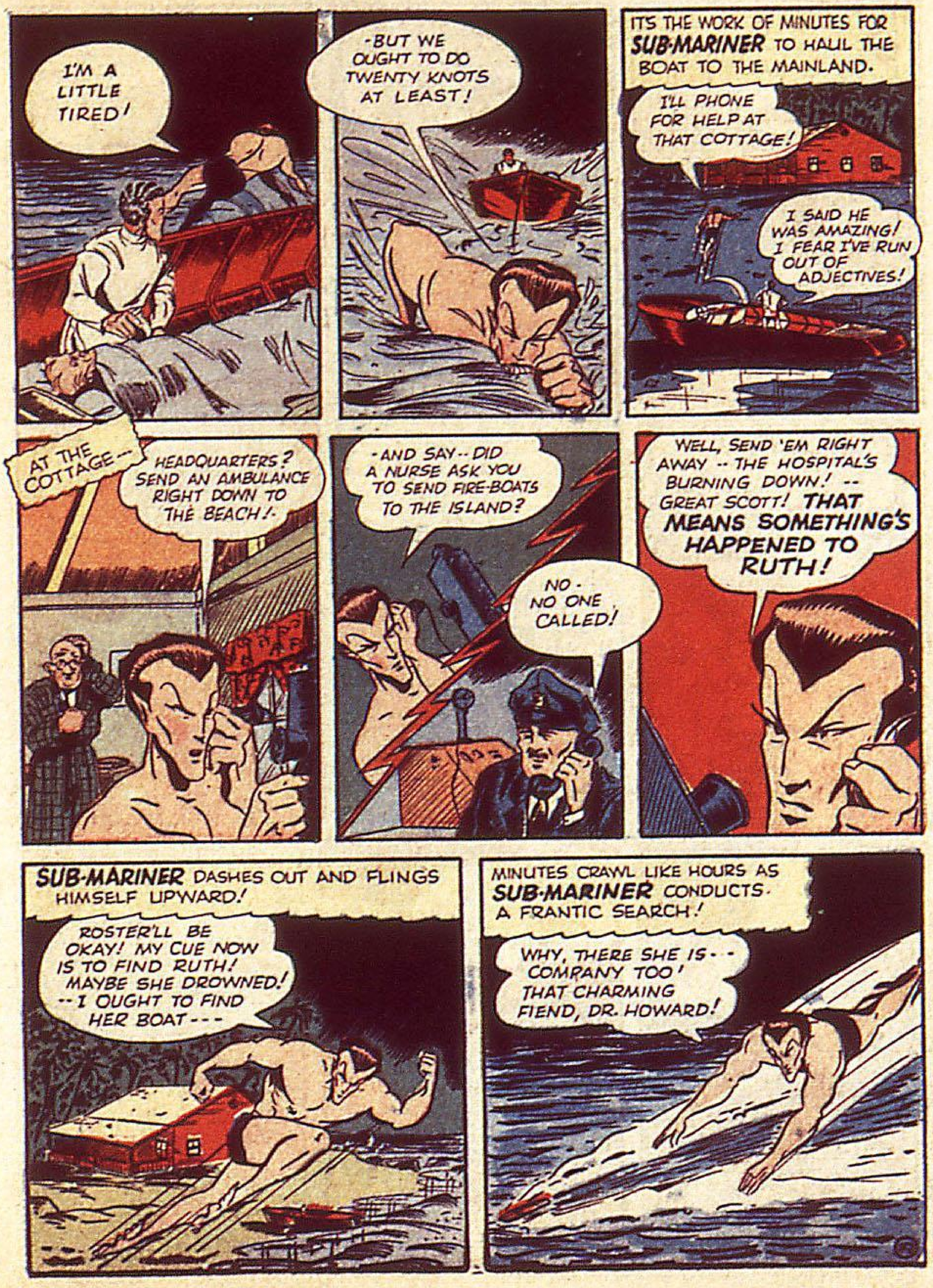

AS HOWARD DRAGS SUB-MARINER TOWARD THE MANGLER, RUTH APPEARS --
ONE SECOND, DOCTOR -- I GOT THIS LITTLE TOY WHEN YOU STARTED HAUNTING THE PLACE -- IT MIGHT GO OFF - IF YOU DON'T BEHAVE! GUNS ARE NOT RESPECTERS OF GHOSTS -- LIKE YOU!
?
LOOK HERE, MISS PRENTISS -- I'M NOT THE KILLER! IN FACT, I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR HIM!
STOP TELLING GHOST STORIES! YOU WANT TO FIND THE KILLER? JUST TAKE A LOOK IN THE MIRROR!
STALLING FOR TIME, HOWARD SLOWLY DRAWS NEAR THE GIRL ---
I'M JUST MISUNDERSTOOD ---I ...
I'VE HEARD THAT LINE BEFORE!
SUDDENLY, LIKE A SNAKE, HOWARD POUNCES!
EE-E-EK! HELP!
THANKS FOR THE TOY -- NOW IT'S MY TURN TO PLAY!
RECOVERING, EH? --LET'S SEE YOU RECOVER FROM THIS!
MY HEAD! --WOW!

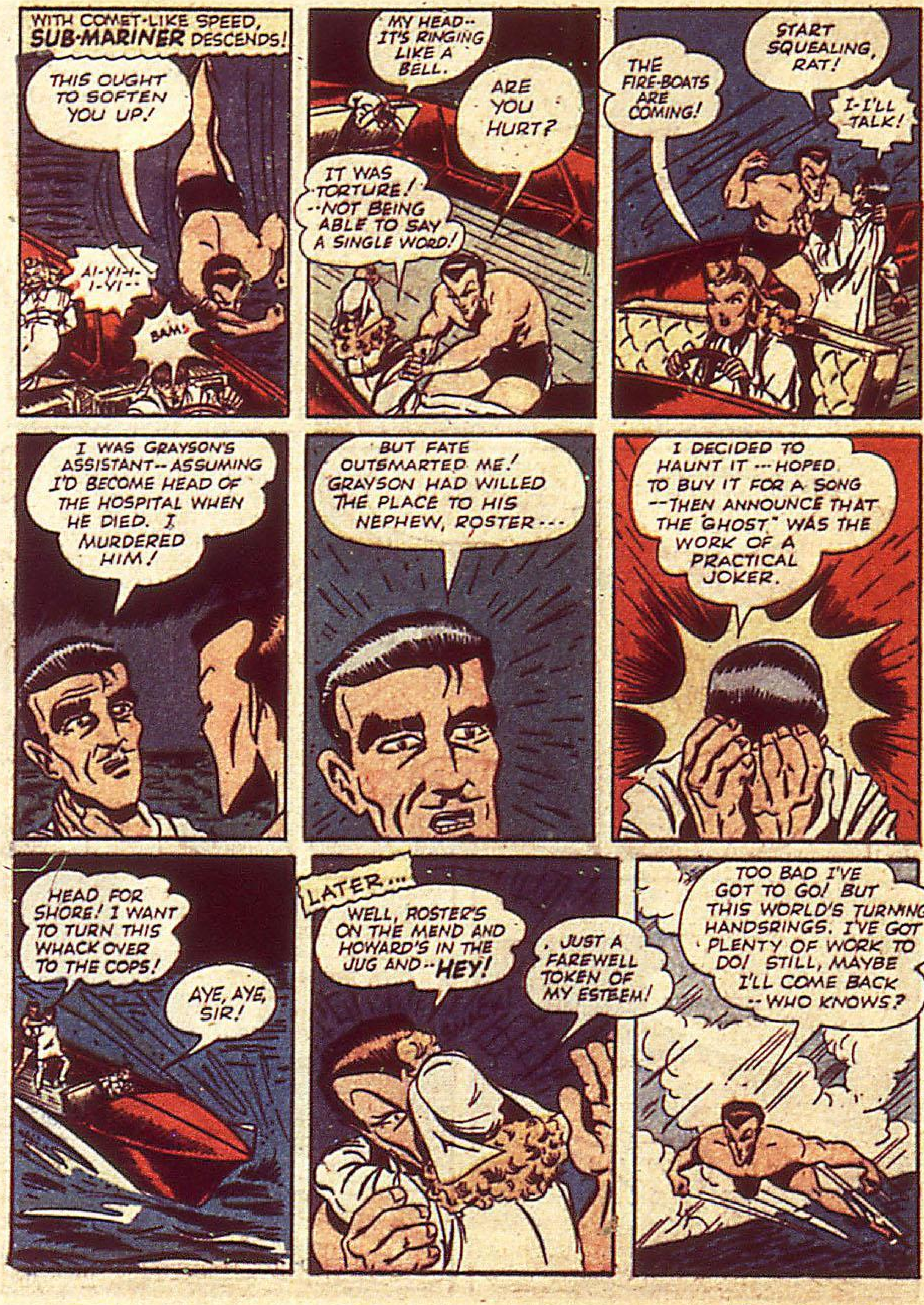

AT POINT-BLANK RANGE, HOWARD PULLS THE TRIGGER!
YOU'RE THROUGH MEDDLING--WH-WHAT TH--! THE GUN'S EMPTY!
CLICK
OH, DEAR-- I FORGOT TO LOAD IT!
WHAT A BREAK FOR ME!
HOWARD TURNS AND FLEES---
NAMOR! DID HE HURT YOU?
JUST A TAP! ONE SIDE, HONEY! --WE CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY!
GONE AGAIN! --LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO SEARCH THE WHOLE HOSPITAL!
MEANWHILE, THE ELUSIVE DR. HOWARD ENTERS THE HOSPITAL LABORATORY--
I'LL FIX 'EM! I'LL FIX 'EM ALL! THEY'LL GO OUT IN A BLAZE OF GLORY!
DANGER HIGHLY INFLAMMABLE
THIS STUFF BURNS FASTER THAN GASOLINE--- I'LL SPREAD IT ALL OVER THE PLACE! TALK ABOUT REVENGE!
HOWARD LIGHTS A MATCH AND APPLIES IT TO SOME OF THE INFLAMMABLE CHEMICAL-- THERE IS A SPURT OF FLAME!
HOW BRIGHT IT BLAZES! I FEEL LIKE NERO AT THE BURNING OF ROME! IF I ONLY HAD A FIDDLE! HEH! HEH! NOW TO GET OUT!
8

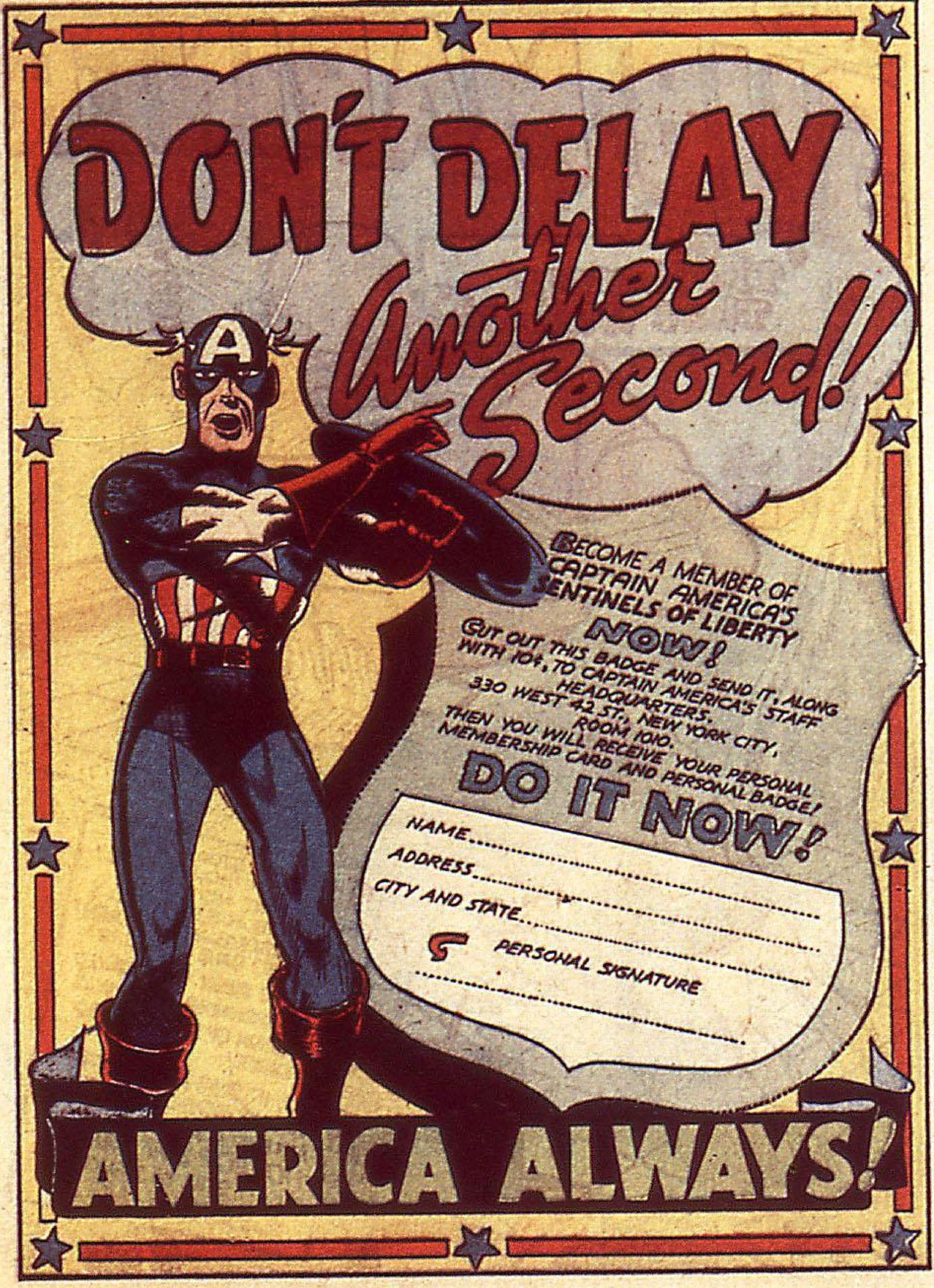

FLAME RACES THROUGH THE HOSPITAL!
I'LL BE--! THE STAIRWAY'S ON FIRE! HOWARD'S WORK, I'LL BET! I'LL HAVE TO TURN IN AN ALARM!
HE LEAPS TO A WALL ALARM BOX!
I DON'T KNOW HOW THEY'RE TO GET ALL THE PATIENTS OUT -- HOPE THEY DON'T GET PANICKY!
CRASH!
THE CORRIDORS OF THE HOSPITAL RE-ECHO A SOUND FREIGHTED WITH DREAD
BONG! BONG!
BONG!
FIRE
CLANG!
BONG! BONG!
THE THING SUB-MARINER FEARED MOST --- PANIC!
SMOKE! --IT'S CHOKING ME! HELP!
IF I COULD ONLY RUN! I'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THIS --NEVER!
WAKE UP--- FIRE!
WITH THE AID OF HIS WINGED FEET, SUB-MARINER SUCCEEDS IN RESCUING SEVERAL PATIENTS FROM THE INFERNO...
THESE TWO BRING THE TOTAL TO EIGHT --NOT A BAD SCORE!
AI-YI-I-I-!
THIS IS LIKE FALLING WITH A PARACHUTE --NOT BAD!
HELP!
WE TRIED TO CALL THE MAINLAND FOR FIREBOATS--BUT THE WIRES ARE MELTED.
THAT'S OKAY! I'LL GO! -- I THINK EVERYONE'S OUT OF THE BUILDING -- SAY, WHAT'S THAT?--


HELP! WE'RE TRAPPED! ROSTER'S STILL UNDER ETHER!
WOW! IN THE EXCITEMENT I FORGOT THE OPERATION! HOLD EVERYTHING, SMITH! I'LL BE RIGHT UP!
LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE ELECTED TO GO TO THE MAINLAND! GRAB ONE OF THE AMBULANCE BOATS! ---
RIGHT! GOOD LUCK!
WITH WINGED FEET, SUB-MARINER ZOOMS UPWARD! ...
IT'S GOING TO BE A SWEET JOB GETTING ROSTER OUT!
TAKE FOSTER FIRST, BUT BE CAREFUL -- THE SLIGHTEST JAR MAY KILL HIM!
DON'T WORRY! I'LL PLAY SAFE..
---AND TAKE HIM DOWN, OPERATING TABLE AND ALL! BE BACK FOR THE REST OF YOU IN A JIFFY!
WHAT AN AMAZING PERSON!
CONFIDENT IN HIS OWN UNUSUAL POWERS, SUB-MARINER CONTINUES THE RESCUE WORK - BUT WOULD HE BE HALF AS CONFIDENT IF HE KNEW WHAT WAS ABOUT TO HAPPEN TO RUTH IN THE BOAT SHED? WE WONDER! FOR DANGER LURKS THERE - A DANGER AS SINISTER AND TERRIBLE AS THE FLAMES!


THE HOSPITAL BOATSHED...
HOPE I CAN OPERATE THIS THING!
SUDDENLY -- SOMEONE LEAPS FROM UNDER THE TARPAULIN IN THE STERN!
I THOUGHT SOMEONE WOULD TRY TO WARN THE MAINLAND!
HOORAY!-- GOOD! GOT IT STARTED!
HOWARD POUNCES, ONE HAND MUFFLING THE GIRL'S OUTCRY!
WE'RE GOING FOR A LITTLE RIDE -- BUT NOT FOR THE MAINLAND!
H-E-L-P--
AFTER TYING RUTH, HOWARD HEADS FOR THE OPEN SEA!
I WANT THAT HOSPITAL TO BURN TO ASHES -- HA! HA! LISTEN! CAN YOU HEAR THE ROAR OF THE FLAMES? --THEY SOUND LIKE A HUNGRY BEAST!
YOUR WING-FOOTED FRIEND MAY OVERTAKE US! IF HE DOES, YOU'LL BE MY HOSTAGE! HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA!
MEANWHILE...
PULSE LOW--- I THINK HE'LL NEED A TRANSFUSION! HE MUST BE RUSHED TO A HOSPITAL AT ONCE!
WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S PUT HIM IN ONE OF THE BOATS!
THEY RACE TO THE BOAT SHED!
I'VE TESTED EVERY BOAT -- SOMEONE'S EMPTIED THE GAS TANKS!
BET HOWARD DID IT -- IN A PLAYFUL MOOD!
WHY PUT HIM ABOARD! WE HAVEN'T EVEN GOT AN OAR!
THERE ARE OTHER WAYS TO MAKE A BOAT MOVE -- AS I WILL DEMONSTRATE IN A MOMENT!


I'M A LITTLE TIRED!
-BUT WE OUGHT TO DO TWENTY KNOTS AT LEAST!
ITS THE WORK OF MINUTES FOR SUB-MARINER TO HAUL THE BOAT TO THE MAINLAND.
I'LL PHONE FOR HELP AT THAT COTTAGE!
I SAID HE WAS AMAZING! I FEAR I'VE RUN OUT OF ADJECTIVES!
AT THE COTTAGE--
HEADQUARTERS? SEND AN AMBULANCE RIGHT DOWN TO THE BEACH!
-AND SAY--DID A NURSE ASK YOU TO SEND FIRE-BOATS TO THE ISLAND?
NO-NO ONE CALLED!
WELL, SEND 'EM RIGHT AWAY --THE HOSPITAL'S BURNING DOWN! -- GREAT SCOTT! THAT MEANS SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO RUTH!
SUB-MARINER DASHES OUT AND FLINGS HIMSELF UPWARD!
ROSTER'LL BE OKAY! MY CUE NOW IS TO FIND RUTH! MAYBE SHE DROWNED! --I OUGHT TO FIND HER BOAT---
MINUTES CRAWL LIKE HOURS AS SUB-MARINER CONDUCTS A FRANTIC SEARCH!
WHY, THERE SHE IS--- COMPANY TOO! THAT CHARMING FIEND, DR. HOWARD!
8


WITH COMET-LIKE SPEED, SUB-MARINER DESCENDS!
THIS OUGHT TO SOFTEN YOU UP!
AI-YIH-I-YI--
BAM!
MY HEAD-- IT'S RINGING LIKE A BELL.
ARE YOU HURT?
IT WAS TORTURE! --NOT BEING ABLE TO SAY A SINGLE WORD!
START SQUEALING, RAT!
THE FIRE-BOATS ARE COMING!
I-I'LL TALK!
I WAS GRAYSON'S ASSISTANT--ASSUMING I'D BECOME HEAD OF THE HOSPITAL WHEN HE DIED. I MURDERED HIM!
BUT FATE OUTSMARTED ME! GRAYSON HAD WILLED THE PLACE TO HIS NEPHEW, ROSTER---
I DECIDED TO HAUNT IT ---HOPED TO BUY IT FOR A SONG --THEN ANNOUNCE THAT THE "GHOST" WAS THE WORK OF A PRACTICAL JOKER.
HEAD FOR SHORE! I WANT TO TURN THIS WHACK OVER TO THE COPS!
AYE, AYE, SIR!
LATER...
WELL, ROSTER'S ON THE MEND AND HOWARD'S IN THE JUG AND--HEY!
. JUST A FAREWELL TOKEN OF MY ESTEEM!
TOO BAD I'VE GOT TO GO! BUT THIS WORLD'S TURNING HANDSRINGS. I'VE GOT PLENTY OF WORK TO DO! STILL, MAYBE I'LL COME BACK --WHO KNOWS?


DON'T DELAY
Another Second!
AMERICA ALWAYS!

BECOME A MEMBER OF CAPTAIN AMERICA'S SENTINELS OF LIBERTY

NOW!

CUT OUT THIS BADGE AND SEND IT, ALONG WITH 10¢, TO CAPTAIN AMERICA'S STAFF HEADQUARTERS.

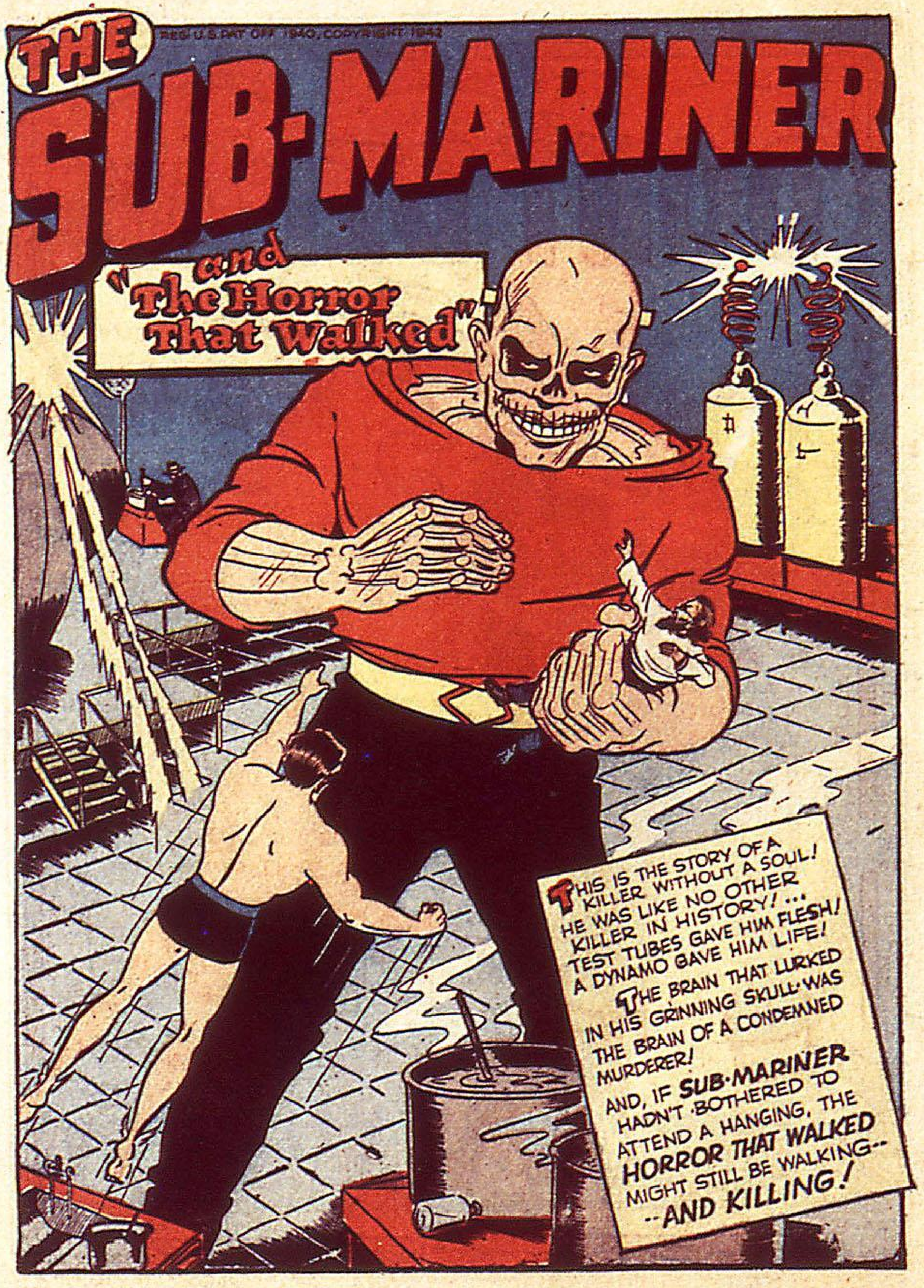
330 WEST 42 ST., NEW YORK CITY,
ROOM 1010.

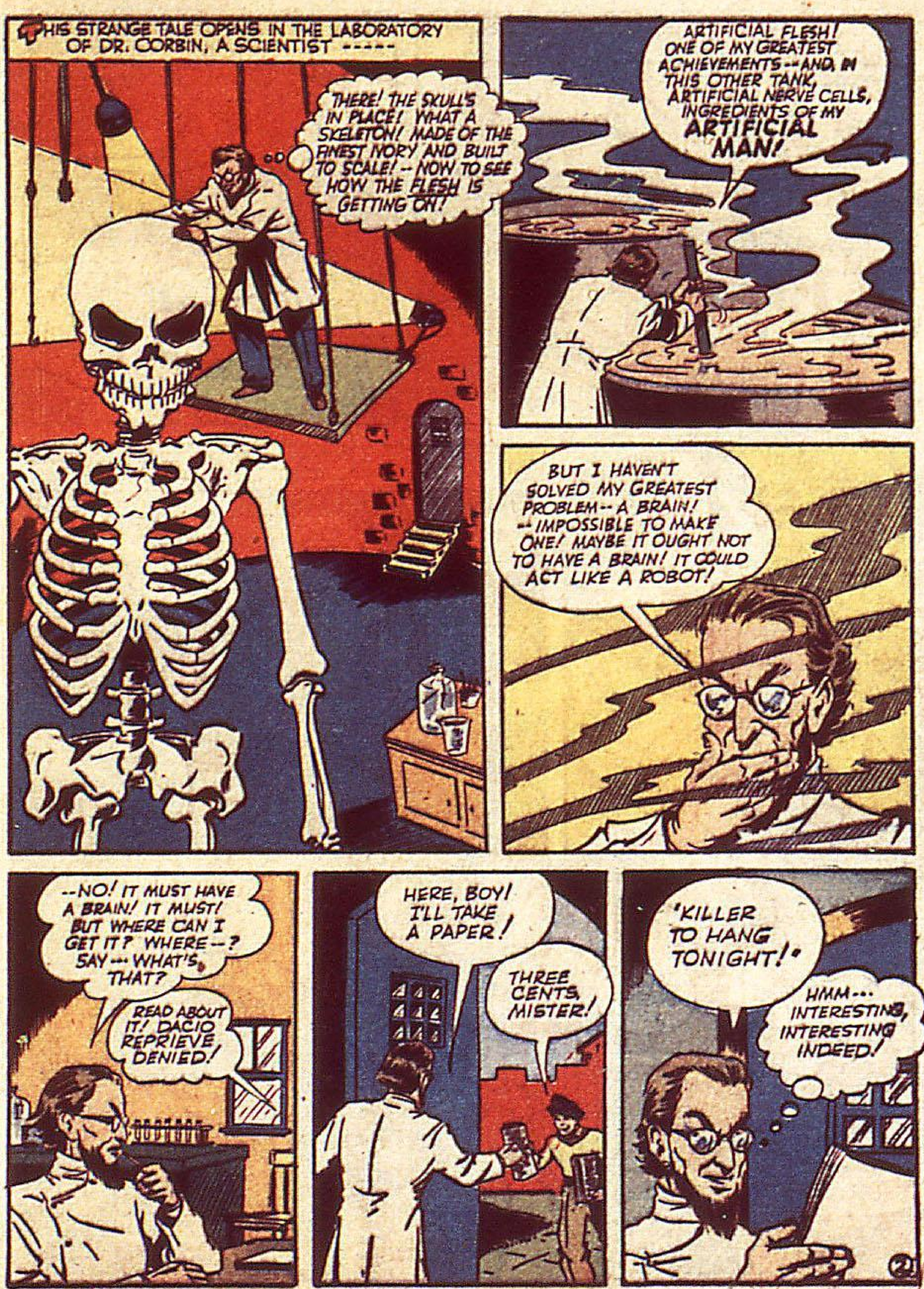
THEN YOU WILL RECEIVE YOUR PERSONAL MEMBERSHIP CARD AND PERSONAL BADGE!

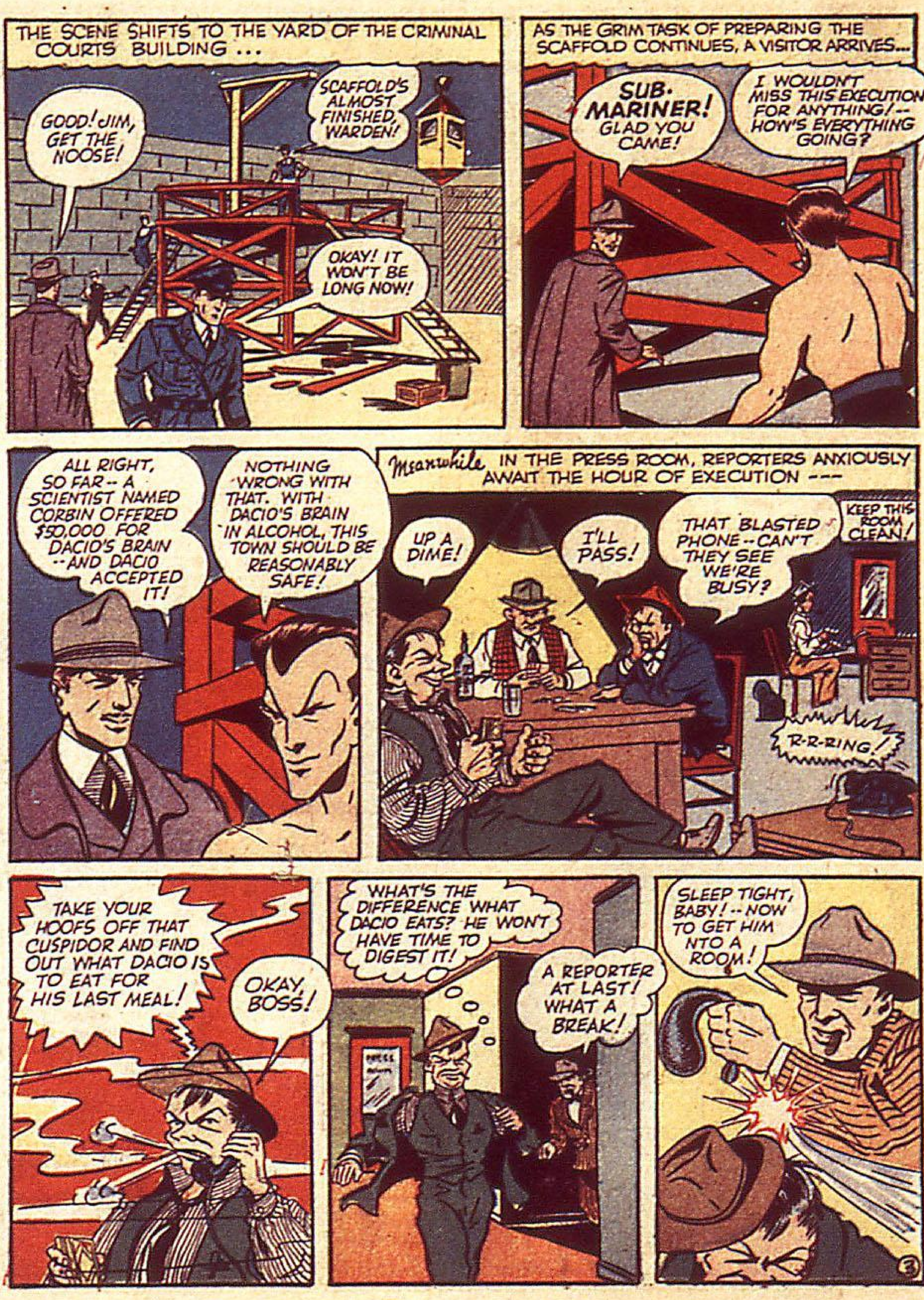
DO IT NOW!

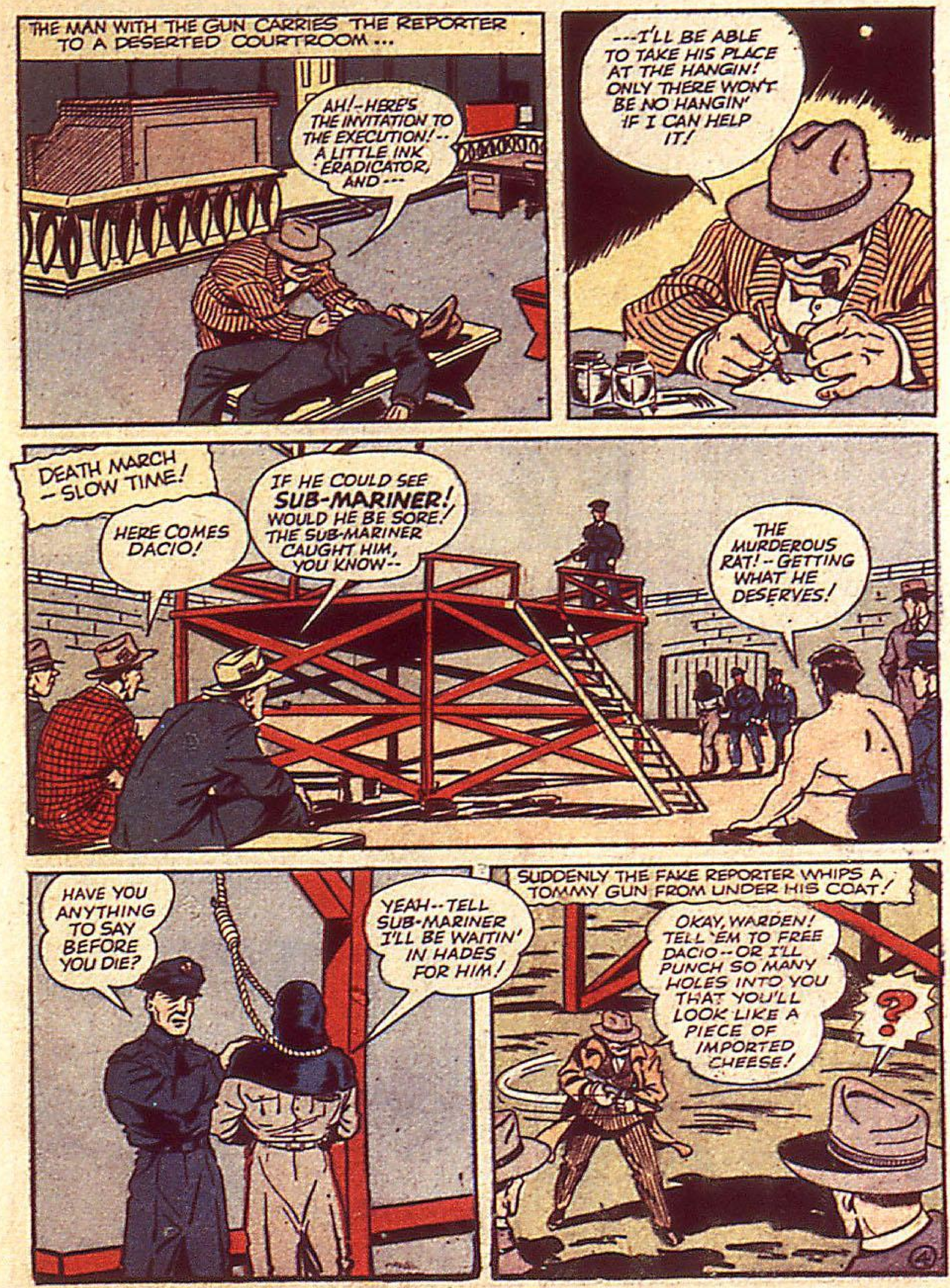
NAME...
ADDRESS...
CITY AND STATE....................................

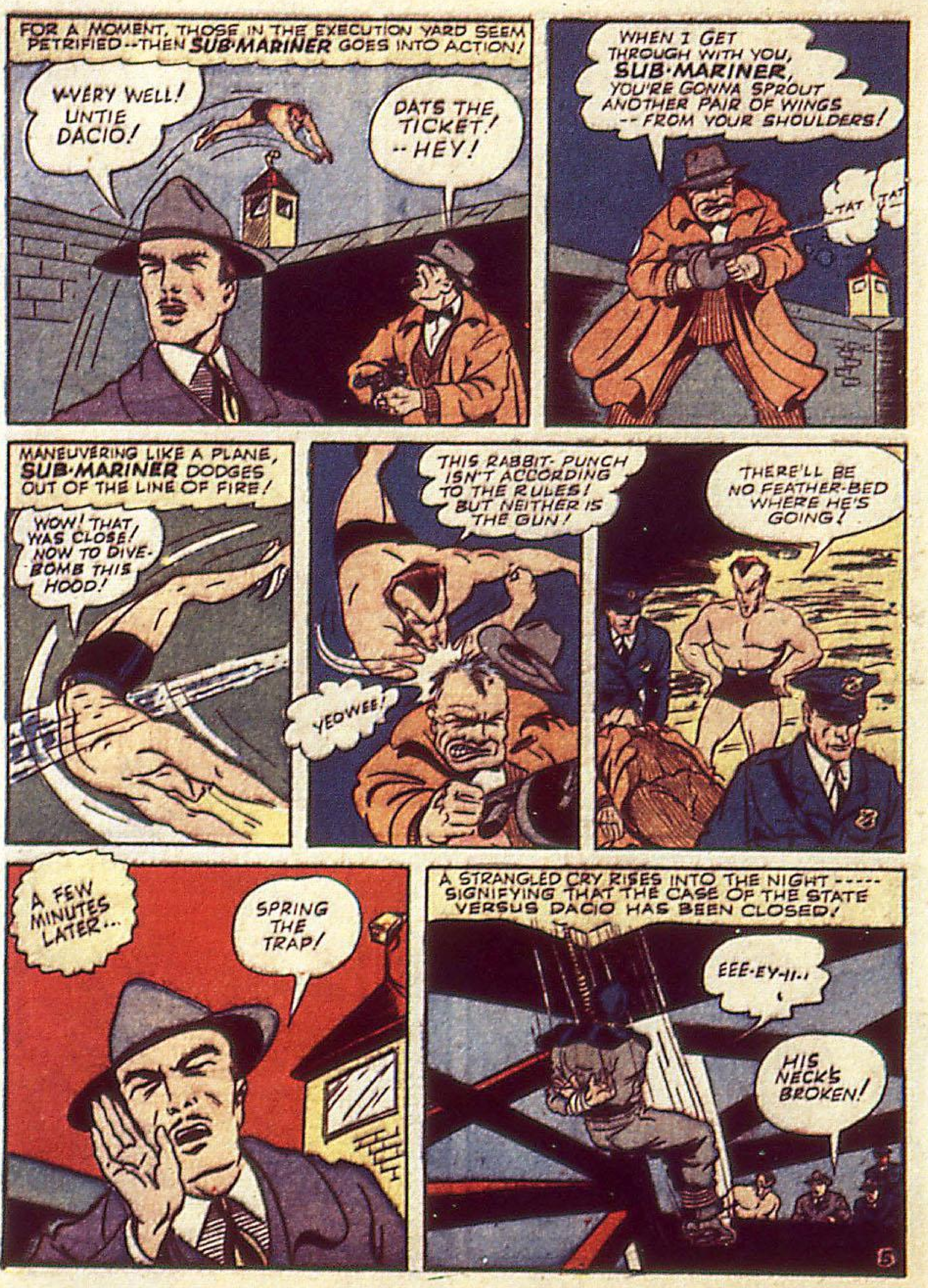
PERSONAL SIGNATURE
....

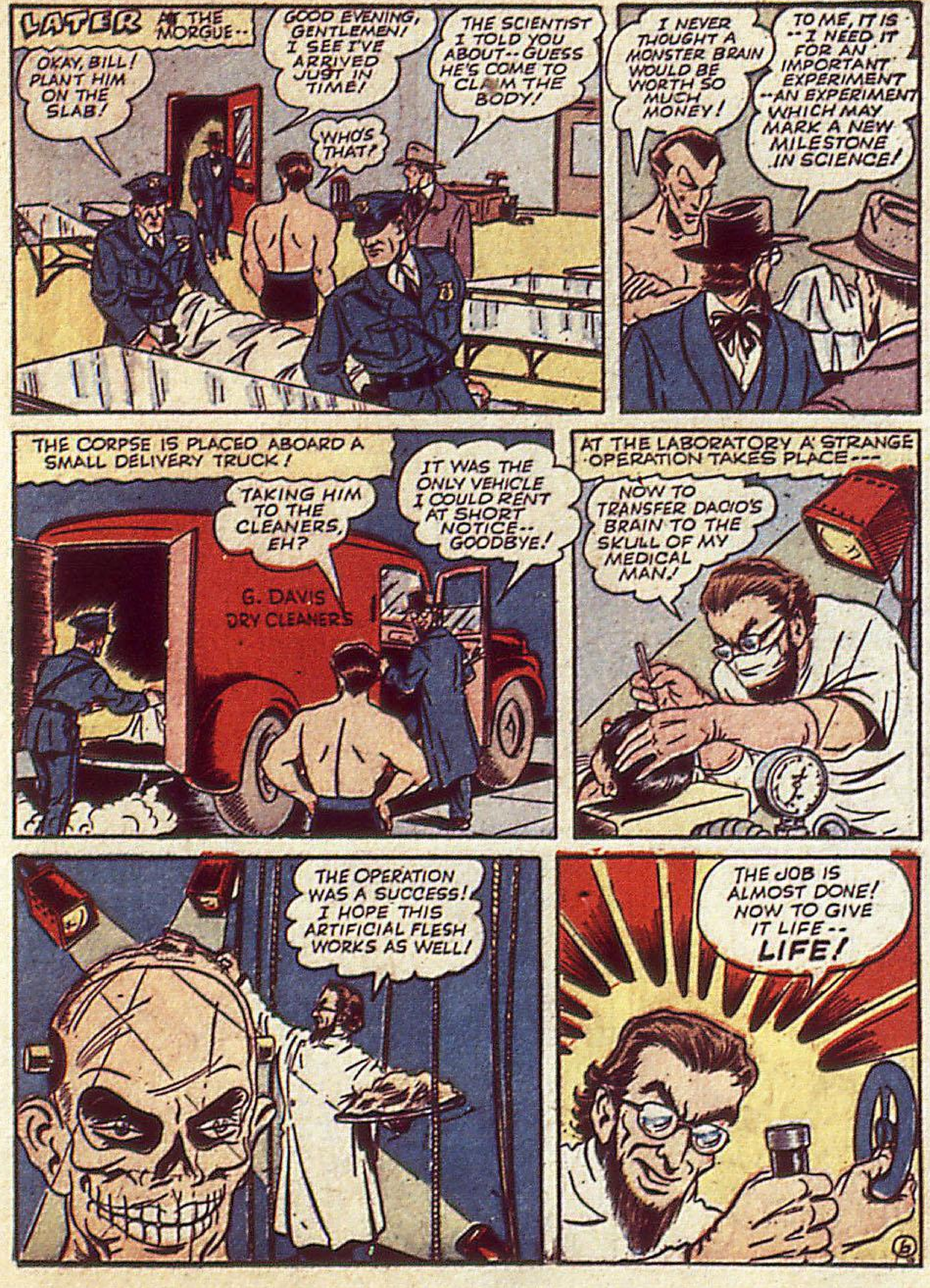

THE
SUB-MARINER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1940, COPYRIGHT 1942
"and
"The Horror
That Walked"
THIS IS THE STORY OF A KILLER WITHOUT A SOUL! HE WAS LIKE NO OTHER KILLER IN HISTORY!... TEST TUBES GAVE HIM FLESH! A DYNAMO GAVE HIM LIFE!
THE BRAIN THAT LURKED IN HIS GRINNING SKULL WAS THE BRAIN OF A CONDEMNED MURDERER!
AND, IF SUB-MARINER HADN'T BOTHERED TO ATTEND A HANGING, THE HORROR THAT WALKED MIGHT STILL BE WALKING-- --AND KILLING!

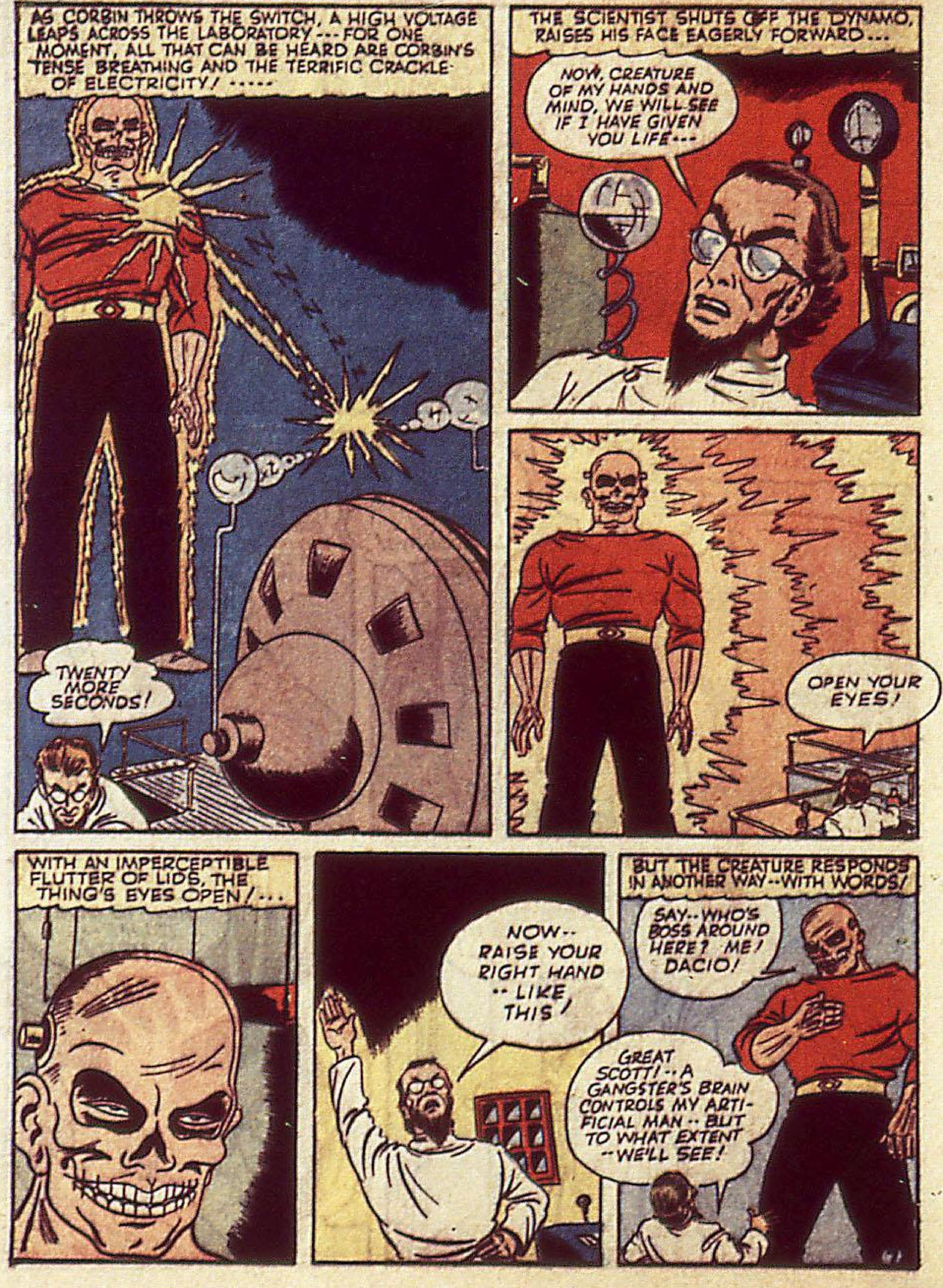

THIS STRANGE TALE OPENS IN THE LABORATORY OF DR. CORBIN, A SCIENTIST -----
THERE! THE SKULL'S IN PLACE! WHAT A SKELETON! MADE OF THE FINEST IVORY AND BUILT TO SCALE! -- NOW TO SEE HOW THE FLESH IS GETTING ON!
ARTIFICIAL FLESH! ONE OF MY GREATEST ACHIEVEMENTS -- AND, IN THIS OTHER TANK, ARTIFICIAL NERVE CELLS, INGREDIENTS OF MY ARTIFICIAL MAN!
BUT I HAVEN'T SOLVED MY GREATEST PROBLEM -- A BRAIN! -- IMPOSSIBLE TO MAKE ONE! MAYBE IT OUGHT NOT TO HAVE A BRAIN! IT COULD ACT LIKE A ROBOT!
--NO! IT MUST HAVE A BRAIN! IT MUST! BUT WHERE CAN I GET IT? WHERE --? SAY --- WHAT'S THAT?
READ ABOUT IT! DACIO REPRIEVE DENIED!
HERE, BOY! I'LL TAKE A PAPER!
THREE CENTS, MISTER!
'KILLER TO HANG TONIGHT!'
HMM... INTERESTING, INTERESTING INDEED!
2

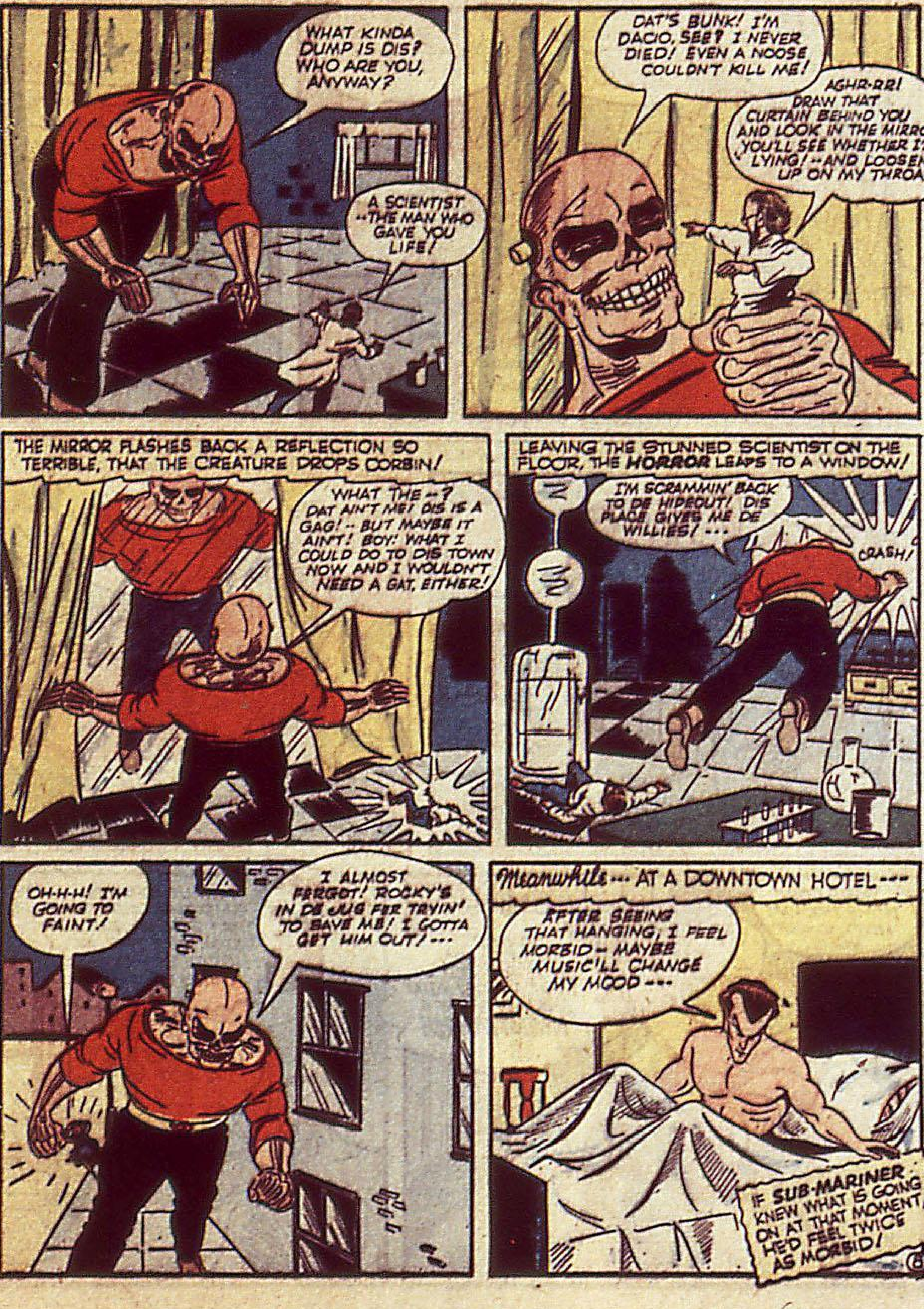

THE SCENE SHIFTS TO THE YARD OF THE CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING ...
SCAFFOLD'S ALMOST FINISHED, WARDEN!
GOOD! JIM, GET THE NOOSE!
OKAY! IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!
AS THE GRIM TASK OF PREPARING THE SCAFFOLD CONTINUES, A VISITOR ARRIVES...
SUB-MARINER! GLAD YOU CAME!
I WOULDN'T MISS THIS EXECUTION FOR ANYTHING! -- HOW'S EVERYTHING GOING?
ALL RIGHT, SO FAR -- A SCIENTIST NAMED CORBIN OFFERED $50,000 FOR DACIO'S BRAIN -- AND DACIO ACCEPTED IT!
NOTHING WRONG WITH THAT. WITH DACIO'S BRAIN IN ALCOHOL, THIS TOWN SHOULD BE REASONABLY SAFE!
Meanwhile IN THE PRESS ROOM, REPORTERS ANXIOUSLY AWAIT THE HOUR OF EXECUTION ---
UP A DIME!
I'LL PASS!
THAT BLASTED PHONE -- CAN'T THEY SEE WE'RE BUSY?
KEEP THIS ROOM CLEAN!
R-R-RING!
TAKE YOUR HOOFS OFF THAT CUSPIDOR AND FIND OUT WHAT DACIO IS TO EAT FOR HIS LAST MEAL!
OKAY, BOSS!
WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE WHAT DACIO EATS? HE WON'T HAVE TIME TO DIGEST IT!
A REPORTER AT LAST! WHAT A BREAK!
SLEEP TIGHT, BABY! -- NOW TO GET HIM NTO A ROOM!
3

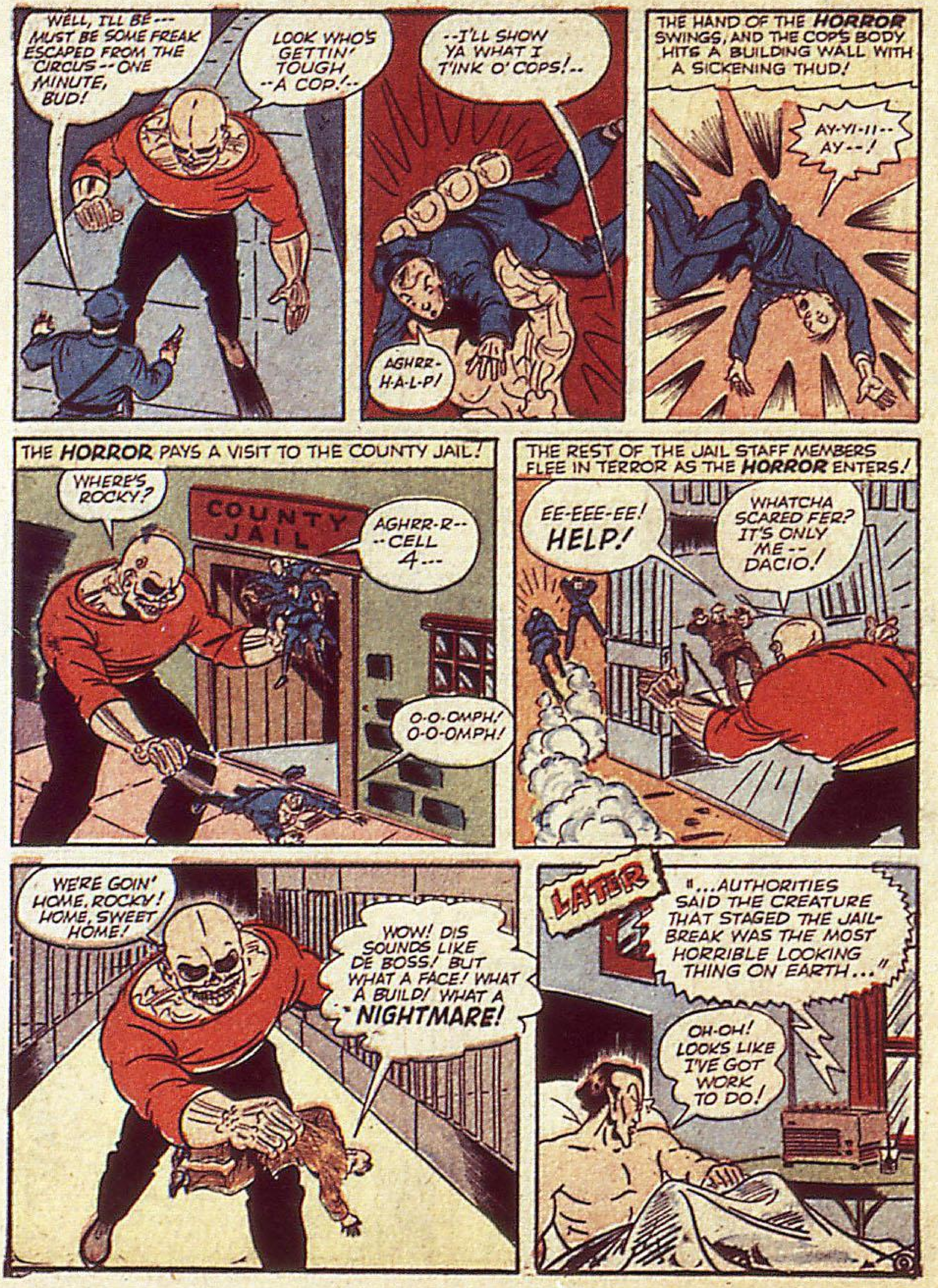

THE MAN WITH THE GUN CARRIES THE REPORTER TO A DESERTED COURTROOM ...
AH!--HERE'S THE INVITATION TO THE EXECUTION!--A LITTLE INK ERADICATOR, AND---
---I'LL BE ABLE TO TAKE HIS PLACE AT THE HANGIN! ONLY THERE WON'T BE NO HANGIN' IF I CAN HELP IT!
DEATH MARCH --SLOW TIME!
HERE COMES DACIO!
IF HE COULD SEE SUB-MARINER! WOULD HE BE SORE! THE SUB-MARINER CAUGHT HIM, YOU KNOW--
THE MURDEROUS RAT!--GETTING WHAT HE DESERVES!
HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY BEFORE YOU DIE?
YEAH--TELL SUB-MARINER I'LL BE WAITIN' IN HADES FOR HIM!
SUDDENLY THE FAKE REPORTER WHIPS A TOMMY GUN FROM UNDER HIS COAT!
OKAY, WARDEN! TELL 'EM TO FREE DACIO--OR I'LL PUNCH SO MANY HOLES INTO YOU THAT YOU'LL LOOK LIKE A PIECE OF IMPORTED CHEESE!
?

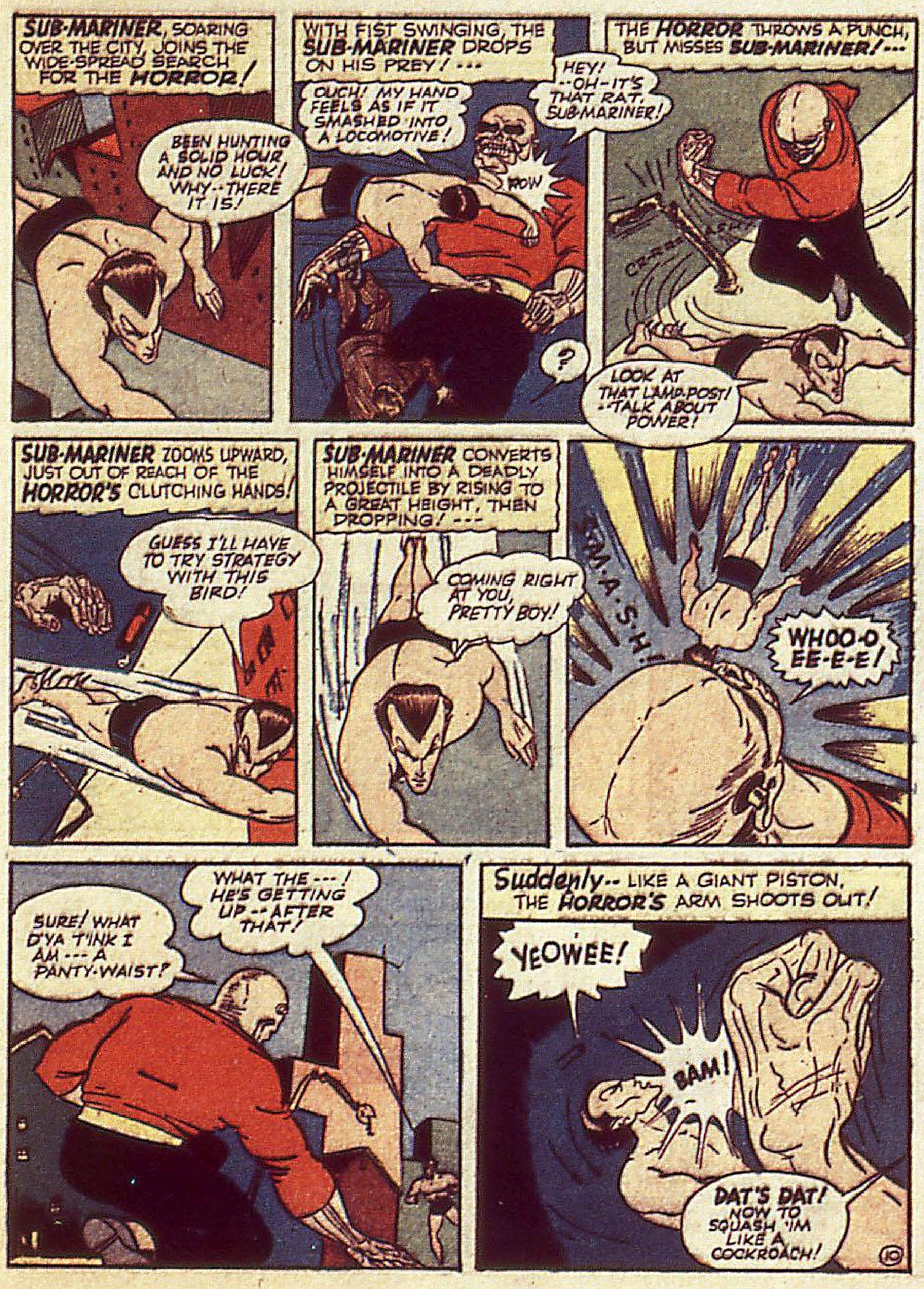

FOR A MOMENT, THOSE IN THE EXECUTION YARD SEEM PETRIFIED--THEN SUB-MARINER GOES INTO ACTION!
V-VERY WELL! UNTIE DACIO!
DATS THE TICKET! --HEY!
WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YOU, SUB-MARINER, YOU'RE GONNA SPROUT ANOTHER PAIR OF WINGS --FROM YOUR SHOULDERS!
TAT
TAT
MANEUVERING LIKE A PLANE, SUB-MARINER DODGES OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE!
WOW! THAT WAS CLOSE! NOW TO DIVE-BOMB THIS HOOD!
THIS RABBIT-PUNCH ISN'T ACCORDING TO THE RULES! BUT NEITHER IS THE GUN!
YEOWEE!
THERE'LL BE NO FEATHER-BED WHERE HE'S GOING!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
SPRING THE TRAP!
A STRANGLED CRY RISES INTO THE NIGHT ----- SIGNIFYING THAT THE CASE OF THE STATE VERSUS DACIO HAS BEEN CLOSED!
EEE-EY-II-I
HIS NECK'S BROKEN!
5

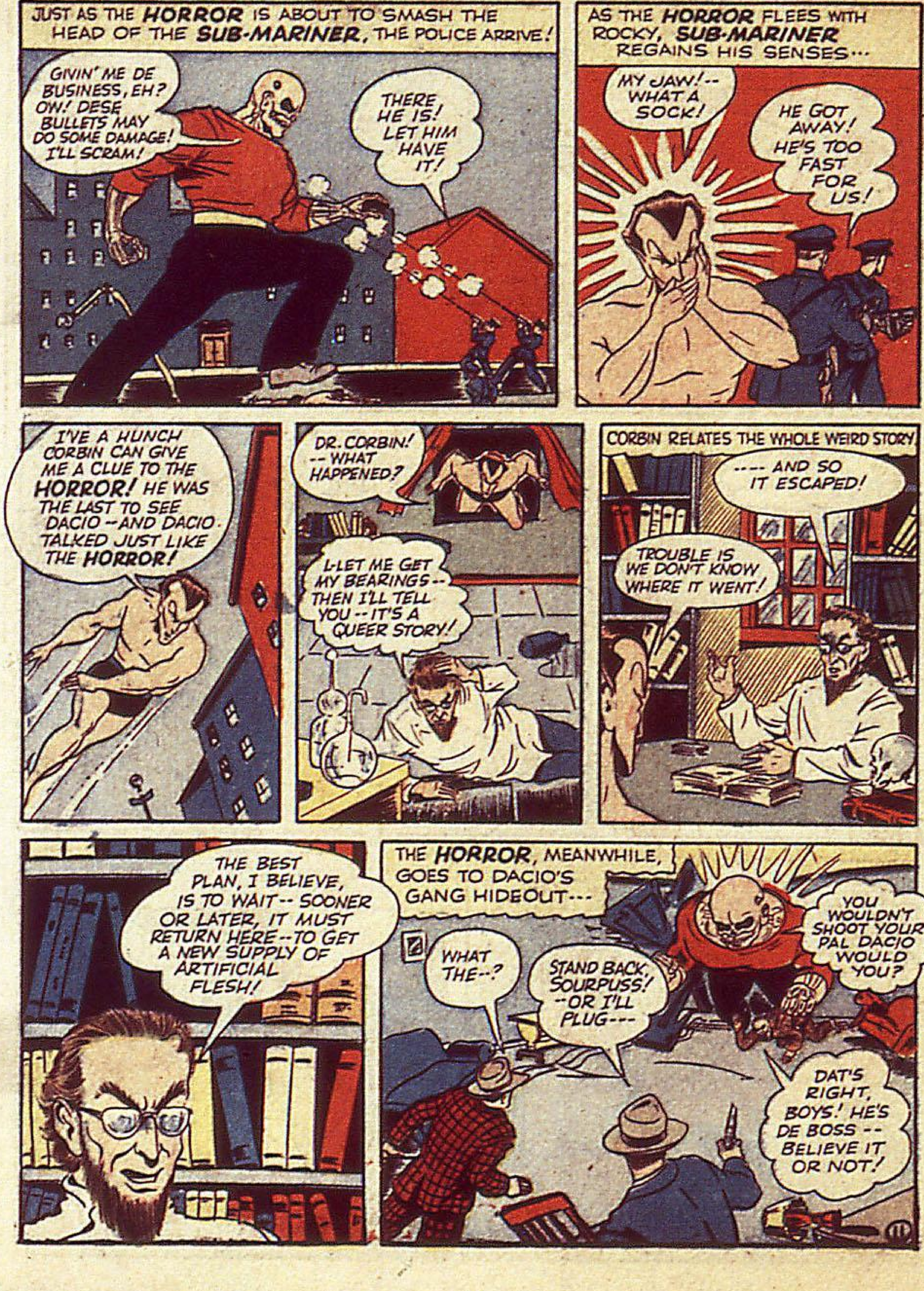

LATER AT THE MORGUE--
OKAY, BILL! PLANT HIM ON THE SLAB!
GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN! I SEE I'VE ARRIVED JUST IN TIME!
WHO'S THAT?
THE SCIENTIST I TOLD YOU ABOUT--GUESS HE'S COME TO CLAIM THE BODY!
I NEVER THOUGHT A MONSTER BRAIN WOULD BE WORTH SO MUCH MONEY!
TO ME, IT IS --I NEED IT FOR AN IMPORTANT EXPERIMENT --AN EXPERIMENT WHICH MAY MARK A NEW MILESTONE IN SCIENCE!
THE CORPSE IS PLACED ABOARD A SMALL DELIVERY TRUCK!
TAKING HIM TO THE CLEANERS, EH?
IT WAS THE ONLY VEHICLE I COULD RENT AT SHORT NOTICE-- GOODBYE!
G. DAVIS DRY CLEANERS
AT THE LABORATORY A STRANGE OPERATION TAKES PLACE---
NOW TO TRANSFER DACIO'S BRAIN TO THE SKULL OF MY MEDICAL MAN!
THE OPERATION WAS A SUCCESS! I HOPE THIS ARTIFICIAL FLESH WORKS AS WELL!
THE JOB IS ALMOST DONE! NOW TO GIVE IT LIFE-- LIFE!

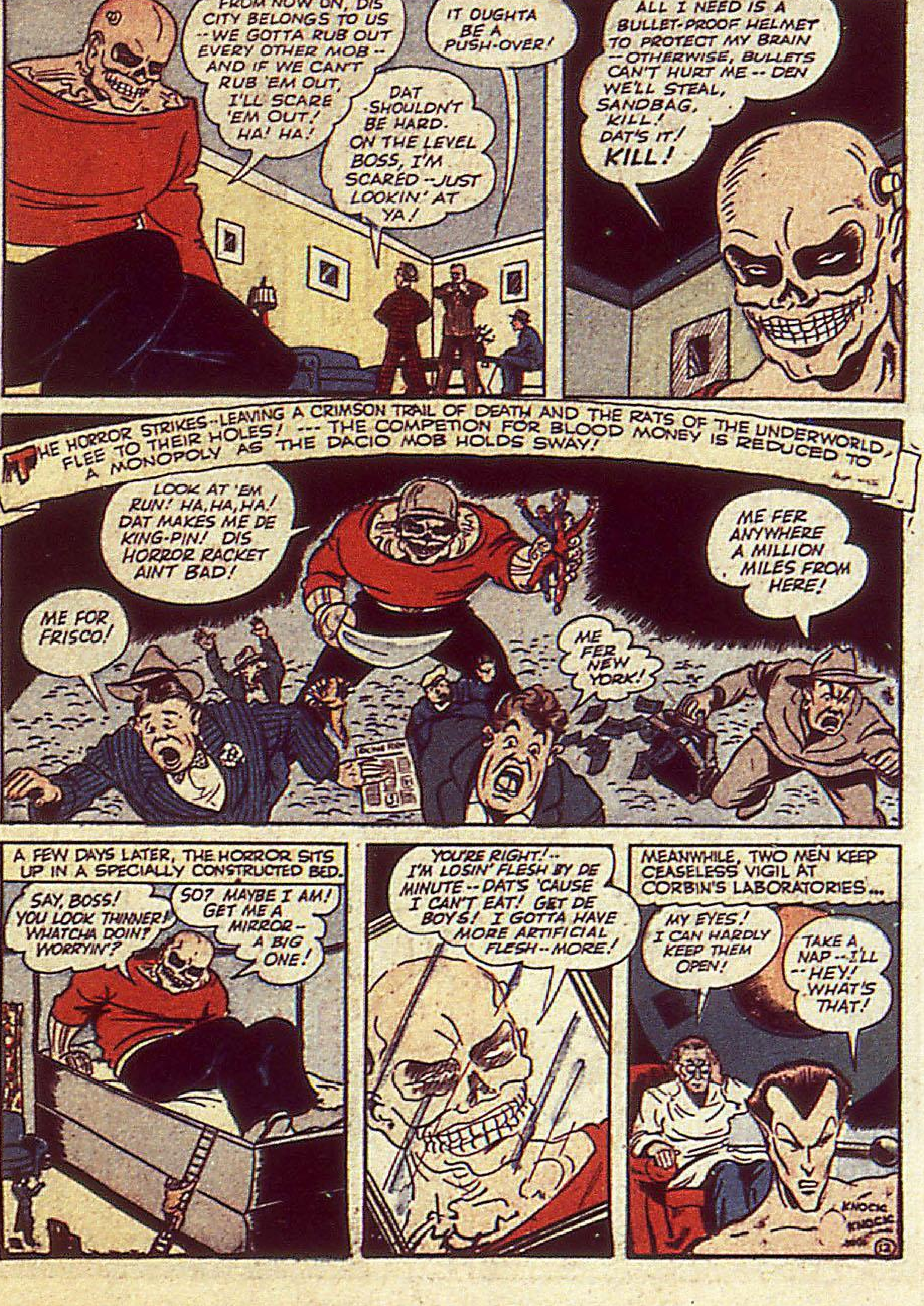

AS CORBIN THROWS THE SWITCH, A HIGH VOLTAGE LEAPS ACROSS THE LABORATORY--- FOR ONE MOMENT, ALL THAT CAN BE HEARD ARE CORBIN'S TENSE BREATHING AND THE TERRIFIC CRACKLE OF ELECTRICITY! -----
TWENTY MORE SECONDS!
THE SCIENTIST SHUTS OFF THE DYNAMO, RAISES HIS FACE EAGERLY FORWARD...
NOW, CREATURE OF MY HANDS AND MIND, WE WILL SEE IF I HAVE GIVEN YOU LIFE---
OPEN YOUR EYES!
WITH AN IMPERCEPTIBLE FLUTTER OF LIDS, THE THING'S EYES OPEN!...
NOW-- RAISE YOUR RIGHT HAND -- LIKE THIS!
BUT THE CREATURE RESPONDS IN ANOTHER WAY--WITH WORDS!
SAY--WHO'S BOSS AROUND HERE? ME! DACIO!
GREAT SCOTT!--A GANGSTER'S BRAIN CONTROLS MY ARTIFICIAL MAN -- BUT TO WHAT EXTENT --WE'LL SEE!

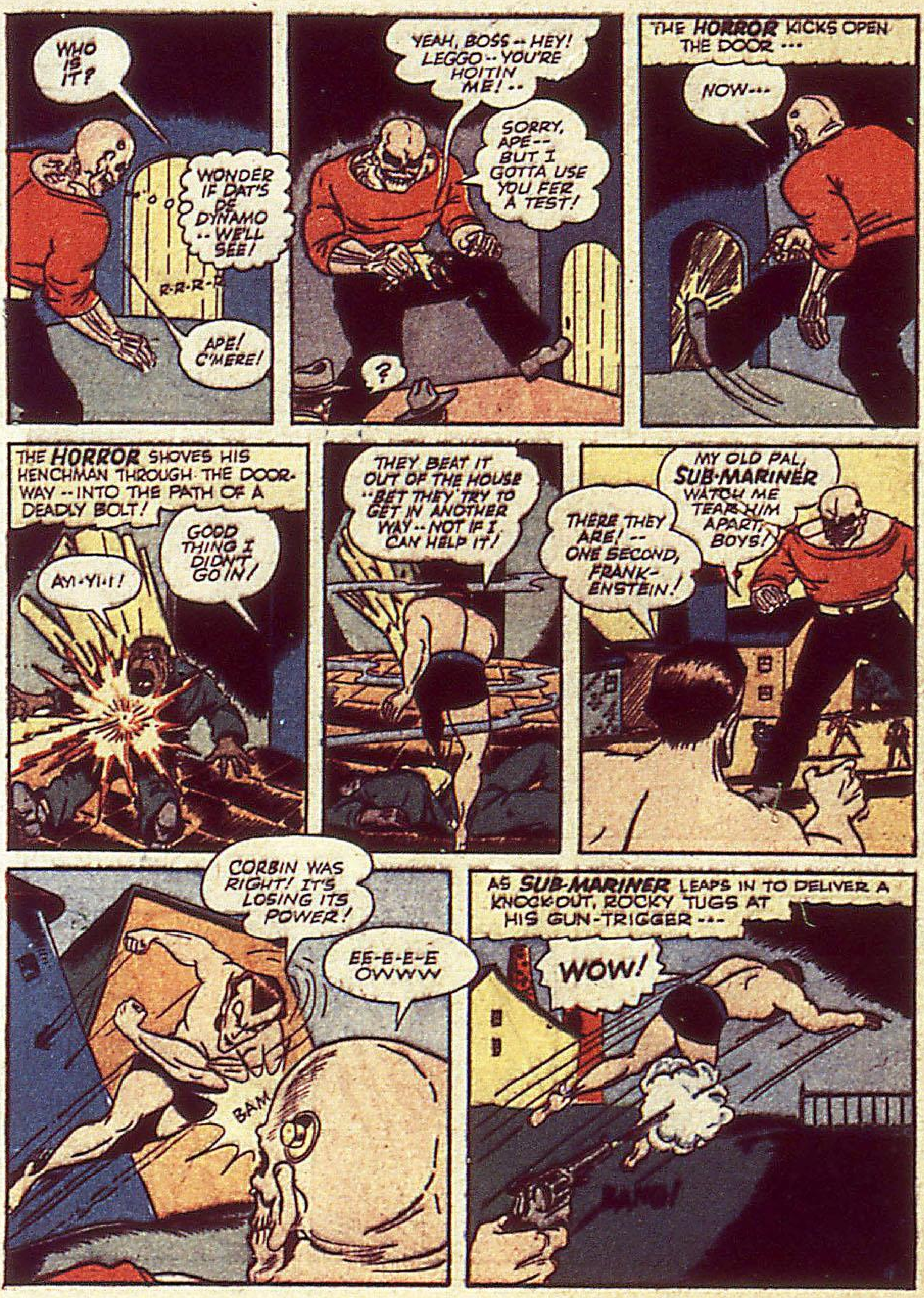

WHAT KINDA DUMP IS DIS? WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY?
A SCIENTIST --THE MAN WHO GAVE YOU LIFE!
DAT'S BUNK! I'M DACIO, SEE? I NEVER DIED! EVEN A NOOSE COULDN'T KILL ME!
AGHR-RR! DRAW THAT CURTAIN BEHIND YOU AND LOOK IN THE MIRROR! YOU'LL SEE WHETHER I'M LYING! --AND LOOSEN UP ON MY THROAT!
THE MIRROR FLASHES BACK A REFLECTION SO TERRIBLE, THAT THE CREATURE DROPS CORBIN!
WHAT THE --? DAT AIN'T ME! DIS IS A GAG! -- BUT MAYBE IT AIN'T! BOY! WHAT I COULD DO TO DIS TOWN NOW AND I WOULDN'T NEED A GAT, EITHER!
LEAVING THE STUNNED SCIENTIST ON THE FLOOR, THE **HORROR** LEAPS TO A WINDOW!
I'M SCRAMMIN' BACK TO DE HIDEOUT! DIS PLACE GIVES ME DE WILLIES! ---
CRASH!
OH-H-H! I'M GOING TO FAINT!
I ALMOST FERGOT! ROCKY'S IN DE JUG FER TRYIN' TO SAVE ME! I GOTTA GET HIM OUT! ---
Meanwhile --- AT A DOWNTOWN HOTEL ---
AFTER SEEING THAT HANGING, I FEEL MORBID -- MAYBE MUSIC'LL CHANGE MY MOOD ---
IF **SUB-MARINER** KNEW WHAT IS GOING ON AT THAT MOMENT, HE'D FEEL TWICE AS MORBID!

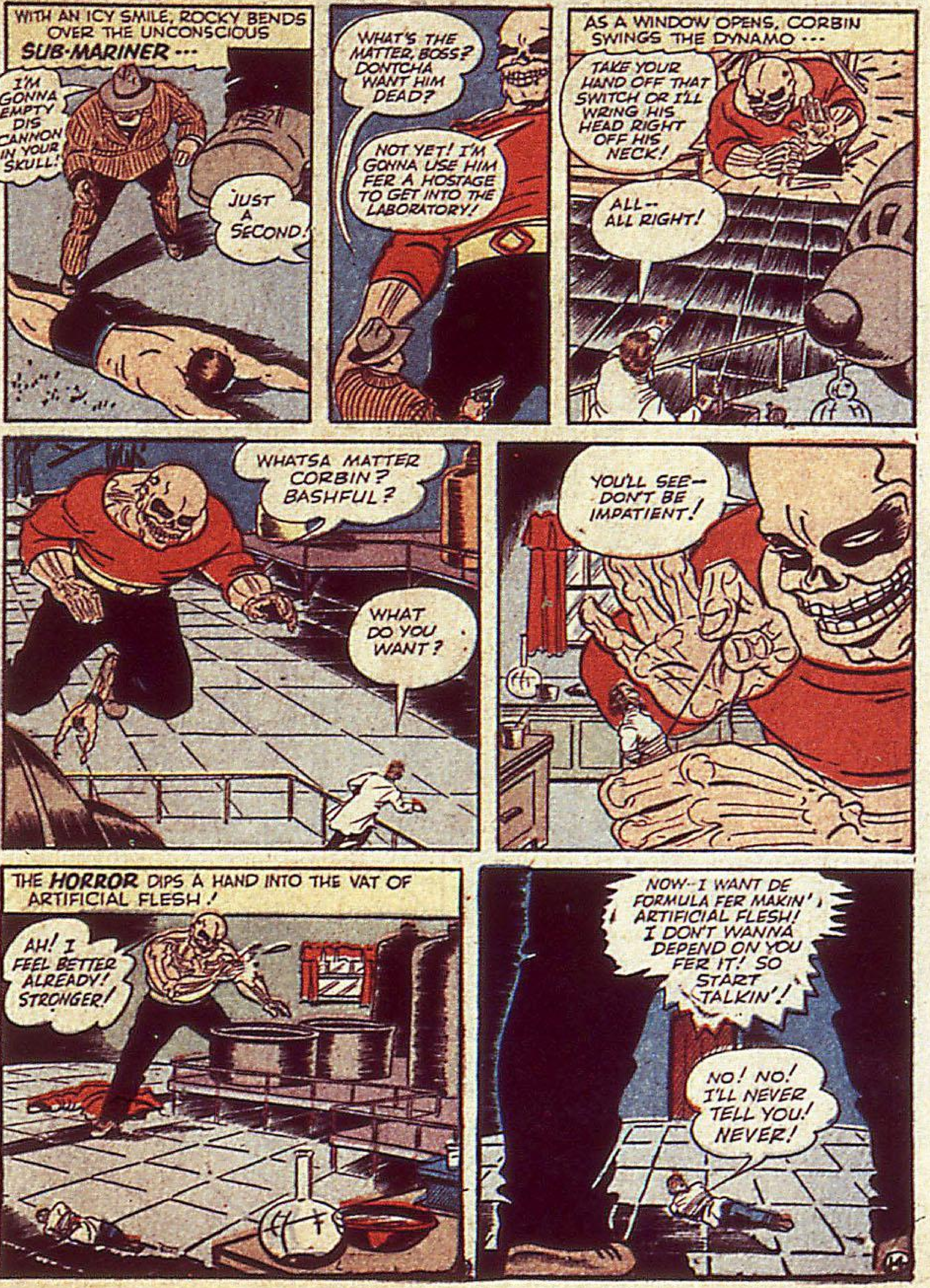

WELL, I'LL BE--- MUST BE SOME FREAK ESCAPED FROM THE CIRCUS--ONE MINUTE, BUD!
LOOK WHO'S GETTIN' TOUGH --A COP!--
--I'LL SHOW YA WHAT I T'INK O' COPS!--
AGHRR- H-A-L-P!
THE HAND OF THE HORROR SWINGS, AND THE COP'S BODY HITS A BUILDING WALL WITH A SICKENING THUD!
AY-YI-II-- AY--!
THE HORROR PAYS A VISIT TO THE COUNTY JAIL!
WHERE'S ROCKY?
COUNTY JAIL
AGHRR-R-- --CELL 4---
O-O-OMPH! O-O-OMPH!
THE REST OF THE JAIL STAFF MEMBERS FLEE IN TERROR AS THE HORROR ENTERS!
EE-EEE-EE! HELP!
WHATCHA SCARED FER? IT'S ONLY ME-- DACIO!
WE'RE GOIN' HOME, ROCKY! HOME, SWEET HOME!
WOW! DIS SOUNDS LIKE DE BOSS! BUT WHAT A FACE! WHAT A BUILD! WHAT A NIGHTMARE!
LATER
"...AUTHORITIES SAID THE CREATURE THAT STAGED THE JAIL-BREAK WAS THE MOST HORRIBLE LOOKING THING ON EARTH..."
OH-OH! LOOKS LIKE I'VE GOT WORK TO DO!

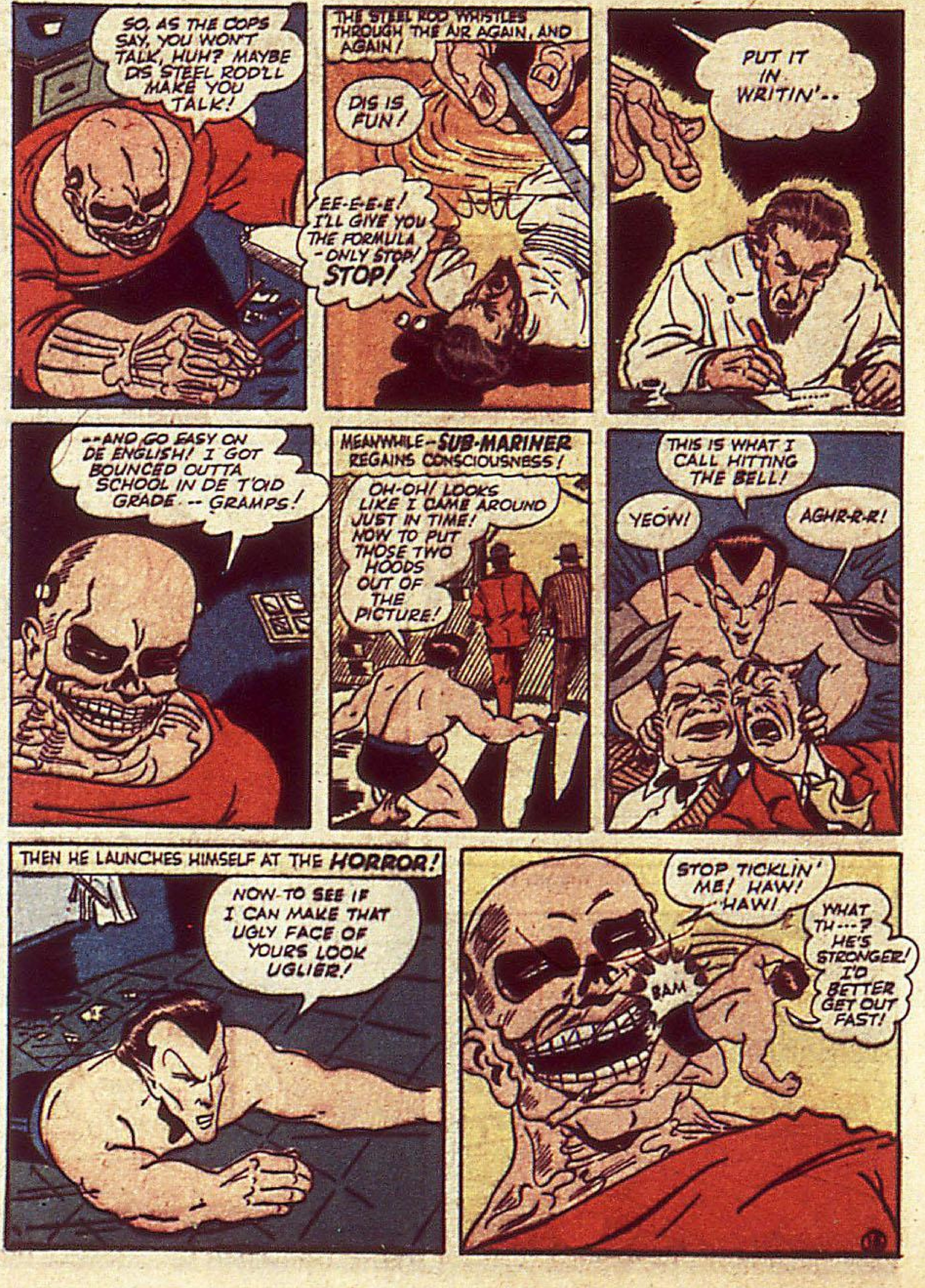

SUB-MARINER, SOARING OVER THE CITY, JOINS THE WIDE-SPREAD SEARCH FOR THE HORROR!
BEEN HUNTING A SOLID HOUR AND NO LUCK! WHY--THERE IT IS!
WITH FIST SWINGING, THE SUB-MARINER DROPS ON HIS PREY! ---
OUCH! MY HAND FEELS AS IF IT SMASHED INTO A LOCOMOTIVE!
POW
HEY! --OH--IT'S THAT RAT, SUB-MARINER!
?
THE HORROR THROWS A PUNCH, BUT MISSES SUB-MARINER! ---
CR-RRR-ASH
LOOK AT THAT LAMP-POST! --TALK ABOUT POWER!
SUB-MARINER ZOOMS UPWARD, JUST OUT OF REACH OF THE HORROR'S CLUTCHING HANDS!
GUESS I'LL HAVE TO TRY STRATEGY WITH THIS BIRD!
SUB-MARINER CONVERTS HIMSELF INTO A DEADLY PROJECTILE BY RISING TO A GREAT HEIGHT, THEN DROPPING! ---
COMING RIGHT AT YOU, PRETTY BOY!
S-M-A-S-H!
WHOO-O EE-E-E!
SURE! WHAT D'YA T'INK I AM --- A PANTY-WAIST?
WHAT THE ---! HE'S GETTING UP -- AFTER THAT!
Suddenly-- LIKE A GIANT PISTON, THE HORROR'S ARM SHOOTS OUT!
YEOWEE!
BAM!
DAT'S DAT! NOW TO SQUASH 'IM LIKE A COCKROACH!
10

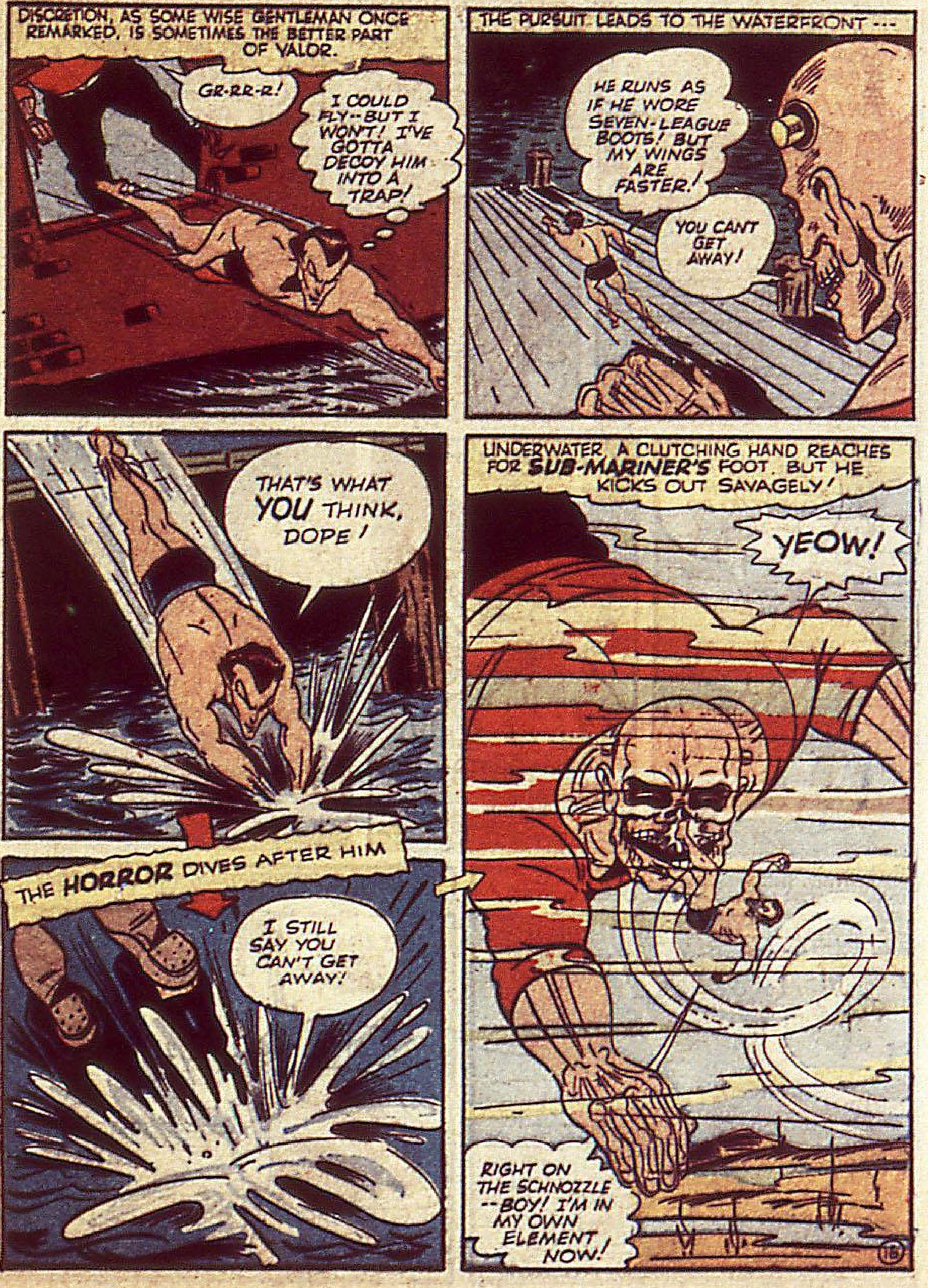

JUST AS THE **HORROR** IS ABOUT TO SMASH THE HEAD OF THE **SUB-MARINER**, THE POLICE ARRIVE!
GIVIN' ME DE BUSINESS, EH? OW! DESE BULLETS MAY DO SOME DAMAGE! I'LL SCRAM!
THERE HE IS! LET HIM HAVE IT!
AS THE **HORROR** FLEES WITH ROCKY, **SUB-MARINER** REGAINS HIS SENSES...
MY JAW!-- WHAT A SOCK!
HE GOT AWAY! HE'S TOO FAST FOR US!
I'VE A HUNCH CORBIN CAN GIVE ME A CLUE TO THE **HORROR!** HE WAS THE LAST TO SEE DACIO --AND DACIO TALKED JUST LIKE THE **HORROR!**
DR. CORBIN! --WHAT HAPPENED?
L-LET ME GET MY BEARINGS-- THEN I'LL TELL YOU --IT'S A QUEER STORY!
CORBIN RELATES THE WHOLE WEIRD STORY
---- AND SO IT ESCAPED!
TROUBLE IS WE DON'T KNOW WHERE IT WENT!
THE BEST PLAN, I BELIEVE, IS TO WAIT-- SOONER OR LATER, IT MUST RETURN HERE--TO GET A NEW SUPPLY OF ARTIFICIAL FLESH!
THE **HORROR**, MEANWHILE, GOES TO DACIO'S GANG HIDEOUT---
YOU WOULDN'T SHOOT YOUR PAL DACIO WOULD YOU?
WHAT THE--?
STAND BACK, SOURPUSS! --OR I'LL PLUG---
DAT'S RIGHT, BOYS! HE'S DE BOSS -- BELIEVE IT OR NOT!
11

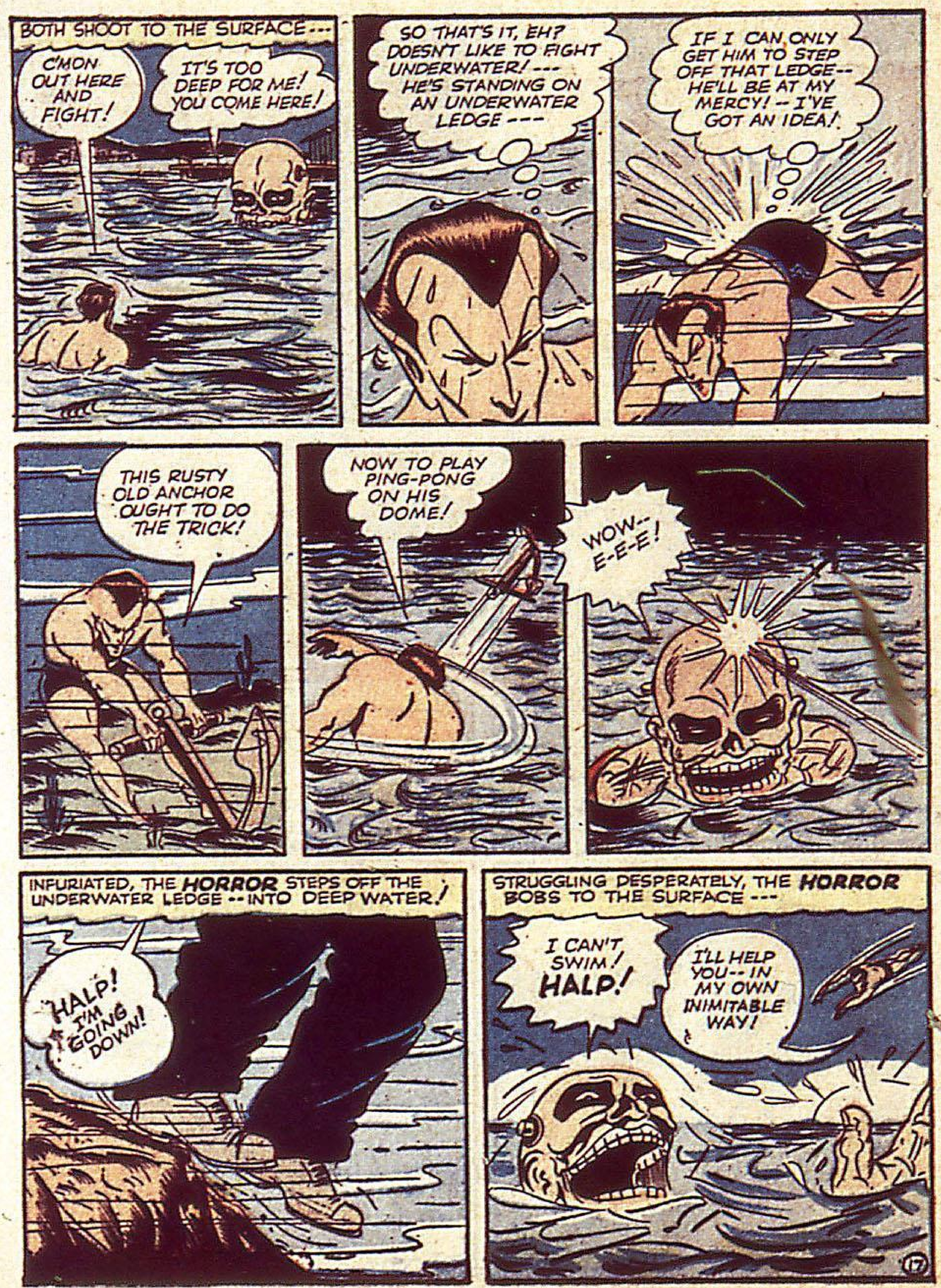

FROM NOW ON, DIS CITY BELONGS TO US --WE GOTTA RUB OUT EVERY OTHER MOB -- AND IF WE CAN'T RUB 'EM OUT, I'LL SCARE 'EM OUT! HA! HA!
IT OUGHTA BE A PUSH-OVER!
DAT SHOULDN'T BE HARD. ON THE LEVEL BOSS, I'M SCARED --JUST LOOKIN' AT YA!
ALL I NEED IS A BULLET-PROOF HELMET TO PROTECT MY BRAIN --OTHERWISE, BULLETS CAN'T HURT ME -- DEN WE'LL STEAL, SANDBAG, KILL! DAT'S IT! KILL!
THE HORROR STRIKES--LEAVING A CRIMSON TRAIL OF DEATH AND THE RATS OF THE UNDERWORLD, FLEE TO THEIR HOLES! --- THE COMPETION FOR BLOOD MONEY IS REDUCED TO A MONOPOLY AS THE DACIO MOB HOLDS SWAY!
LOOK AT 'EM RUN! HA, HA, HA! DAT MAKES ME DE KING-PIN! DIS HORROR RACKET AINT BAD!
ME FER ANYWHERE A MILLION MILES FROM HERE!
ME FOR FRISCO!
ME FER NEW YORK!
A FEW DAYS LATER, THE HORROR SITS UP IN A SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED BED.
SAY, BOSS! YOU LOOK THINNER! WHATCHA DOIN'? WORRYIN'?
SO? MAYBE I AM! GET ME A MIRROR-- A BIG ONE!
YOU'RE RIGHT!.. I'M LOSIN' FLESH BY DE MINUTE -- DAT'S 'CAUSE I CAN'T EAT! GET DE BOYS! I GOTTA HAVE MORE ARTIFICIAL FLESH -- MORE!
MEANWHILE, TWO MEN KEEP CEASELESS VIGIL AT CORBIN'S LABORATORIES...
MY EYES! I CAN HARDLY KEEP THEM OPEN!
TAKE A NAP --I'LL --HEY! WHAT'S THAT!
KNOCK KNOCK
12

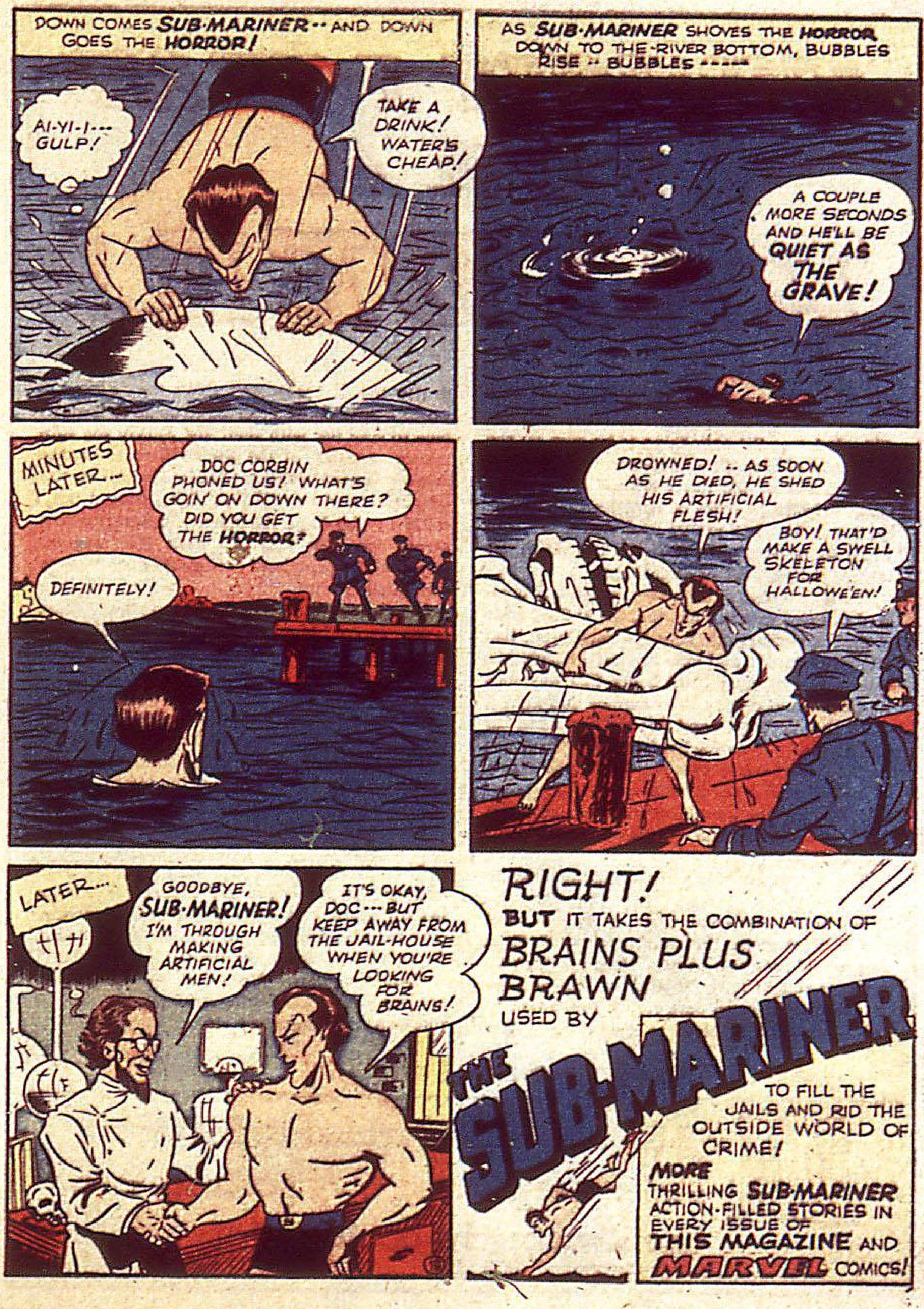

WHO IS IT?
WONDER IF DAT'S DE DYNAMO -- WE'LL SEE!
R-R-R-R
APE! C'MERE!
YEAH, BOSS -- HEY! LEGGO -- YOU'RE HOITIN ME! --
SORRY, APE -- BUT I GOTTA USE YOU FER A TEST!
?
THE HORROR KICKS OPEN THE DOOR ---
NOW ---
THE HORROR SHOVES HIS HENCHMAN THROUGH THE DOORWAY -- INTO THE PATH OF A DEADLY BOLT!
AYI-YI-I!
GOOD THING I DIDN'T GO IN!
THEY BEAT IT OUT OF THE HOUSE -- BET THEY TRY TO GET IN ANOTHER WAY -- NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!
MY OLD PAL, SUB-MARINER WATCH ME TEAR HIM APART, BOYS!
THERE THEY ARE! -- ONE SECOND, FRANKENSTEIN!
CORBIN WAS RIGHT! IT'S LOSING ITS POWER!
EE-E-E-E OWWW
BAM
AS SUB-MARINER LEAPS IN TO DELIVER A KNOCK-OUT, ROCKY TUGS AT HIS GUN-TRIGGER ---
WOW!
BANG!


WITH AN ICY SMILE, ROCKY BENDS OVER THE UNCONSCIOUS SUB-MARINER ...
I'M GONNA EMPTY DIS CANNON IN YOUR SKULL!
JUST A SECOND!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOSS? DONTCHA WANT HIM DEAD?
NOT YET! I'M GONNA USE HIM FER A HOSTAGE TO GET INTO THE LABORATORY!
AS A WINDOW OPENS, CORBIN SWINGS THE DYNAMO ...
TAKE YOUR HAND OFF THAT SWITCH OR I'LL WRING HIS HEAD RIGHT OFF HIS NECK!
ALL-- ALL RIGHT!
WHATSA MATTER CORBIN? BASHFUL?
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
YOU'LL SEE-- DON'T BE IMPATIENT!
THE HORROR DIPS A HAND INTO THE VAT OF ARTIFICIAL FLESH!
AH! I FEEL BETTER ALREADY! STRONGER!
NOW--I WANT DE FORMULA FER MAKIN' ARTIFICIAL FLESH! I DON'T WANNA DEPEND ON YOU FER IT! SO START TALKIN'!
NO! NO! I'LL NEVER TELL YOU! NEVER!
14


SO, AS THE COPS SAY, YOU WON'T TALK, HUH? MAYBE DIS STEEL ROD'LL MAKE YOU TALK!
THE STEEL ROD WHISTLES THROUGH THE AIR AGAIN, AND AGAIN!
DIS IS FUN!
EE-E-E-E! I'LL GIVE YOU THE FORMULA -ONLY STOP! STOP!
PUT IT IN WRITIN'..
--AND GO EASY ON DE ENGLISH! I GOT BOUNCED OUTTA SCHOOL IN DE T'OID GRADE -- GRAMPS!
MEANWHILE--SUB-MARINER REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS!
OH-OH! LOOKS LIKE I CAME AROUND JUST IN TIME! NOW TO PUT THOSE TWO HOODS OUT OF THE PICTURE!
THIS IS WHAT I CALL HITTING THE BELL!
YEOW!
AGHR-R-R!
THEN HE LAUNCHES HIMSELF AT THE HORROR!
NOW-TO SEE IF I CAN MAKE THAT UGLY FACE OF YOURS LOOK UGLIER!
STOP TICKLIN' ME! HAW! HAW!
BAM
WHAT TH---? HE'S STRONGER! I'D BETTER GET OUT FAST!


DISCRETION, AS SOME WISE GENTLEMAN ONCE REMARKED, IS SOMETIMES THE BETTER PART OF VALOR.
GR-RR-R!
I COULD FLY--BUT I WON'T! I'VE GOTTA DECOY HIM INTO A TRAP!
THE PURSUIT LEADS TO THE WATERFRONT ---
HE RUNS AS IF HE WORE SEVEN-LEAGUE BOOTS! BUT MY WINGS ARE FASTER!
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, DOPE!
THE HORROR DIVES AFTER HIM
I STILL SAY YOU CAN'T GET AWAY!
UNDERWATER, A CLUTCHING HAND REACHES FOR SUB-MARINER'S FOOT, BUT HE KICKS OUT SAVAGELY!
YEOW!
RIGHT ON THE SCHNOZZLE --BOY! I'M IN MY OWN ELEMENT NOW!
15


BOTH SHOOT TO THE SURFACE ---
C'MON OUT HERE AND FIGHT!
IT'S TOO DEEP FOR ME! YOU COME HERE!
SO THAT'S IT, EH? DOESN'T LIKE TO FIGHT UNDERWATER! --- HE'S STANDING ON AN UNDERWATER LEDGE ---
IF I CAN ONLY GET HIM TO STEP OFF THAT LEDGE-- HE'LL BE AT MY MERCY! -- I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
THIS RUSTY OLD ANCHOR OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK!
NOW TO PLAY PING-PONG ON HIS DOME!
WOW-- E-E-E!
INFURIATED, THE HORROR STEPS OFF THE UNDERWATER LEDGE -- INTO DEEP WATER!
HALP! I'M GOING DOWN!
STRUGGLING DESPERATELY, THE HORROR BOBS TO THE SURFACE ---
I CAN'T SWIM! HALP!
I'LL HELP YOU-- IN MY OWN INIMITABLE WAY!


DOWN COMES SUB-MARINER -- AND DOWN GOES THE HORROR!
AI-YI-I--- GULP!
TAKE A DRINK! WATER'S CHEAP!
AS SUB-MARINER SHOVES THE HORROR DOWN TO THE RIVER BOTTOM, BUBBLES RISE -- BUBBLES -----
A COUPLE MORE SECONDS AND HE'LL BE QUIET AS THE GRAVE!
MINUTES LATER...
DOC CORBIN PHONED US! WHAT'S GOIN' ON DOWN THERE? DID YOU GET THE HORROR?
DEFINITELY!
DROWNED! .. AS SOON AS HE DIED, HE SHED HIS ARTIFICIAL FLESH!
BOY! THAT'D MAKE A SWELL SKELETON FOR HALLOWE'EN!
LATER...
GOODBYE, SUB-MARINER! I'M THROUGH MAKING ARTIFICIAL MEN!
IT'S OKAY, DOC --- BUT KEEP AWAY FROM THE JAIL-HOUSE WHEN YOU'RE LOOKING FOR BRAINS!
RIGHT! BUT IT TAKES THE COMBINATION OF BRAINS PLUS BRAWN USED BY
THE SUB-MARINER
TO FILL THE JAILS AND RID THE OUTSIDE WORLD OF CRIME!
MORE THRILLING SUB-MARINER ACTION-FILLED STORIES IN EVERY ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE AND MARVEL COMICS!

FRESH MEAT FOR A RAIDER!

THE ocean was slick as a lake, and the tiny time-rusted tramp steamer, plugging westward, was the only thing to be seen on the huge bowl of blue. To all appearances, the "Elsie K" was one of the many vessels steaming to England with the fruits of American labor. The crew was in dirty whites and dungarees, and while some slept on the hatch covers, others worked listlessly about their tasks.

It was a strange sight, for in these waters operated the new giant submarine, the U-900, pride of the Nazi underwater fleet. Repeatedly she had attacked convoys and lone steamers, bagging an ever-increasing number of boats. She was such that she could come to the surface and fight it out with a destroyer, and this she had done, her two six-inch guns saving her from many an armed surface raider out to sink her. So, for the sloppy "Elsie K" to sail along unconcerned was indeed odd. True, on the stern deck was mounted a gun, but it was so small that it could hardly be of any use at all.

The sun was setting when the lookout on the tramp shouted a warning. On the port side was a white ripple, and coming up slowly, the black eye of a periscope. "Submarine to port!" There was a wild scramble as the "black gang" at the furnaces rushed to the deck to be free of a torpedo burst. Those on deck rushed to the rail.

No one even bothered to man the gun. Evidently the U boat didn't think the "Elsie K" worth a torpedo, and started to come to the surface to sink her with shell fire. Slowly the submarine rose out of the sea, until those on the ship's rail gave a shout. Clearly marked on the conning tower was "U-900." Men poured out, stood by the huge six-inchers. A warning shot across the bow and the "Elsie K's" engines stopped. The captain of the sub shouted through a megaphone.

His gutteral tone came to the steamer, "What is your cargo?" MacDonald skipper of the tramp smiled grimly. He'd waited many months for this moment, and now it was here!

"Butter, eggs and meat," MacDonald shouted back, "but you'll not get a bit of it." A yell went up from the U-Boat when they heard this for they had been at sea nearly nine weeks, eating out of cans, and they howled in anticipation of a feast.

The U-900's commander lifted his megaphone to his lips. "If you scuttle your ship, I'll gun every man of you. Stand by for a boarding party."

Over the side of the sub went a rubber boat, and the men paddled to the "Elsie K." The crew, looking glum, said nothing but threw a ladder over the side, and the sub men climbed aboard. Captain MacDonald stepped forward.

"You dirty huns—," but that was as far as he got, for one of the boche slammed him with a rifle butt. He turned to the crew.

BY MICKEY SPILLANE

THE RAIDER CREW decided to fill up on stolen cargo, but they got more than their stomachs could hold!

"SHOW me your hold." Under threat of the guns, they led the way down the ladder to the hold, with its precious contents. The Germans came back grinning. They could hardly wait to sink their teeth in the stolen meat after so long a diet of beans, fish, and tinned beef. The sailor in charge signalled to the U-Boat, and slowly that great monster of modern warfare swung about and came along side the steamer. The crew of the "Elsie K" gasped when they saw it up close. It was bigger than the tramp by fifteen feet at both ends, and the conning tower was flush with her deck! The two guns were snouts of destruction, and a catapult meant they must even have a small scouting plane inside that fish hull! The U-900's commander came up the ladder and laughed at MacDonald, sprowled on the deck, and bleeding from the head. The skipper looked up, his eyes flashing fire. "He laughs best who laughs last."

"Not this time, Captain," he said curling his lip. "Tell your crew to take to the boats. My men will unload your cargo."

"I hope you choke on it!" The sub's officer kicked MacDonald viciously in the ribs.

"Hurry," he roared, "I do not like it to be kept waiting!"

THE skipper climbed painfully to his feet. His crew was mad and the sub men sensed it. Then the commander looked at them. "I don't advise anything rash, pigs—I would gladly shoot you all, but since you are making me a present of such a fine dinner, Von Hultner is feeling very merciful. Take to your boats, dogs! I give you three minutes to be away!"

The crew looked at MacDonald. The wiry Scotchman seemed beaten. He nodded to his men, and they jumped into action, began lowering the lifeboats away. As the boats rode away, the skipper raised his first. From the deck the Germans could not see his smile.

"You'll regret this, Nazi scum," but no one on board heard him, so concerned were they with getting the cargo of the "Elsie K" on the submarine. Had anyone noticed them, it would have seemed peculiar, for the sailors in the boats, 2000 miles from land in a hopeless position, were pulling hard on the oars, rowing as fast as they could with no place to go—and the skipper glancing at his watch so often.

Then it came—an ear-bursting blast of fire and smoke! Debris rained down in fine powdered pieces, so terrific was the explosion. The sea was churned into a frenzy of foam! From a mile off the skipper and crew of the "Elsie K" watched and laughed.

They pulled back to where the steamer and sub were, but once more the ocean was calm, and except for a great oil slick and some scattered life preservers, there was no sign of the U-900.

About four hours later they were picked up by a convoy and when news got around that the undersea devil was no more, there were shouts of joy on all the Navy ships.

"How did you manage it?" someone asked MacDonald.

"Easy," he smiled, "easy." "We knew he'd come along side for that supply of fresh food, and we had the "Elsie K" loaded with explosives and a time mechanism to blow her to bits when she did. Funny part of it was . . . our cargo was bricks, with only a few crates of grub to fool them with!"

THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP,
MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.,
REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF
AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of Sub Mariner Comics, published quarterly at Meriden, Conn., for October 1, 1941.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Abraham Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Sub Mariner Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Timely Comics, Inc., 330 W. 42nd St. N. Y. C.; Managing Editor, Martin Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.; Business Manager, Abraham Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Timely Comics, Inc., 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.; Martin Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.

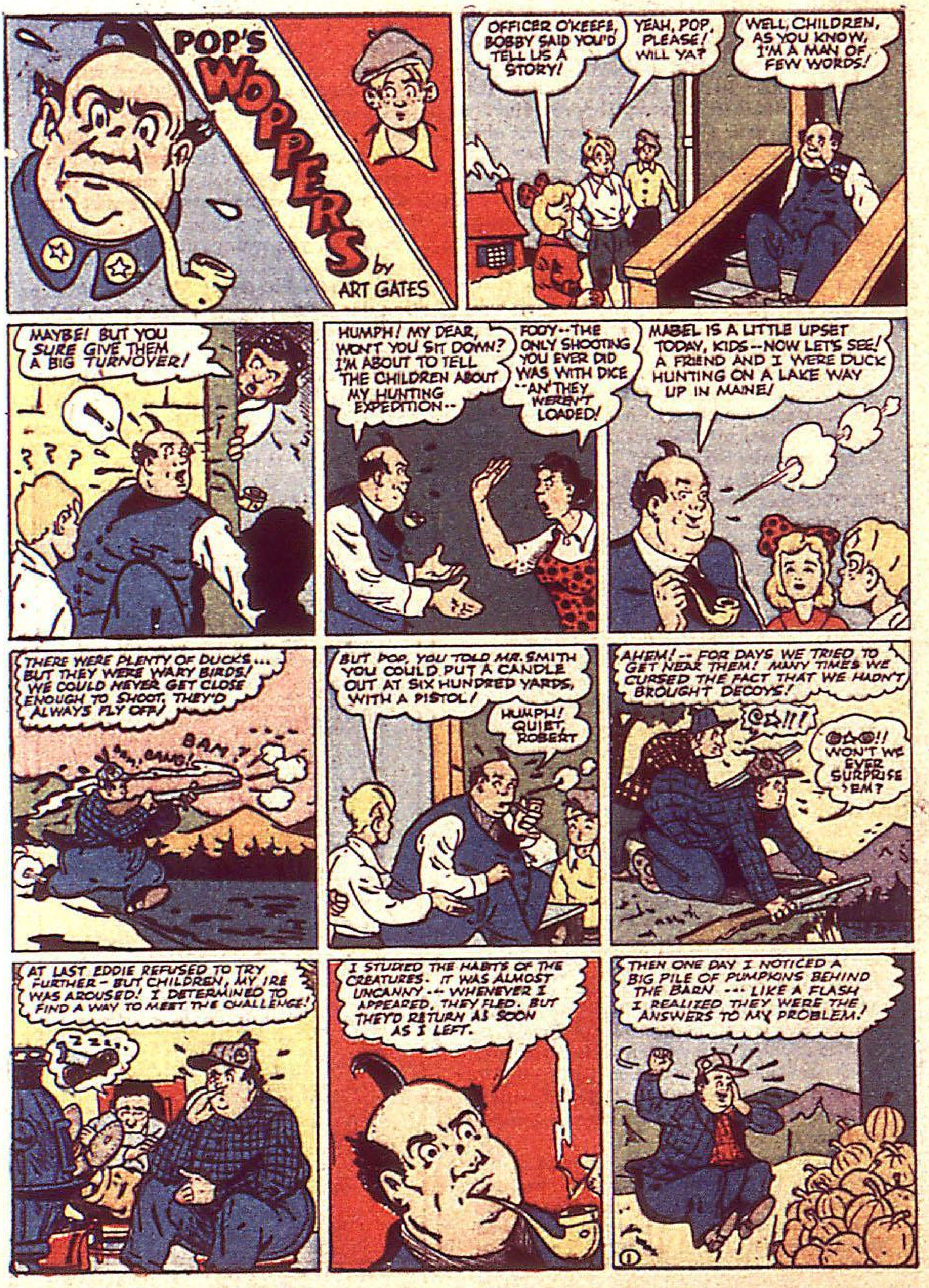
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

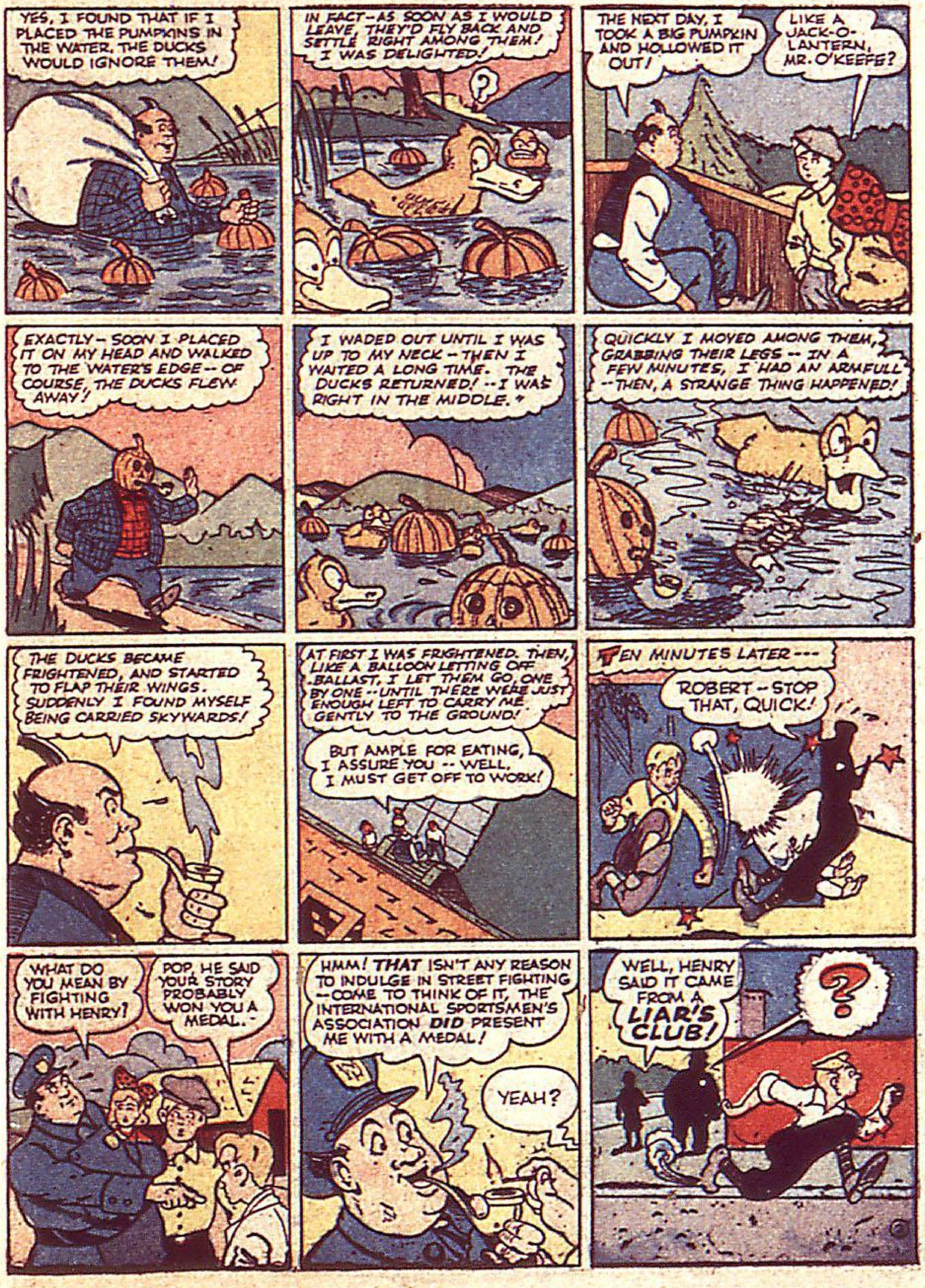
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

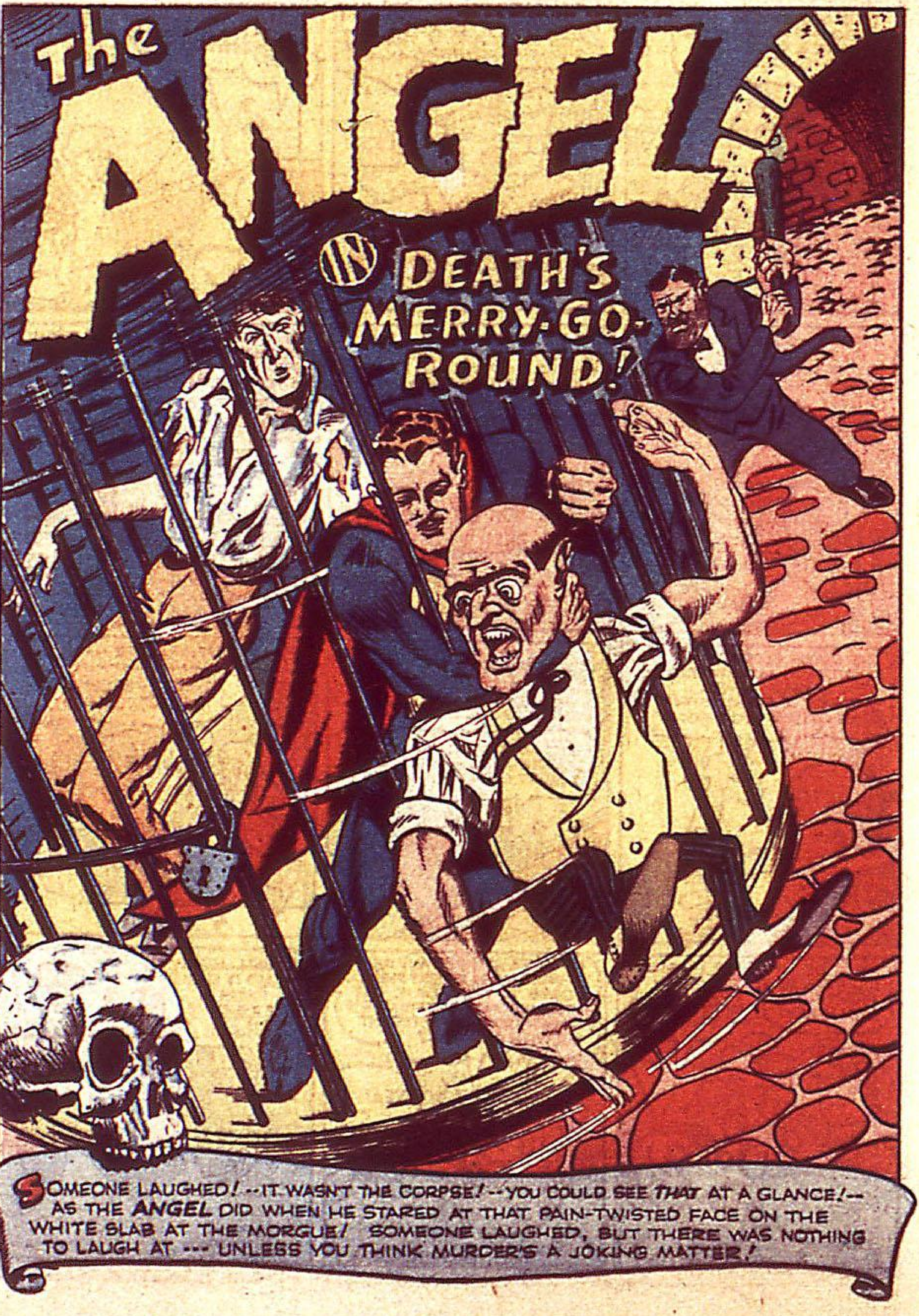
(Signed) ABRAHAM GOODMAN,

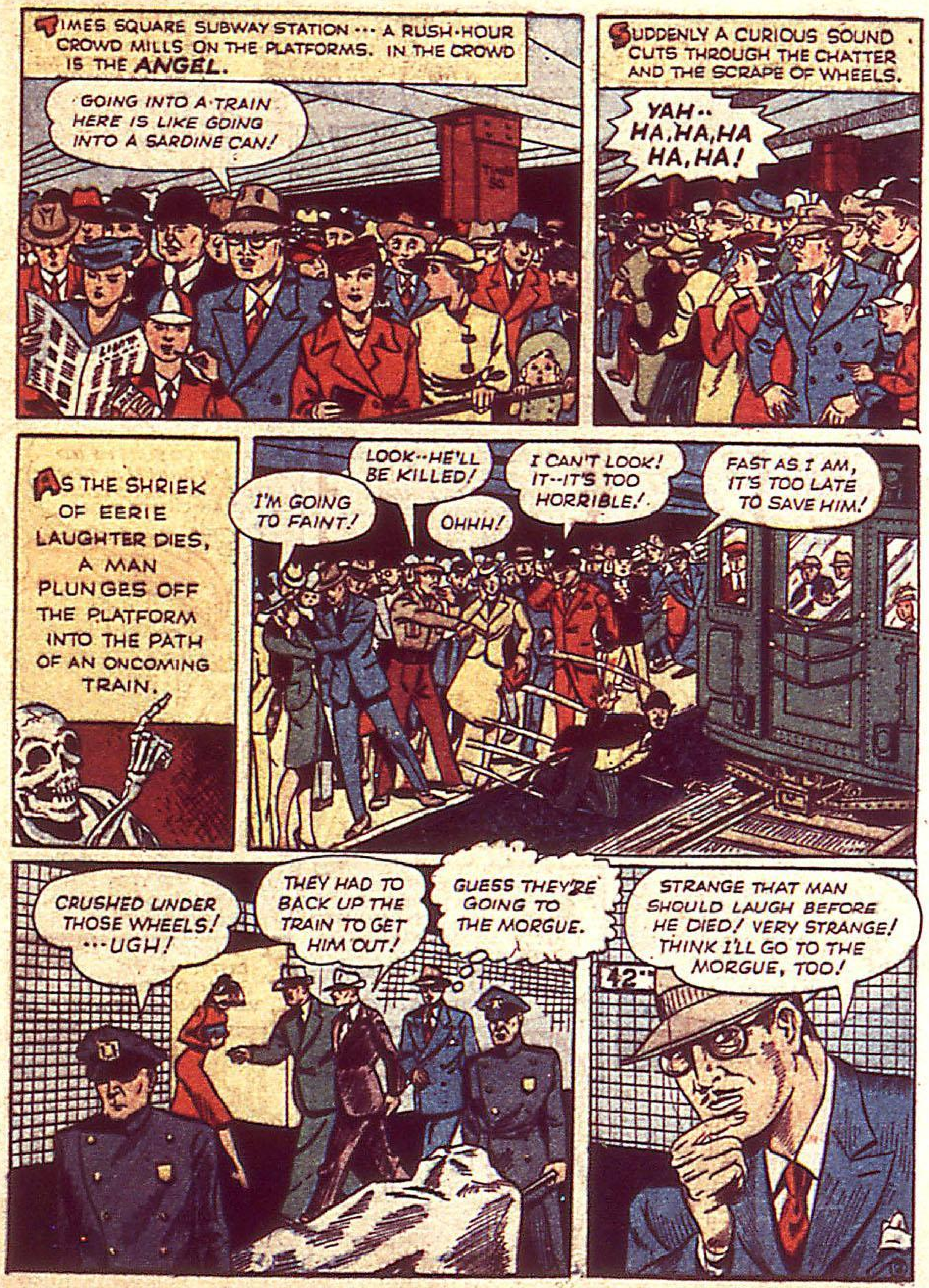
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1941.

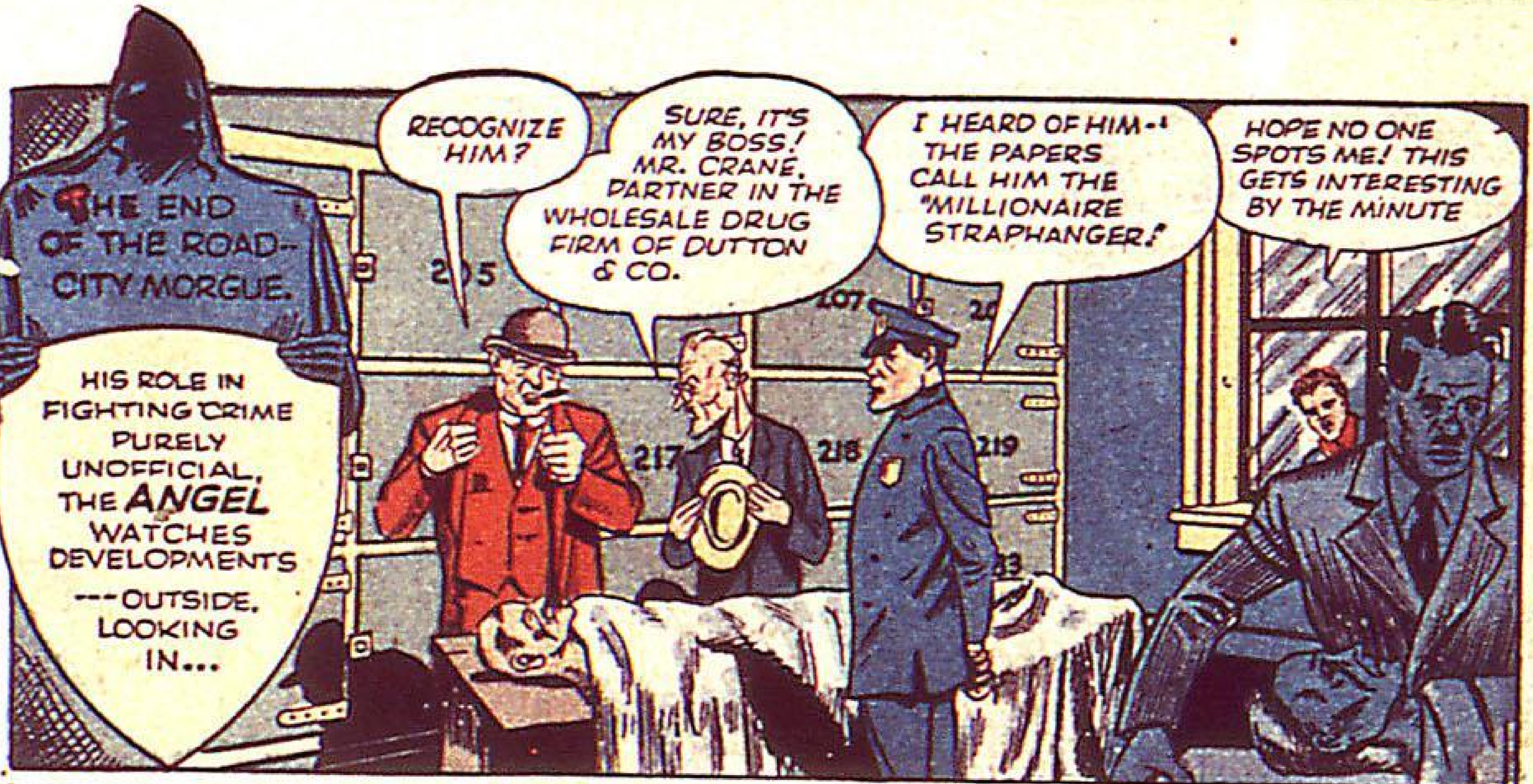
(SEAL) BERNARD ARBITAL.
(My Commision expires March 30, 1943.)

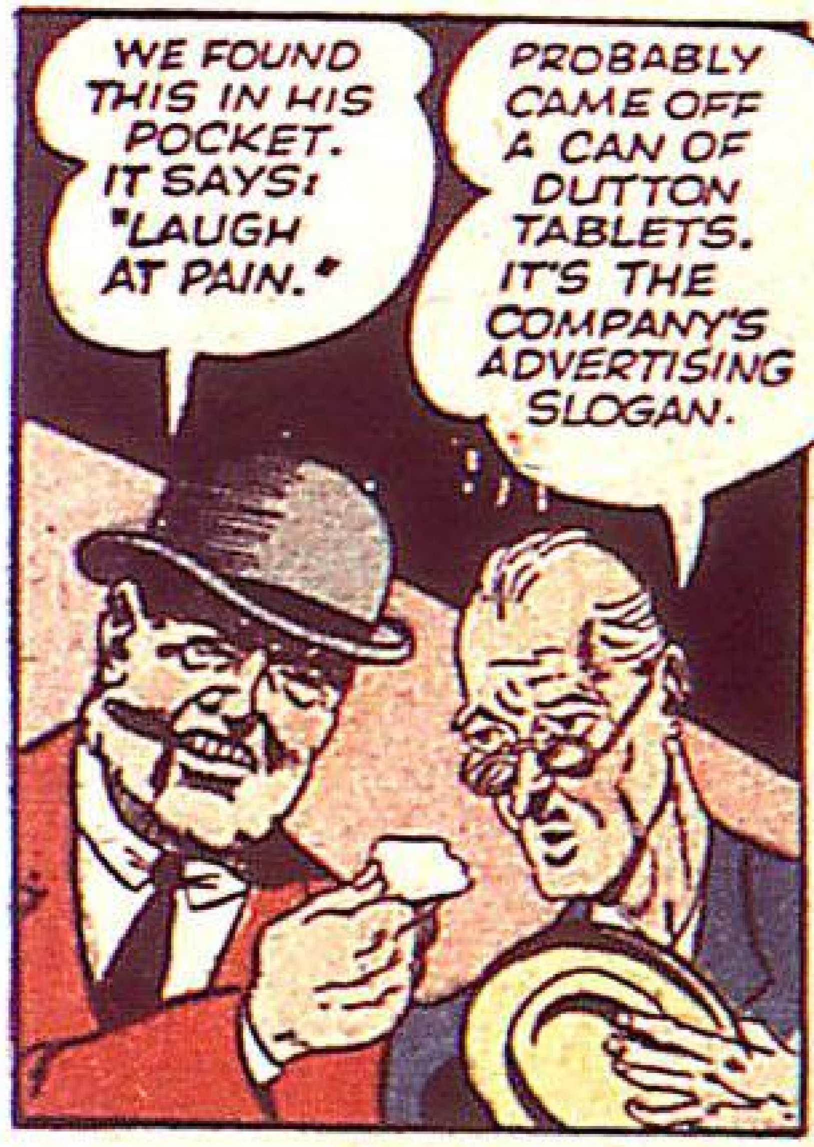

POP'S WOPPERS
by ART GATES
OFFICER O'KEEFE, BOBBY SAID YOU'D TELL US A STORY!
YEAH, POP, PLEASE! WILL YA?
WELL, CHILDREN, AS YOU KNOW, I'M A MAN OF FEW WORDS!
MAYBE! BUT YOU SURE GIVE THEM A BIG TURNOVER!
? ? ?
!
HUMPH! MY DEAR, WON'T YOU SIT DOWN? I'M ABOUT TO TELL THE CHILDREN ABOUT MY HUNTING EXPEDITION --
FOOY -- THE ONLY SHOOTING YOU EVER DID WAS WITH DICE -- AN' THEY WEREN'T LOADED!
MABEL IS A LITTLE UPSET TODAY, KIDS -- NOW LET'S SEE! A FRIEND AND I WERE DUCK HUNTING ON A LAKE WAY UP IN MAINE!
THERE WERE PLENTY OF DUCKS... BUT THEY WERE WARY BIRDS! WE COULD NEVER GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO SHOOT, THEY'D ALWAYS FLY OFF!
BAM, BANG!
BAM!
BUT POP, YOU TOLD MR. SMITH YOU COULD PUT A CANDLE OUT AT SIX HUNDRED YARDS, WITH A PISTOL!
HUMPH! QUIET, ROBERT
AHEM! -- FOR DAYS WE TRIED TO GET NEAR THEM! MANY TIMES WE CURSED THE FACT THAT WE HADN'T BROUGHT DECOYS!
@☆!!!
@☆@!! WON'T WE EVER SURPRISE 'EM?
AT LAST EDDIE REFUSED TO TRY FURTHER -- BUT CHILDREN, MY IRE WAS AROUSED! I DETERMINED TO FIND A WAY TO MEET THE CHALLENGE!
Z Z Z
I STUDIED THE HABITS OF THE CREATURES. IT WAS ALMOST UNCANNY -- WHENEVER I APPEARED, THEY FLED. BUT THEY'D RETURN AS SOON AS I LEFT.
THEN ONE DAY I NOTICED A BIG PILE OF PUMPKINS BEHIND THE BARN -- LIKE A FLASH I REALIZED THEY WERE THE ANSWERS TO MY PROBLEM!
1

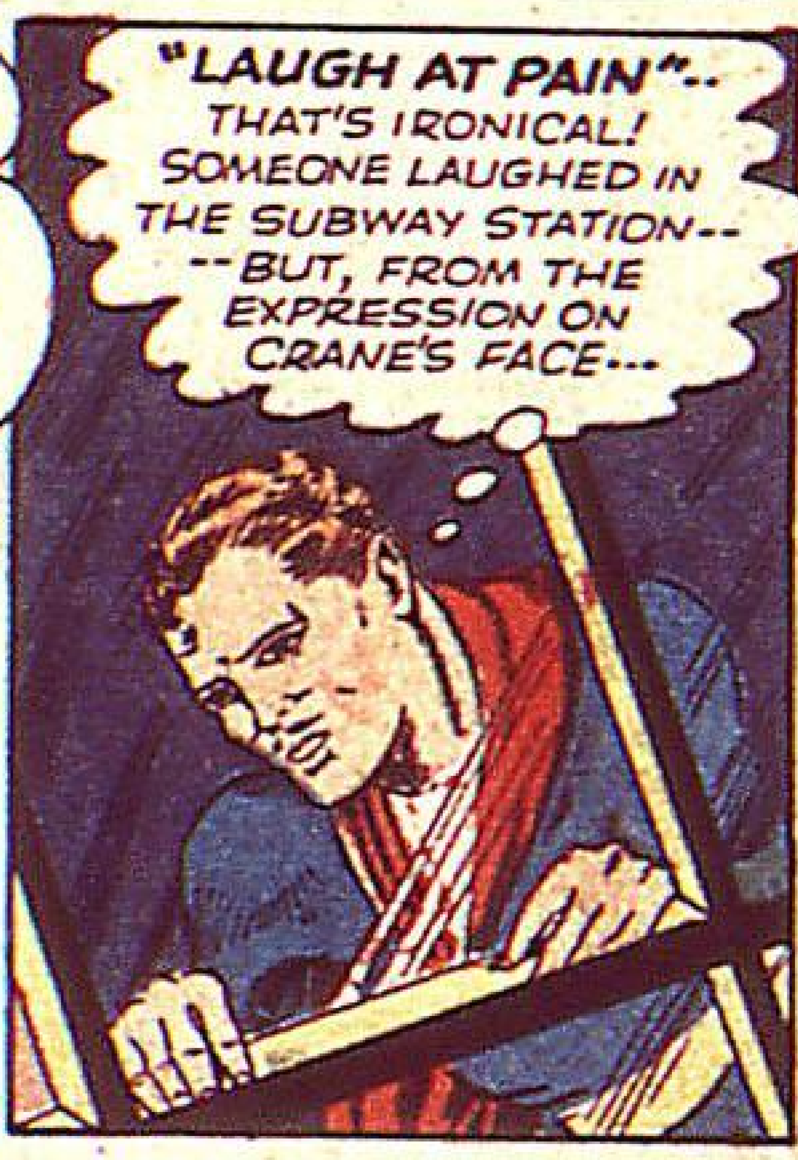

YES, I FOUND THAT IF I PLACED THE PUMPKINS IN THE WATER, THE DUCKS WOULD IGNORE THEM!
IN FACT--AS SOON AS I WOULD LEAVE, THEY'D FLY BACK AND SETTLE RIGHT AMONG THEM! I WAS DELIGHTED!
?
THE NEXT DAY, I TOOK A BIG PUMPKIN AND HOLLOWED IT OUT!
LIKE A JACK-O-LANTERN, MR. O'KEEFE?
EXACTLY-- SOON I PLACED IT ON MY HEAD AND WALKED TO THE WATER'S EDGE -- OF COURSE, THE DUCKS FLEW AWAY!
I WADED OUT UNTIL I WAS UP TO MY NECK -- THEN I WAITED A LONG TIME. THE DUCKS RETURNED! --I WAS RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE.*
QUICKLY I MOVED AMONG THEM, GRABBING THEIR LEGS -- IN A FEW MINUTES, I HAD AN ARMFULL --THEN, A STRANGE THING HAPPENED!
THE DUCKS BECAME FRIGHTENED, AND STARTED TO FLAP THEIR WINGS. SUDDENLY I FOUND MYSELF BEING CARRIED SKYWARDS!
AT FIRST I WAS FRIGHTENED. THEN, LIKE A BALLOON LETTING OFF BALLAST, I LET THEM GO, ONE BY ONE --UNTIL THERE WERE JUST ENOUGH LEFT TO CARRY ME GENTLY TO THE GROUND!
BUT AMPLE FOR EATING, I ASSURE YOU -- WELL, I MUST GET OFF TO WORK!
TEN MINUTES LATER---
ROBERT -- STOP THAT, QUICK!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY FIGHTING WITH HENRY?
POP, HE SAID YOUR STORY PROBABLY WON YOU A MEDAL.
HMM! THAT ISN'T ANY REASON TO INDULGE IN STREET FIGHTING --COME TO THINK OF IT, THE INTERNATIONAL SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION DID PRESENT ME WITH A MEDAL!
YEAH?
WELL, HENRY SAID IT CAME FROM A LIAR'S CLUB!
?

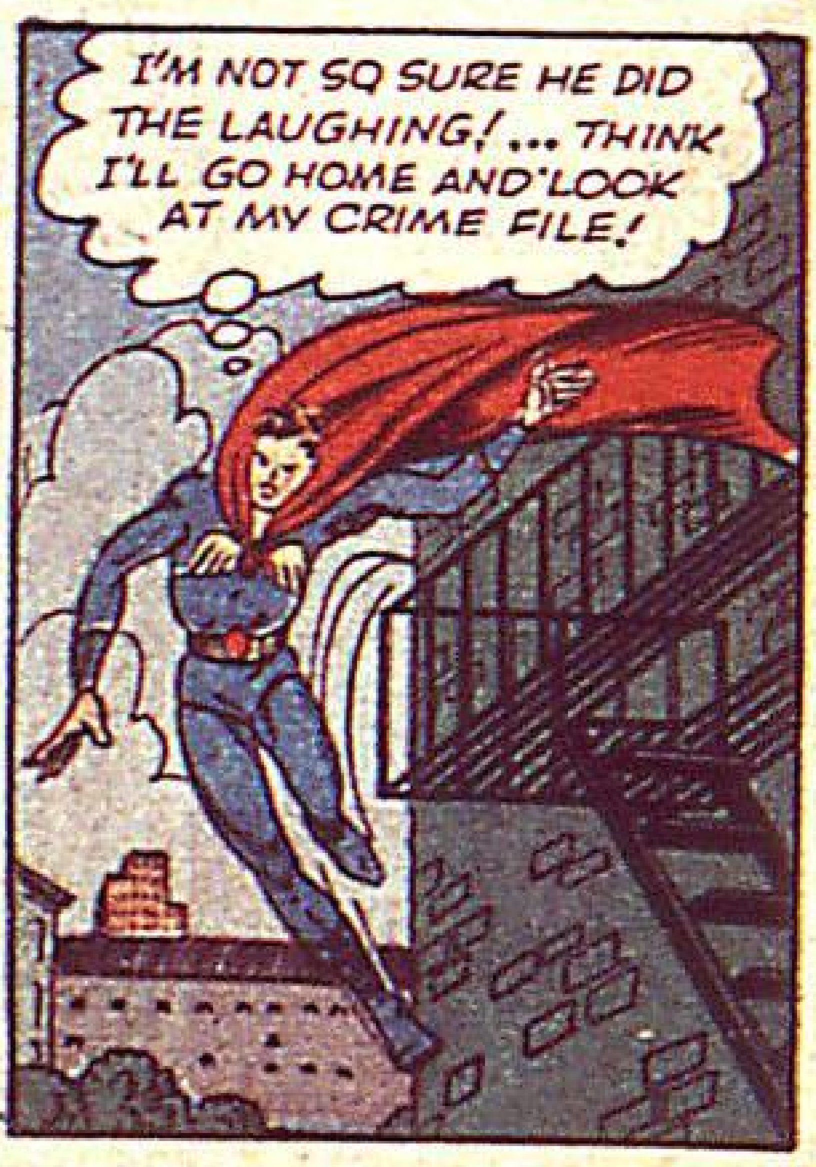

The ANGEL
IN DEATH'S MERRY-GO-ROUND!
SOMEONE LAUGHED! --IT WASN'T THE CORPSE! --YOU COULD SEE *THAT* AT A GLANCE!-- AS THE *ANGEL* DID WHEN HE STARED AT THAT PAIN-TWISTED FACE ON THE WHITE SLAB AT THE MORGUE! SOMEONE LAUGHED, BUT THERE WAS NOTHING TO LAUGH AT --- UNLESS YOU THINK MURDER'S A JOKING MATTER!

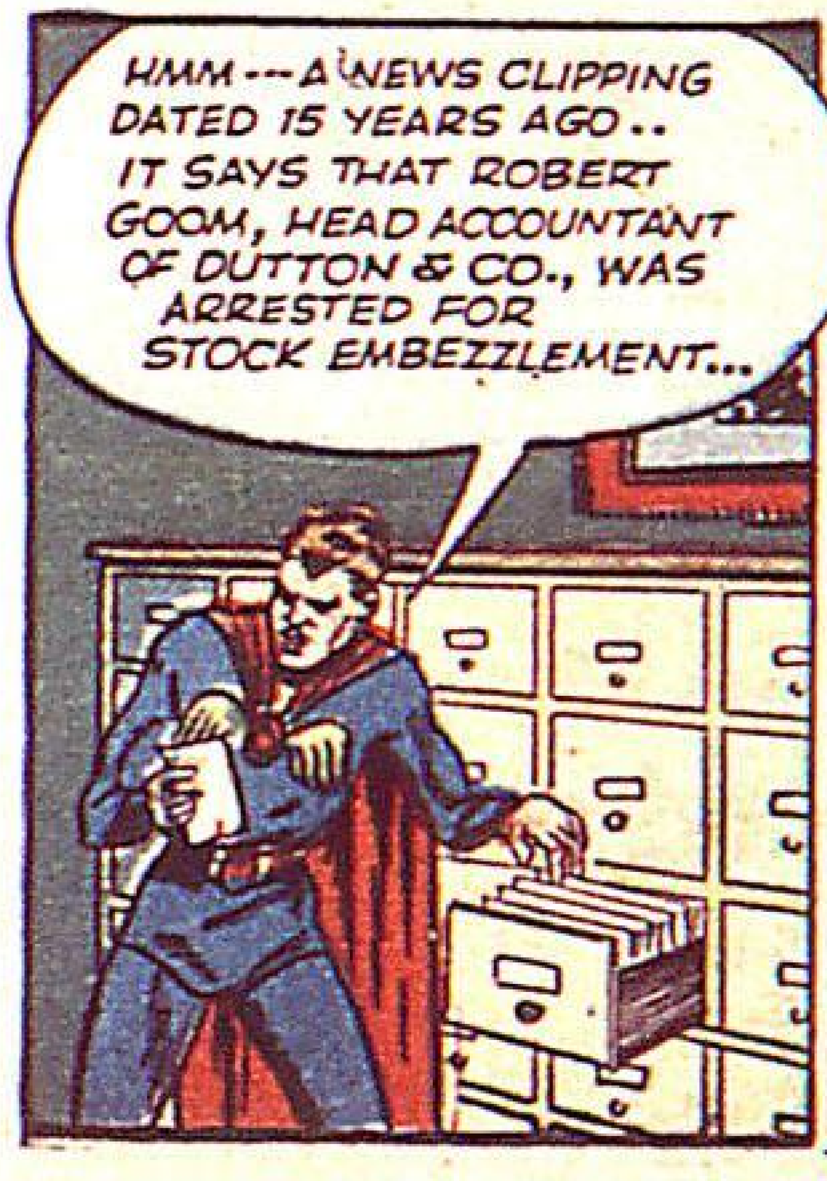

TIMES SQUARE SUBWAY STATION ··· A RUSH-HOUR CROWD MILLS ON THE PLATFORMS. IN THE CROWD IS THE ANGEL.
GOING INTO A TRAIN HERE IS LIKE GOING INTO A SARDINE CAN!
TIMES SQ.
SUDDENLY A CURIOUS SOUND CUTS THROUGH THE CHATTER AND THE SCRAPE OF WHEELS.
YAH.. HA,HA,HA HA,HA!
AS THE SHRIEK OF EERIE LAUGHTER DIES, A MAN PLUNGES OFF THE PLATFORM INTO THE PATH OF AN ONCOMING TRAIN.
I'M GOING TO FAINT!
LOOK..HE'LL BE KILLED!
OHHH!
I CAN'T LOOK! IT--IT'S TOO HORRIBLE!
FAST AS I AM, IT'S TOO LATE TO SAVE HIM!
CRUSHED UNDER THOSE WHEELS! ···UGH!
THEY HAD TO BACK UP THE TRAIN TO GET HIM OUT!
GUESS THEY'RE GOING TO THE MORGUE.
STRANGE THAT MAN SHOULD LAUGH BEFORE HE DIED! VERY STRANGE! THINK I'LL GO TO THE MORGUE, TOO!
42ND

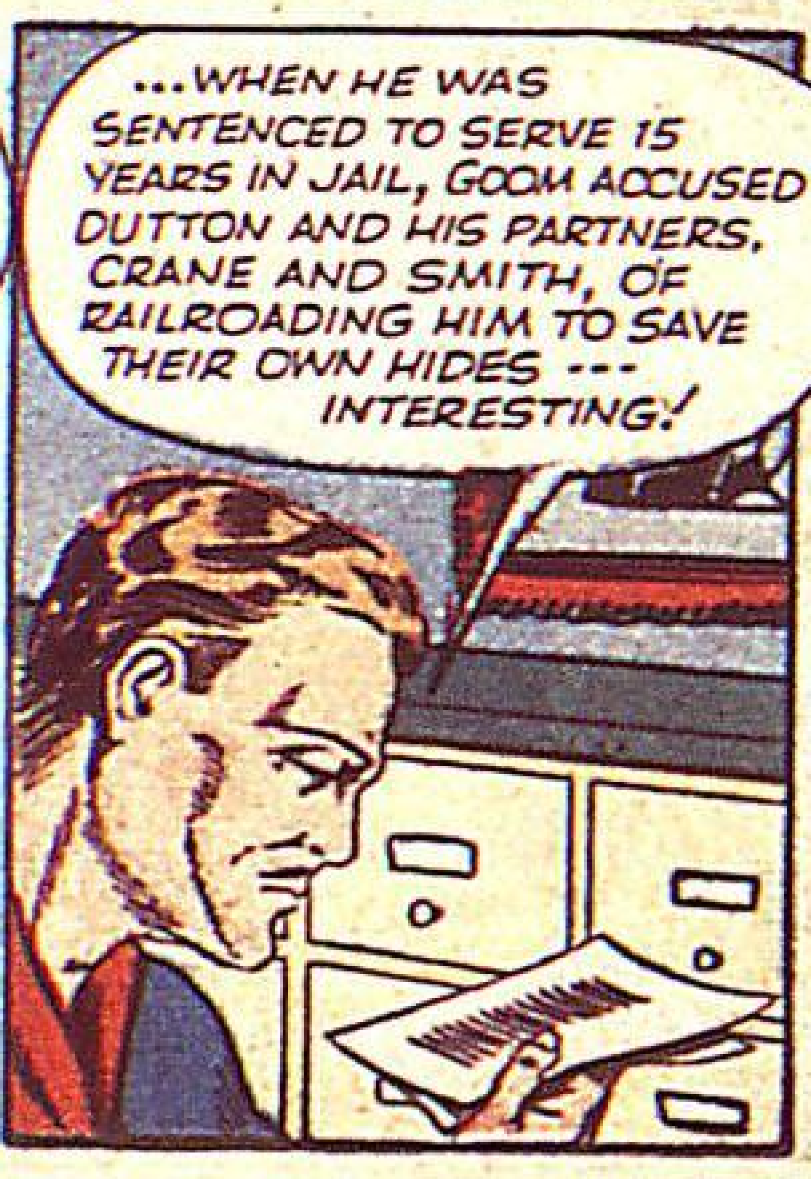

THE END OF THE ROAD-- CITY MORGUE.
HIS ROLE IN FIGHTING CRIME PURELY UNOFFICIAL, THE ANGEL WATCHES DEVELOPMENTS ---OUTSIDE, LOOKING IN...
RECOGNIZE HIM?
SURE, IT'S MY BOSS! MR. CRANE, PARTNER IN THE WHOLESALE DRUG FIRM OF DUTTON & CO.
I HEARD OF HIM-- THE PAPERS CALL HIM THE "MILLIONAIRE STRAPHANGER!"
HOPE NO ONE SPOTS ME! THIS GETS INTERESTING BY THE MINUTE
215
217
218
219

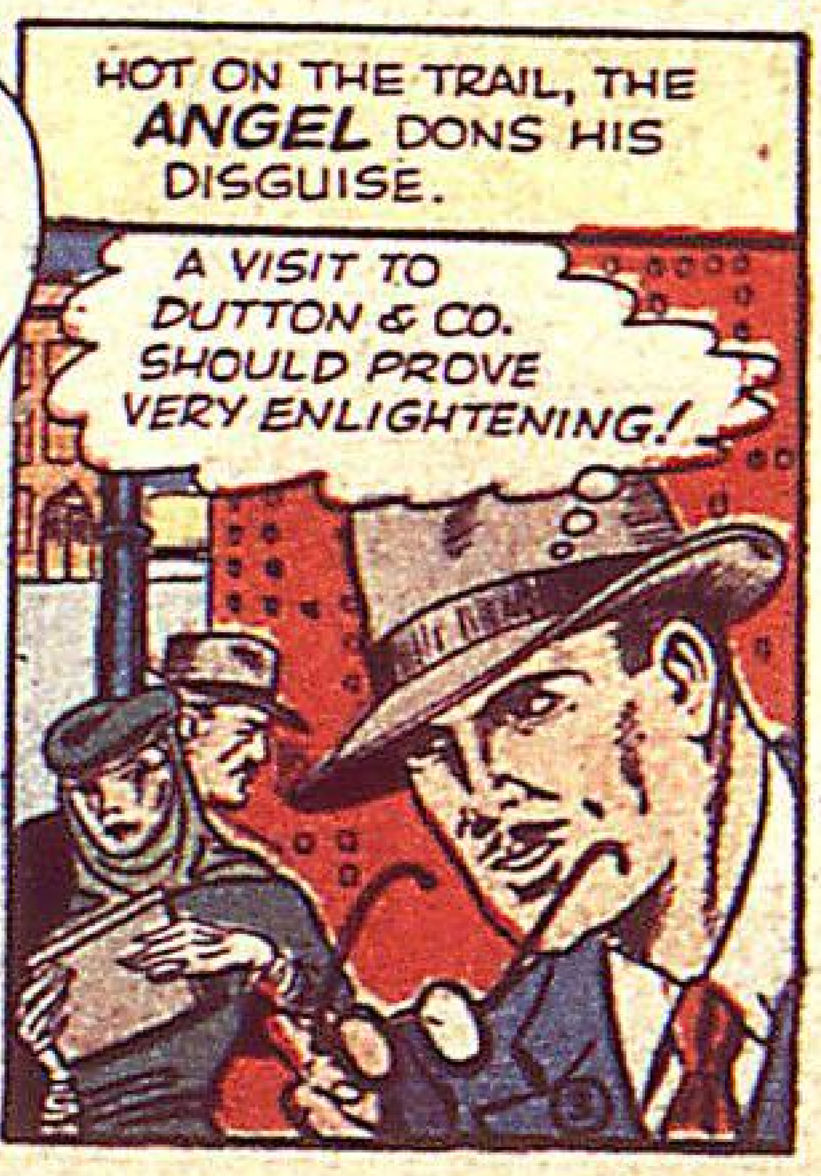

WE FOUND THIS IN HIS POCKET. IT SAYS: "LAUGH AT PAIN."
PROBABLY CAME OFF A CAN OF DUTTON TABLETS. IT'S THE COMPANY'S ADVERTISING SLOGAN.

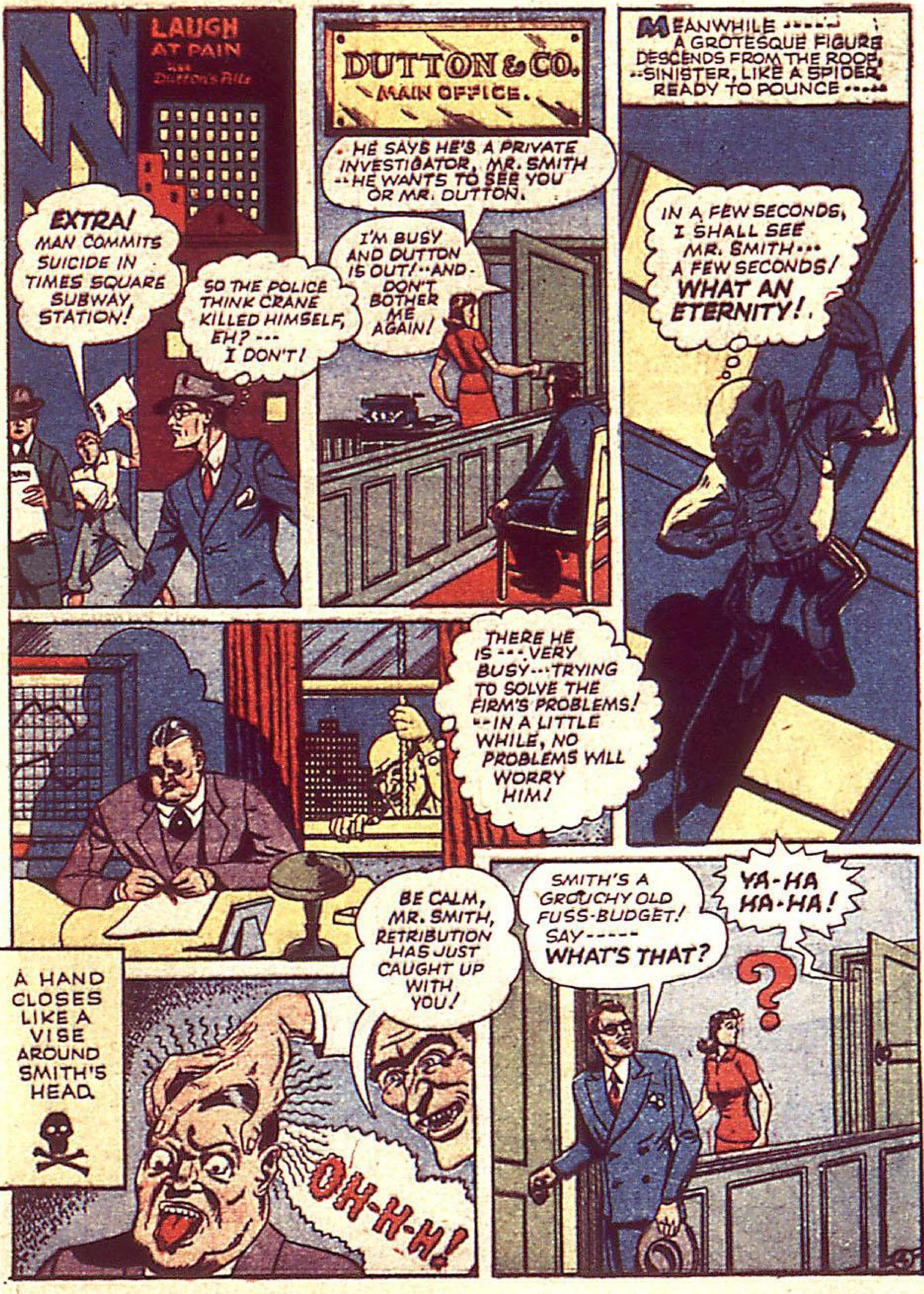

"LAUGH AT PAIN"-- THAT'S IRONICAL! SOMEONE LAUGHED IN THE SUBWAY STATION-- --BUT, FROM THE EXPRESSION ON CRANE'S FACE...

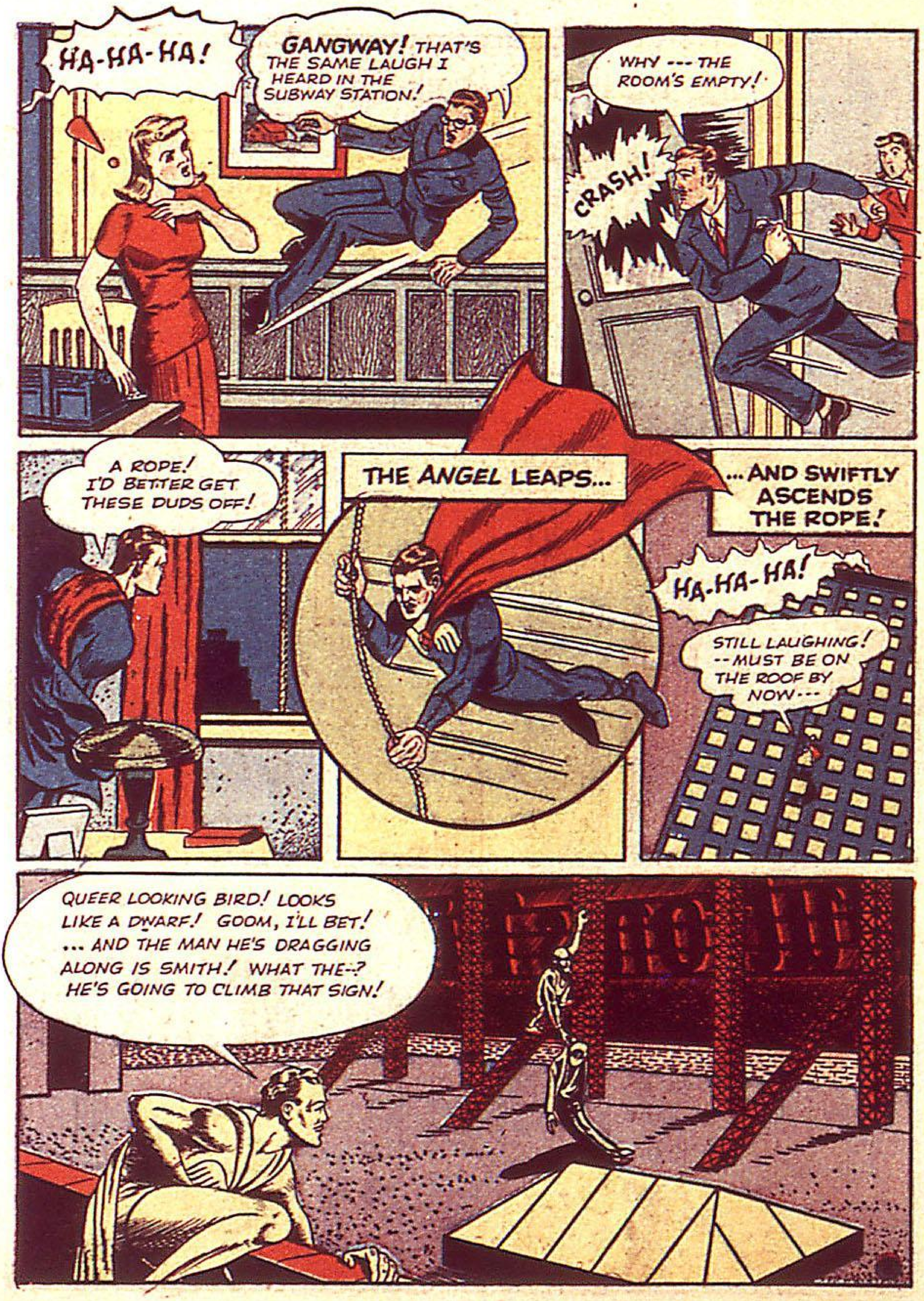

I'M NOT SO SURE HE DID THE LAUGHING! ... THINK I'LL GO HOME AND LOOK AT MY CRIME FILE!

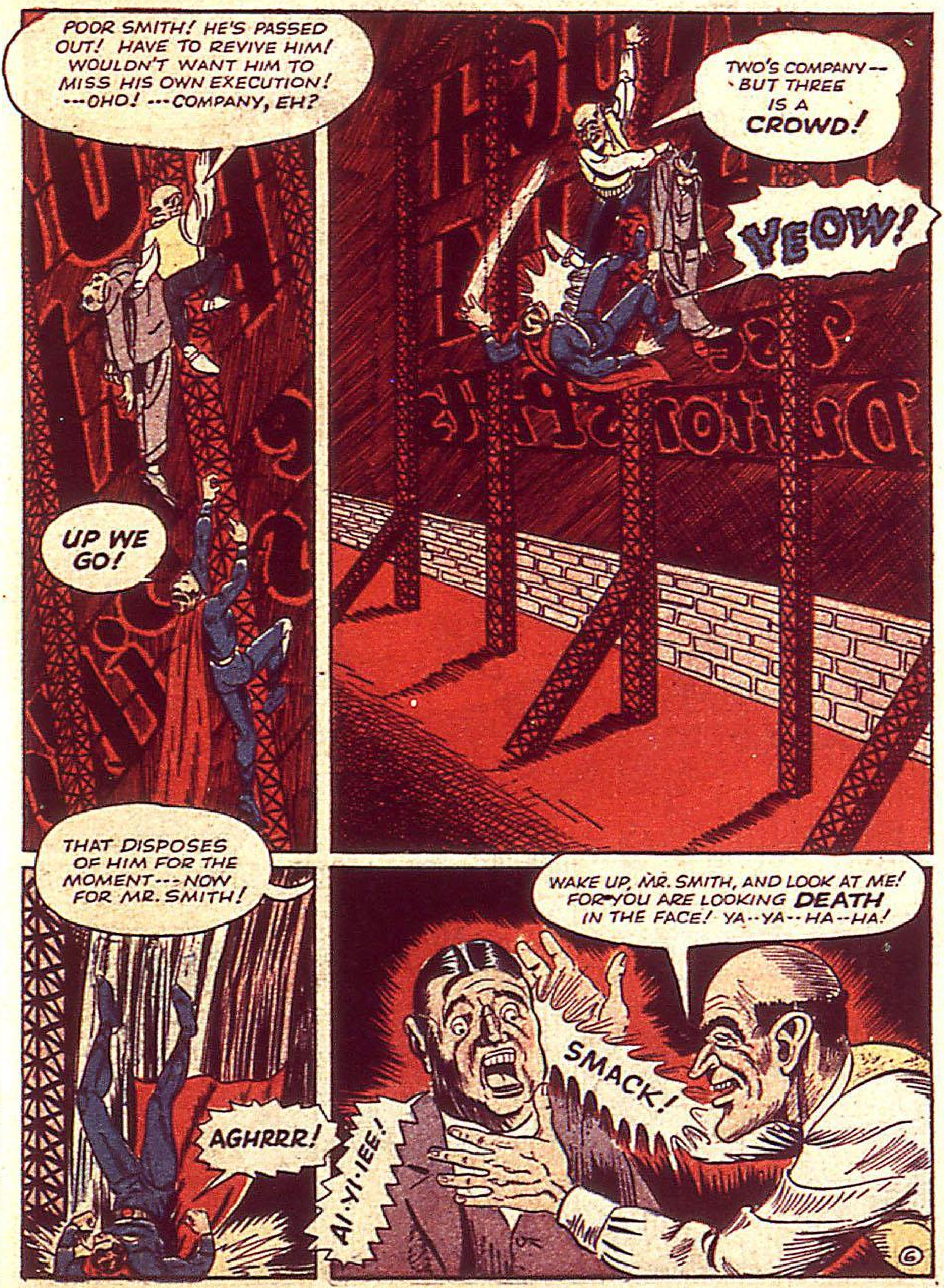

HMM --- A NEWS CLIPPING DATED 15 YEARS AGO.. IT SAYS THAT ROBERT GOOM, HEAD ACCOUNTANT OF DUTTON & CO., WAS ARRESTED FOR STOCK EMBEZZLEMENT...

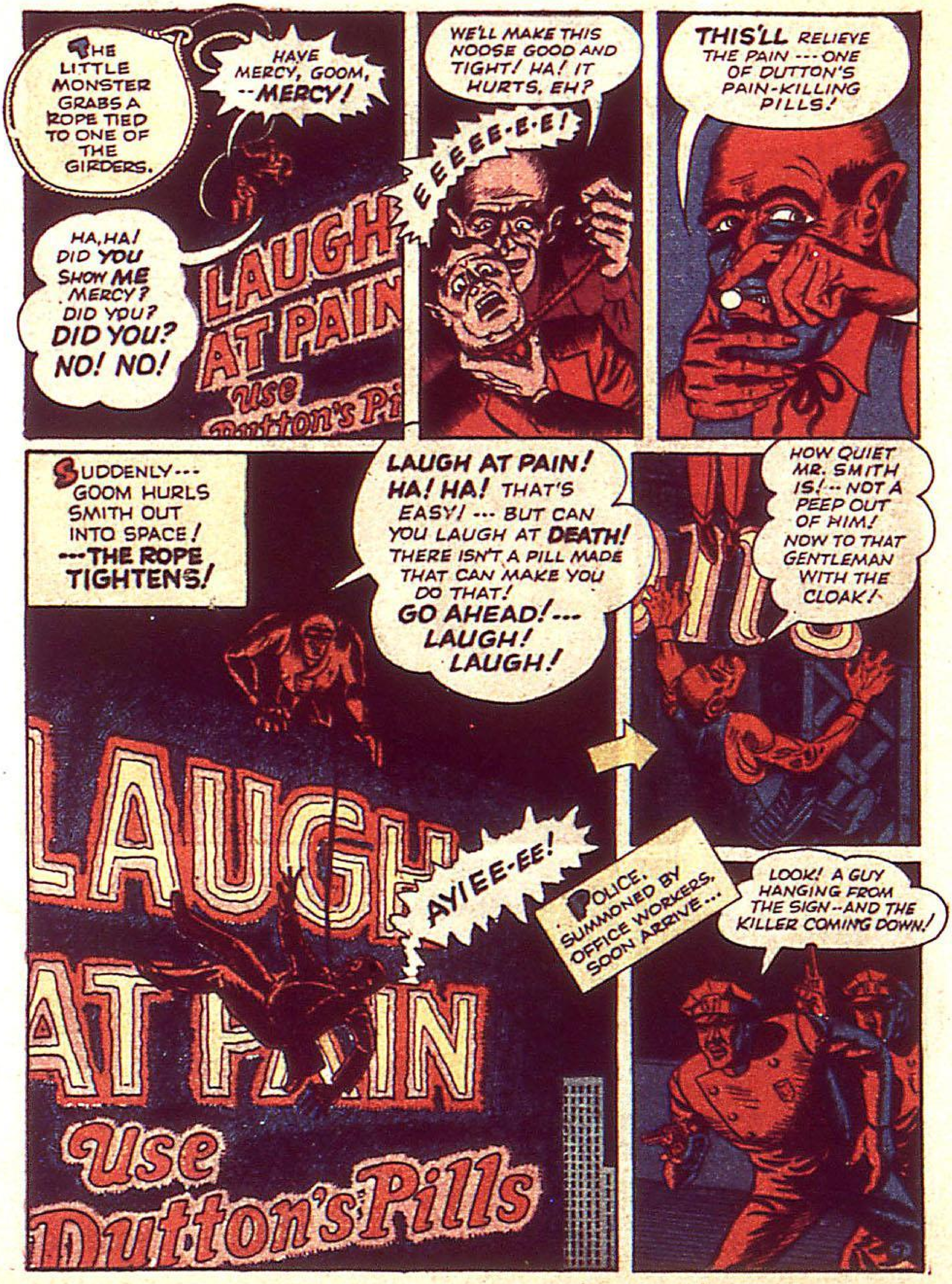

...WHEN HE WAS SENTENCED TO SERVE 15 YEARS IN JAIL, GOOM ACCUSED DUTTON AND HIS PARTNERS, CRANE AND SMITH, OF RAILROADING HIM TO SAVE THEIR OWN HIDES --- INTERESTING!

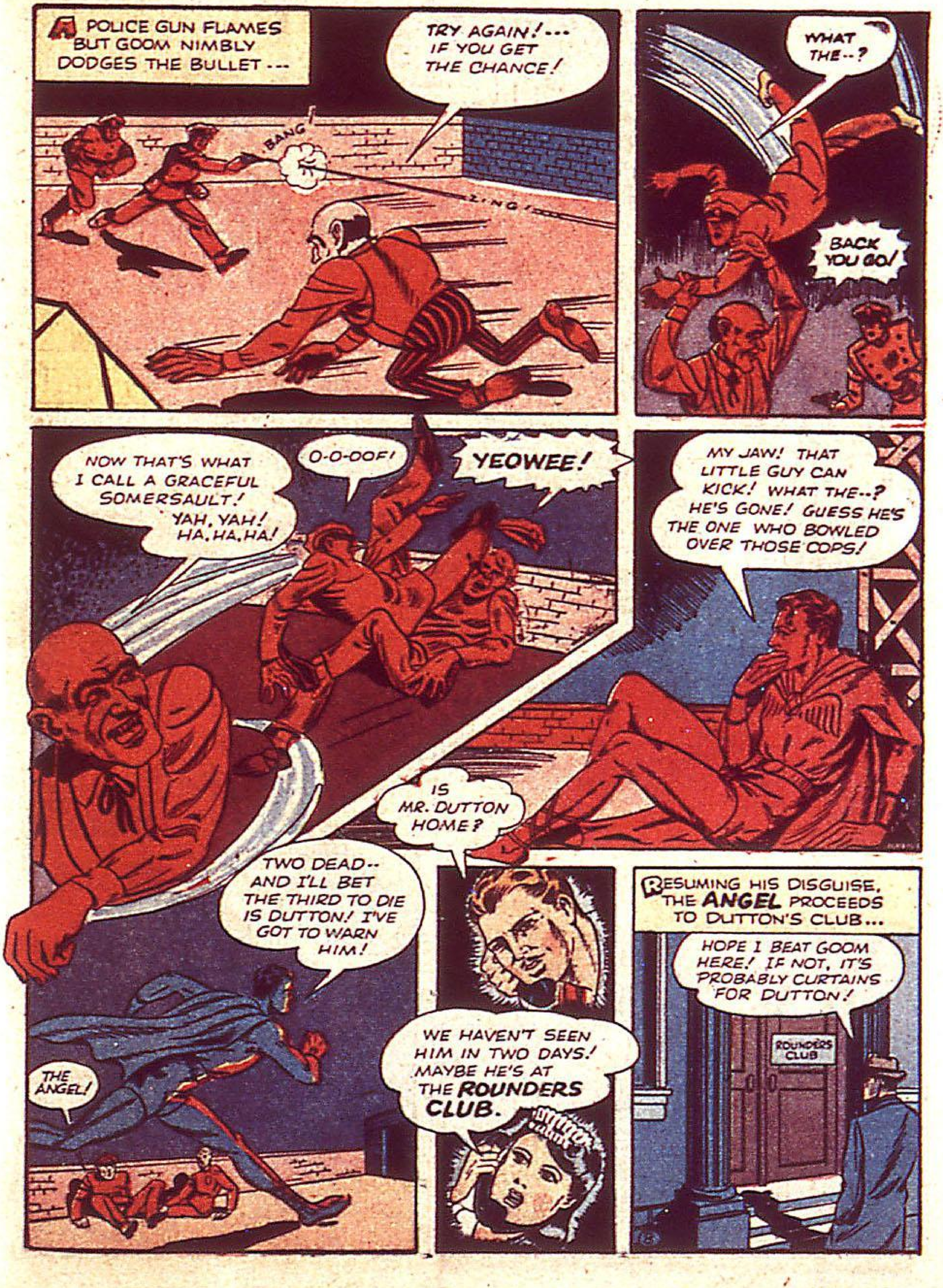

HOT ON THE TRAIL, THE ANGEL DONS HIS DISGUISE.
A VISIT TO DUTTON & CO. SHOULD PROVE VERY ENLIGHTENING!

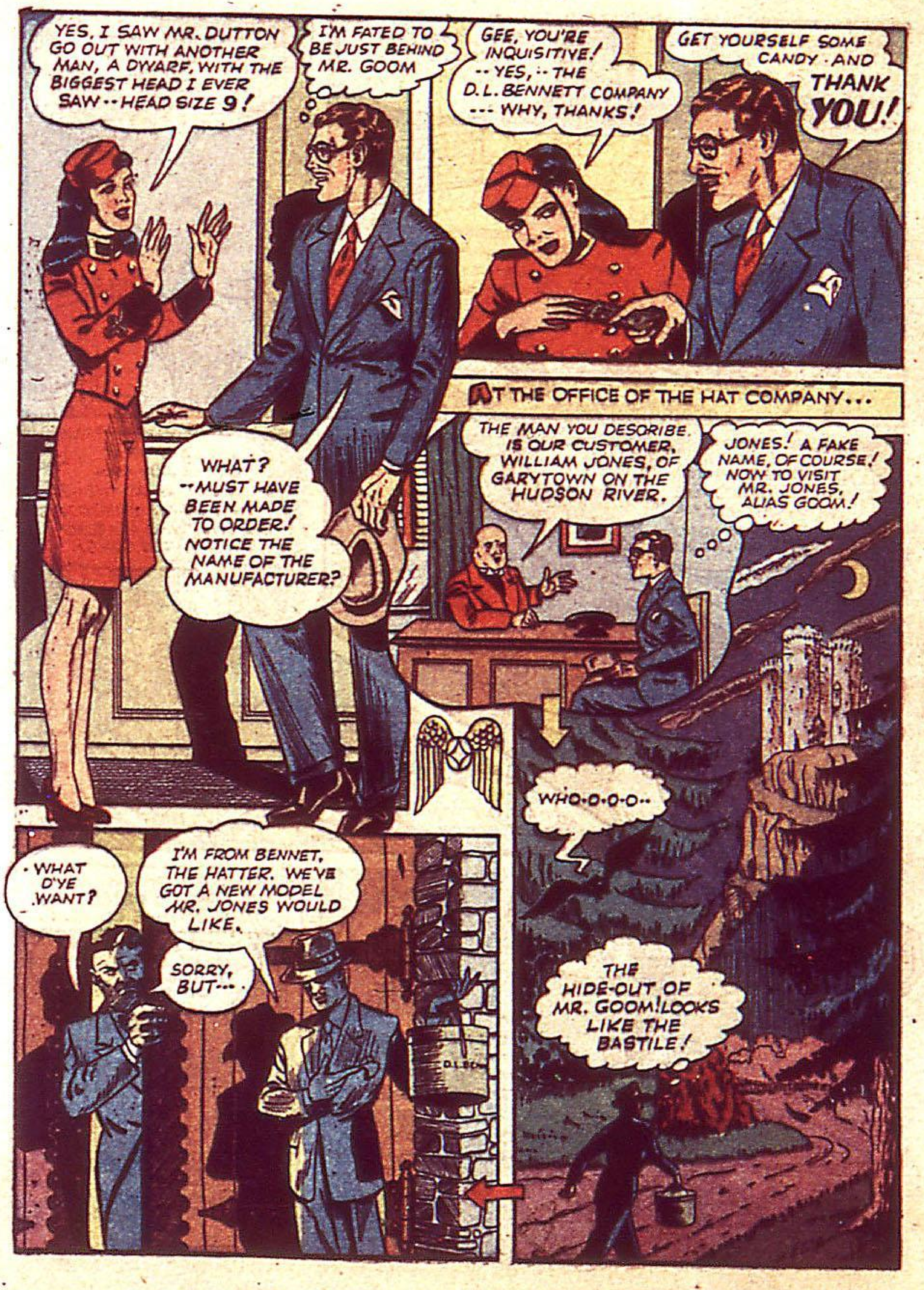

LAUGH AT PAIN use Dutton's Pills
EXTRA! MAN COMMITS SUICIDE IN TIMES SQUARE SUBWAY STATION!
SO THE POLICE THINK CRANE KILLED HIMSELF, EH? --- I DON'T!
DUTTON & CO. MAIN OFFICE.
HE SAYS HE'S A PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR, MR. SMITH --HE WANTS TO SEE YOU OR MR. DUTTON.
I'M BUSY AND DUTTON IS OUT! --AND-DON'T BOTHER ME AGAIN!
MEANWHILE ------ A GROTESQUE FIGURE DESCENDS FROM THE ROOF, --SINISTER, LIKE A SPIDER, READY TO POUNCE -----
IN A FEW SECONDS, I SHALL SEE MR. SMITH --- A FEW SECONDS! WHAT AN ETERNITY!
THERE HE IS --- VERY BUSY --- TRYING TO SOLVE THE FIRM'S PROBLEMS! --IN A LITTLE WHILE, NO PROBLEMS WILL WORRY HIM!
A HAND CLOSES LIKE A VISE AROUND SMITH'S HEAD.
BE CALM, MR. SMITH, RETRIBUTION HAS JUST CAUGHT UP WITH YOU!
OH-H-H!
SMITH'S A GROUCHY OLD FUSS-BUDGET! SAY ----- WHAT'S THAT?
YA-HA HA-HA!
?
4

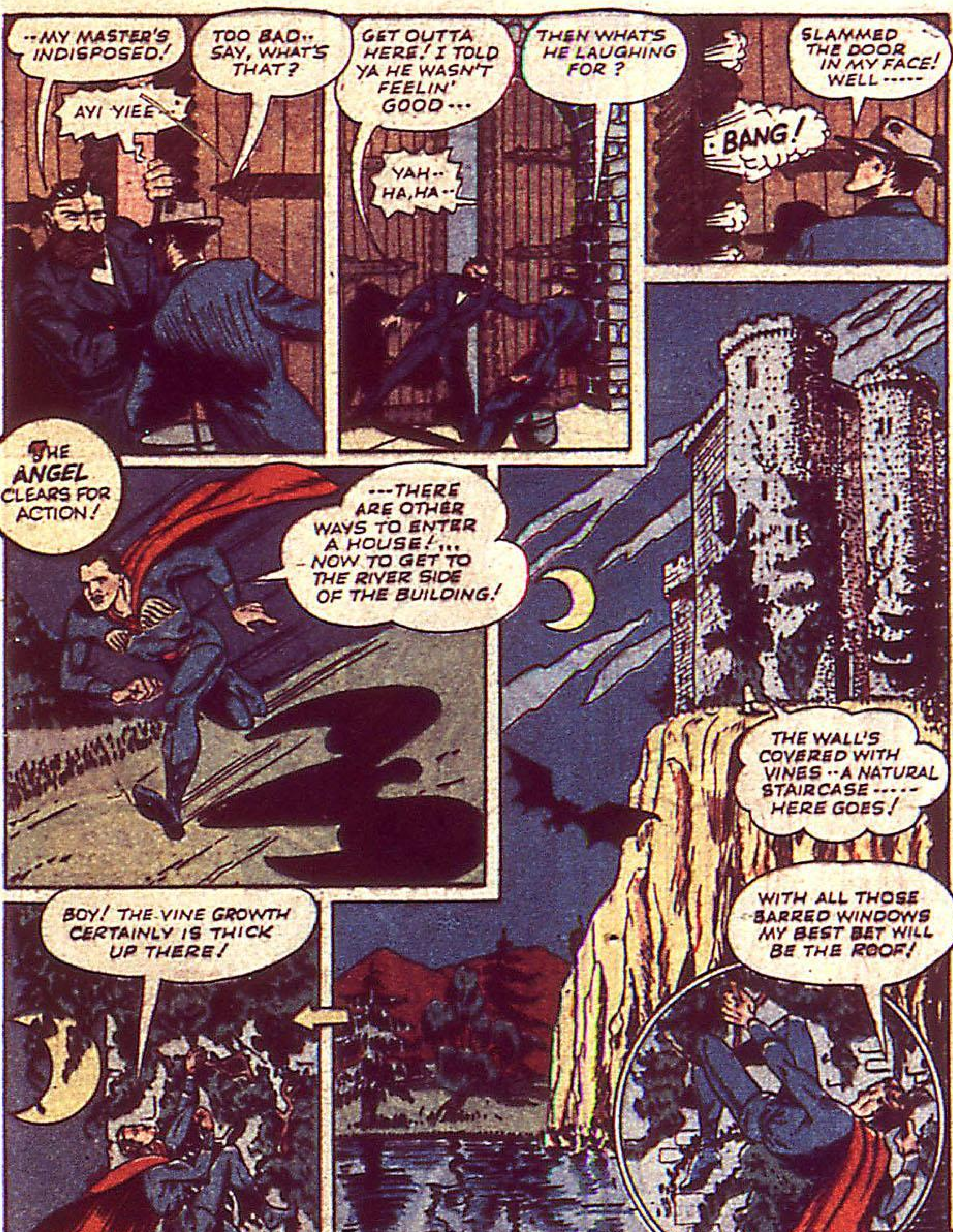

HA-HA-HA!
GANGWAY! THAT'S THE SAME LAUGH I HEARD IN THE SUBWAY STATION!
WHY --- THE ROOM'S EMPTY!
CRASH!
A ROPE! I'D BETTER GET THESE DUDS OFF!
THE ANGEL LEAPS...
...AND SWIFTLY ASCENDS THE ROPE!
HA-HA-HA!
STILL LAUGHING! --MUST BE ON THE ROOF BY NOW---
QUEER LOOKING BIRD! LOOKS LIKE A DWARF! GOOM, I'LL BET! ... AND THE MAN HE'S DRAGGING ALONG IS SMITH! WHAT THE--? HE'S GOING TO CLIMB THAT SIGN!

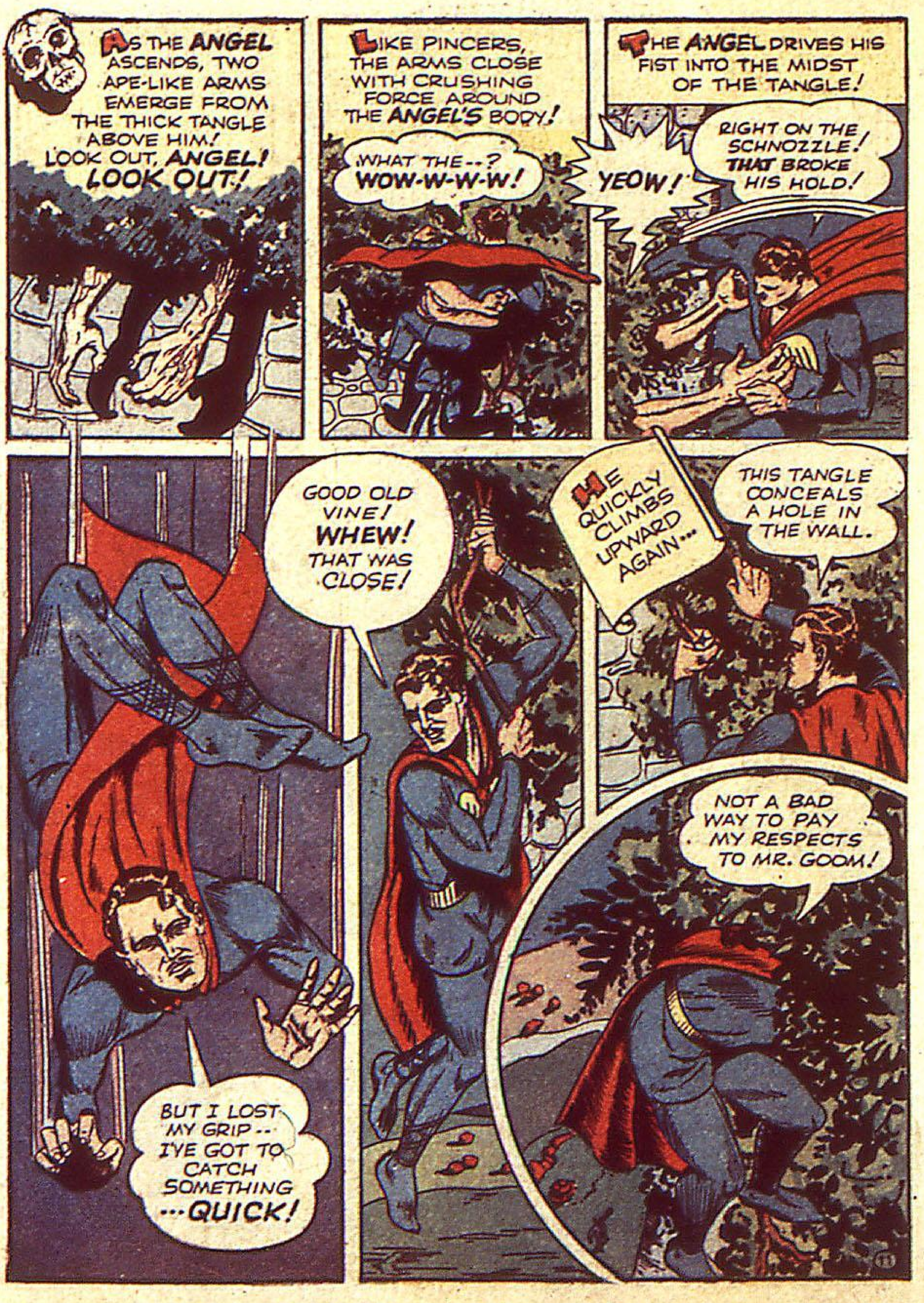

POOR SMITH! HE'S PASSED OUT! HAVE TO REVIVE HIM! WOULDN'T WANT HIM TO MISS HIS OWN EXECUTION! ---OHO! ---COMPANY, EH?
UP WE GO!
TWO'S COMPANY -- BUT THREE IS A CROWD!
YEOW!
THAT DISPOSES OF HIM FOR THE MOMENT --- NOW FOR MR. SMITH!
AGHRRR!
WAKE UP, MR. SMITH, AND LOOK AT ME! FOR YOU ARE LOOKING DEATH IN THE FACE! YA--YA--HA--HA!
SMACK!
AI-YI-IEE!
6

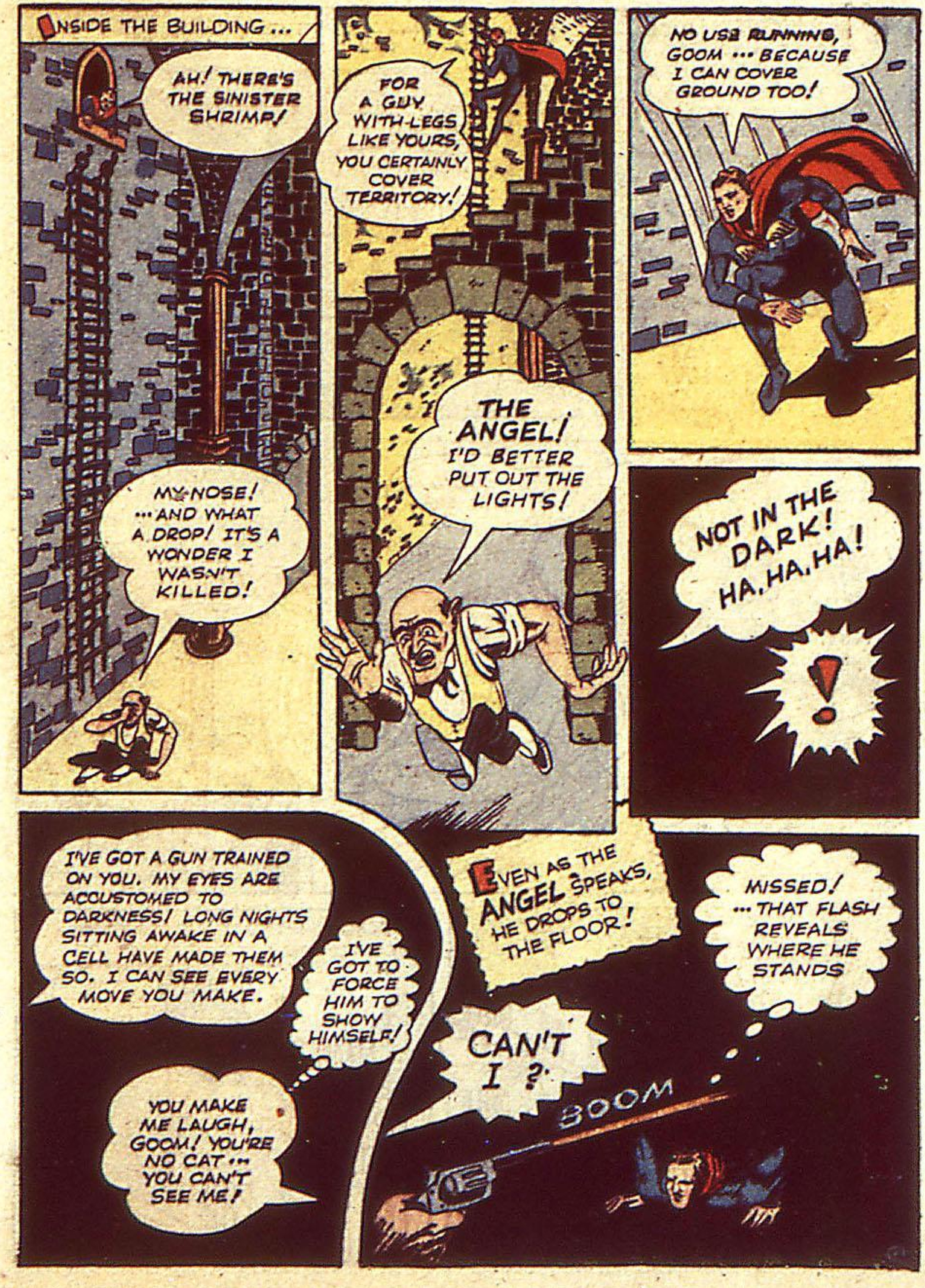

THE LITTLE MONSTER GRABS A ROPE TIED TO ONE OF THE GIRDERS.
HAVE MERCY, GOOM, --MERCY!
HA, HA! DID YOU SHOW ME MERCY? DID YOU? DID YOU? NO! NO!
LAUGH AT PAIN
Use
WE'LL MAKE THIS NOOSE GOOD AND TIGHT! HA! IT HURTS, EH?
EEEEEE-E-E!
THIS'LL RELIEVE THE PAIN ---ONE OF DUTTON'S PAIN-KILLING PILLS!
SUDDENLY--- GOOM HURLS SMITH OUT INTO SPACE! ---THE ROPE TIGHTENS!
LAUGH AT PAIN! HA! HA! THAT'S EASY! --- BUT CAN YOU LAUGH AT DEATH! THERE ISN'T A PILL MADE THAT CAN MAKE YOU DO THAT! GO AHEAD!--- LAUGH! LAUGH!
AYIEE-EE!
LAUGH AT PAIN
Use Dutton's Pills
HOW QUIET MR. SMITH IS!-- NOT A PEEP OUT OF HIM! NOW TO THAT GENTLEMAN WITH THE CLOAK!
POLICE, SUMMONED BY OFFICE WORKERS, SOON ARRIVE...
LOOK! A GUY HANGING FROM THE SIGN--AND THE KILLER COMING DOWN!

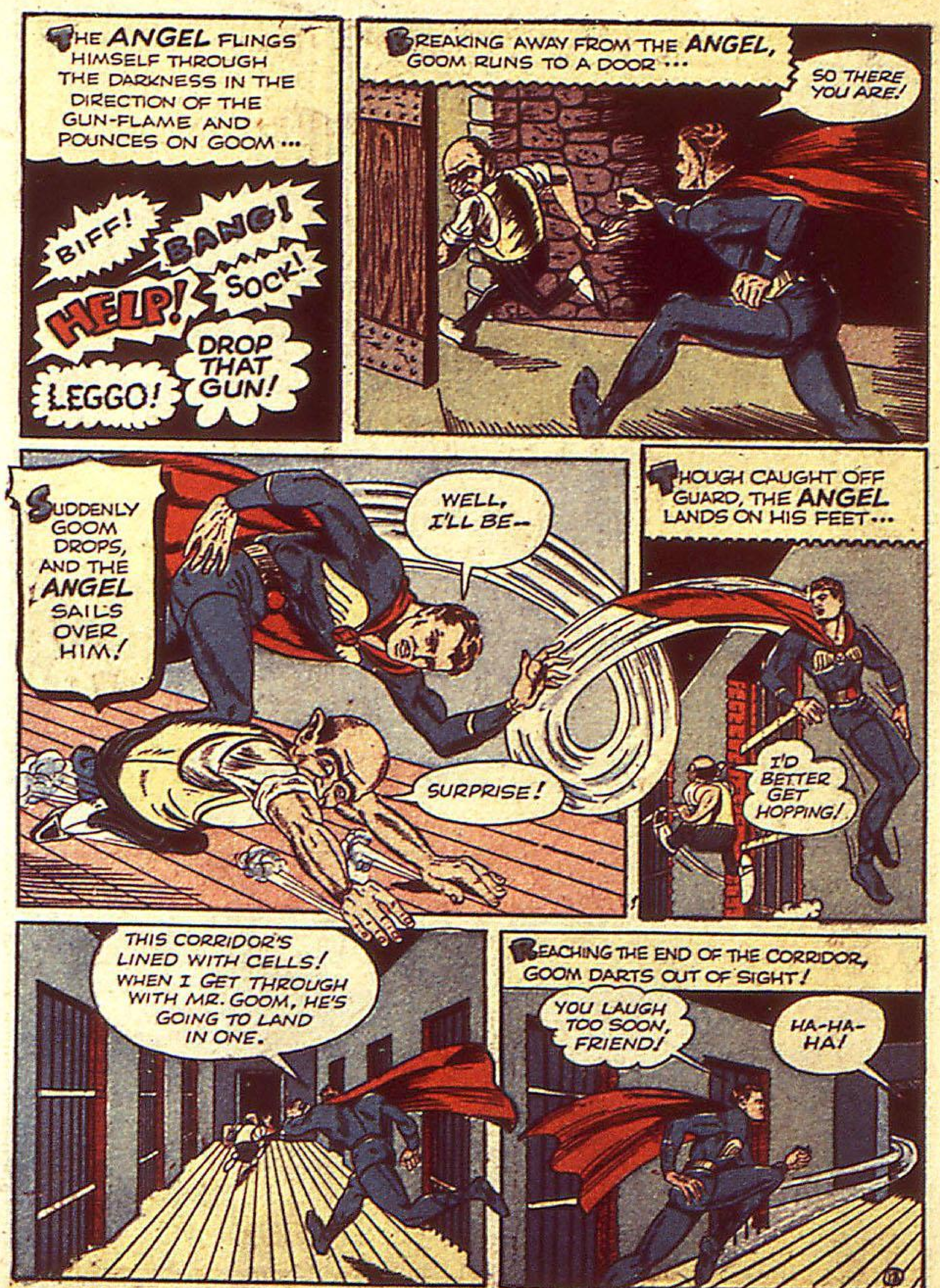

A POLICE GUN FLAMES BUT GOOM NIMBLY DODGES THE BULLET ---
TRY AGAIN! ... IF YOU GET THE CHANCE!
BANG!
ZING!
WHAT THE--?
BACK YOU GO!
NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A GRACEFUL SOMERSAULT! YAH, YAH! HA, HA, HA!
O-O-OOF!
YEOWEE!
MY JAW! THAT LITTLE GUY CAN KICK! WHAT THE--? HE'S GONE! GUESS HE'S THE ONE WHO BOWLED OVER THOSE COPS!
TWO DEAD-- AND I'LL BET THE THIRD TO DIE IS DUTTON! I'VE GOT TO WARN HIM!
THE ANGEL!
IS MR. DUTTON HOME?
WE HAVEN'T SEEN HIM IN TWO DAYS! MAYBE HE'S AT THE ROUNDERS CLUB.
RESUMING HIS DISGUISE, THE ANGEL PROCEEDS TO DUTTON'S CLUB...
HOPE I BEAT GOOM HERE! IF NOT, IT'S PROBABLY CURTAINS FOR DUTTON!
ROUNDERS CLUB

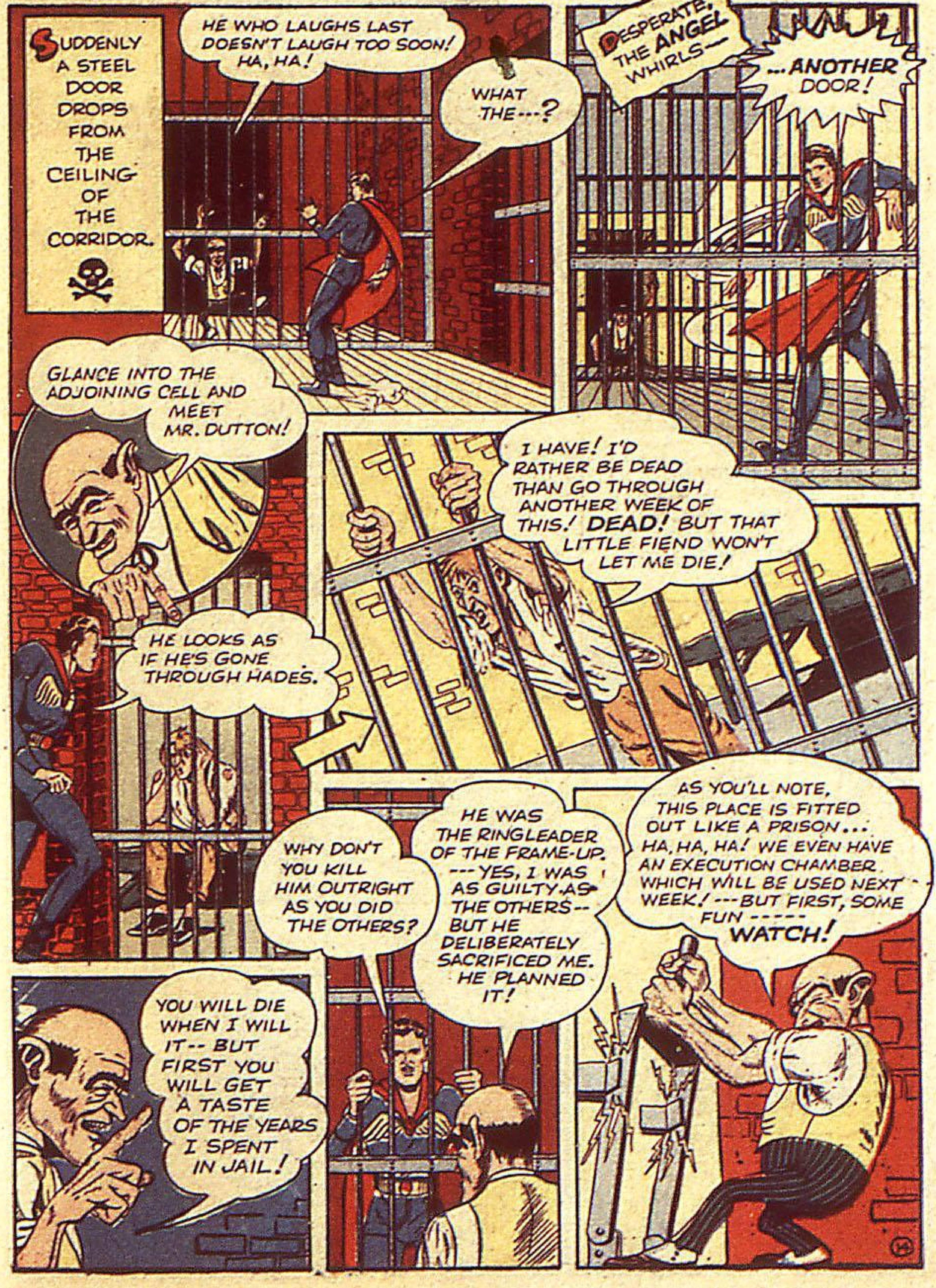

YES, I SAW MR. DUTTON GO OUT WITH ANOTHER MAN, A DWARF, WITH THE BIGGEST HEAD I EVER SAW--HEAD SIZE 9!
I'M FATED TO BE JUST BEHIND MR. GOOM
WHAT? --MUST HAVE BEEN MADE TO ORDER! NOTICE THE NAME OF THE MANUFACTURER?
GEE, YOU'RE INQUISITIVE! --YES,--THE D.L. BENNETT COMPANY --- WHY, THANKS!
GET YOURSELF SOME CANDY - AND THANK YOU!
AT THE OFFICE OF THE HAT COMPANY...
THE MAN YOU DESCRIBE IS OUR CUSTOMER, WILLIAM JONES, OF GARYTOWN ON THE HUDSON RIVER.
JONES! A FAKE NAME, OF COURSE! NOW TO VISIT MR. JONES, ALIAS GOOM!
WHO-O-O-O--
THE HIDE-OUT OF MR. GOOM! LOOKS LIKE THE BASTILE!
WHAT D'YE WANT?
I'M FROM BENNET, THE HATTER. WE'VE GOT A NEW MODEL MR. JONES WOULD LIKE.
SORRY, BUT---.
D.L.BEN

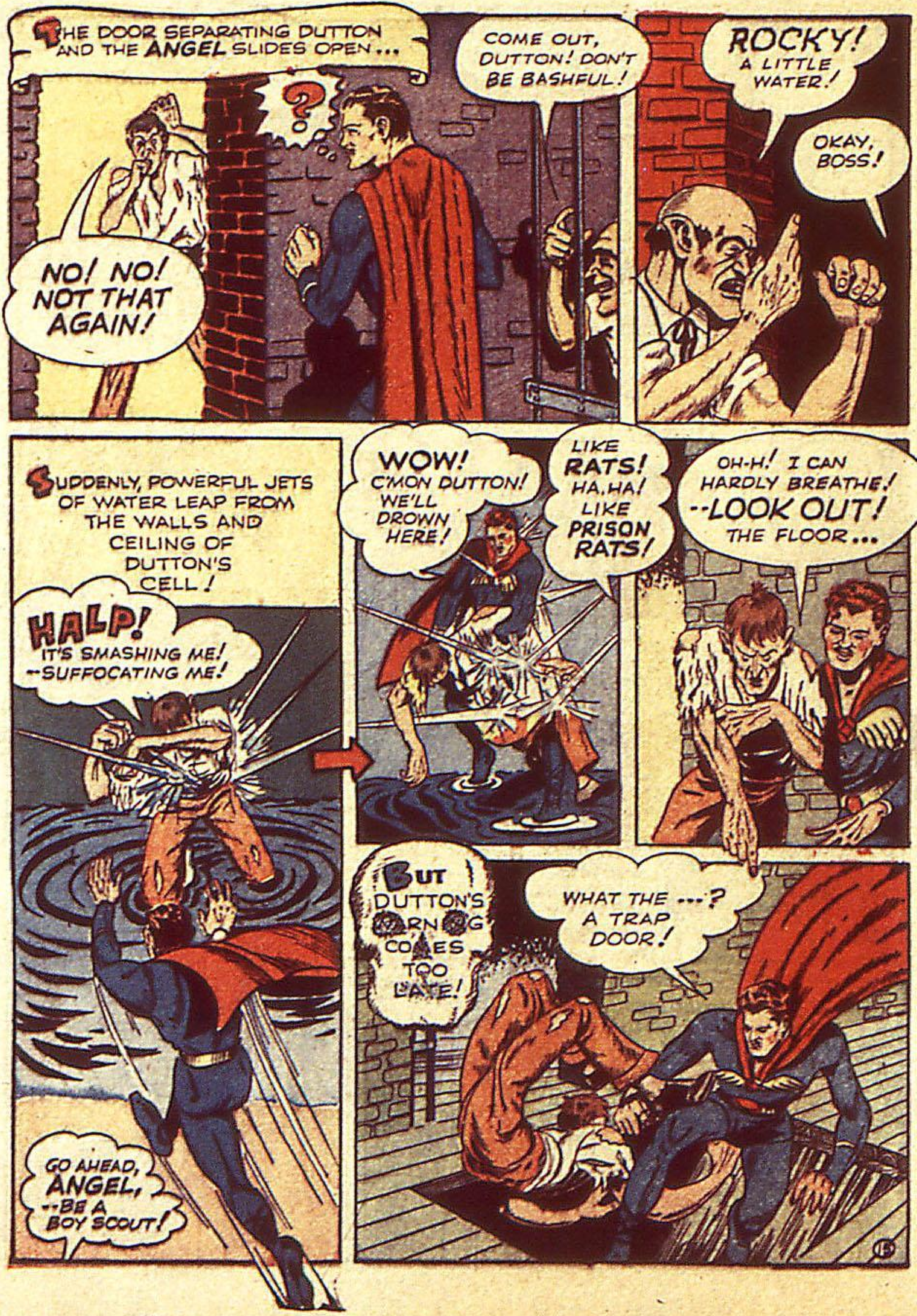

--MY MASTER'S INDISPOSED!
AYI YIEE
TOO BAD.. SAY, WHAT'S THAT?
GET OUTTA HERE! I TOLD YA HE WASN'T FEELIN' GOOD...
YAH.. HA, HA..
THEN WHAT'S HE LAUGHING FOR?
SLAMMED THE DOOR IN MY FACE! WELL -----
BANG!
THE ANGEL CLEARS FOR ACTION!
---THERE ARE OTHER WAYS TO ENTER A HOUSE!... NOW TO GET TO THE RIVER SIDE OF THE BUILDING!
THE WALL'S COVERED WITH VINES --A NATURAL STAIRCASE ----- HERE GOES!
BOY! THE VINE GROWTH CERTAINLY IS THICK UP THERE!
WITH ALL THOSE BARRED WINDOWS MY BEST BET WILL BE THE ROOF!
10

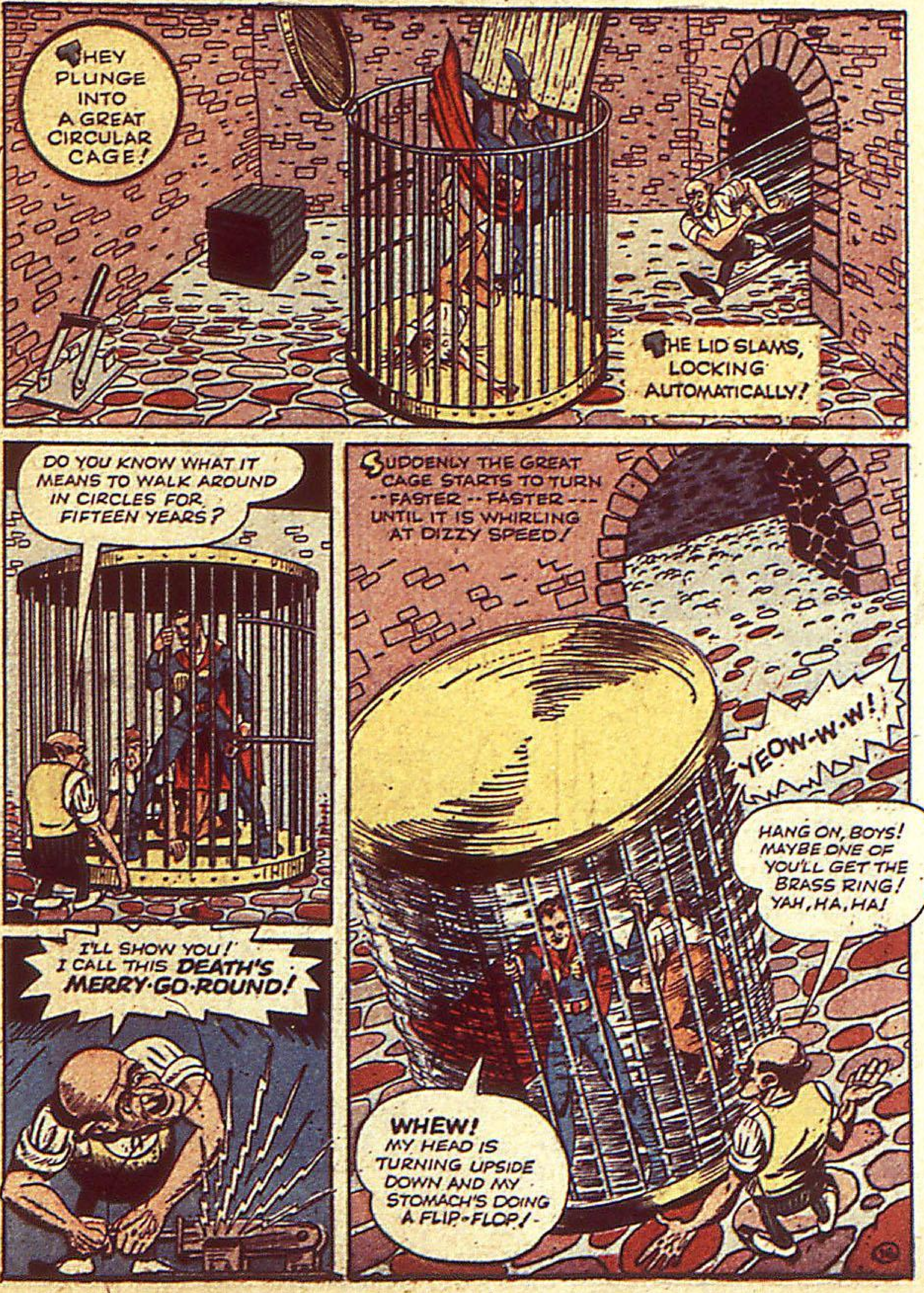

AS THE ANGEL ASCENDS, TWO APE-LIKE ARMS EMERGE FROM THE THICK TANGLE ABOVE HIM! LOOK OUT, ANGEL! LOOK OUT!
LIKE PINCERS, THE ARMS CLOSE WITH CRUSHING FORCE AROUND THE ANGEL'S BODY!
WHAT THE--? WOW-W-W-W!
THE ANGEL DRIVES HIS FIST INTO THE MIDST OF THE TANGLE!
YEOW!
RIGHT ON THE SCHNOZZLE! THAT BROKE HIS HOLD!
BUT I LOST MY GRIP -- I'VE GOT TO CATCH SOMETHING ...QUICK!
GOOD OLD VINE! WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!
HE QUICKLY CLIMBS UPWARD AGAIN...
THIS TANGLE CONCEALS A HOLE IN THE WALL.
NOT A BAD WAY TO PAY MY RESPECTS TO MR. GOOM!

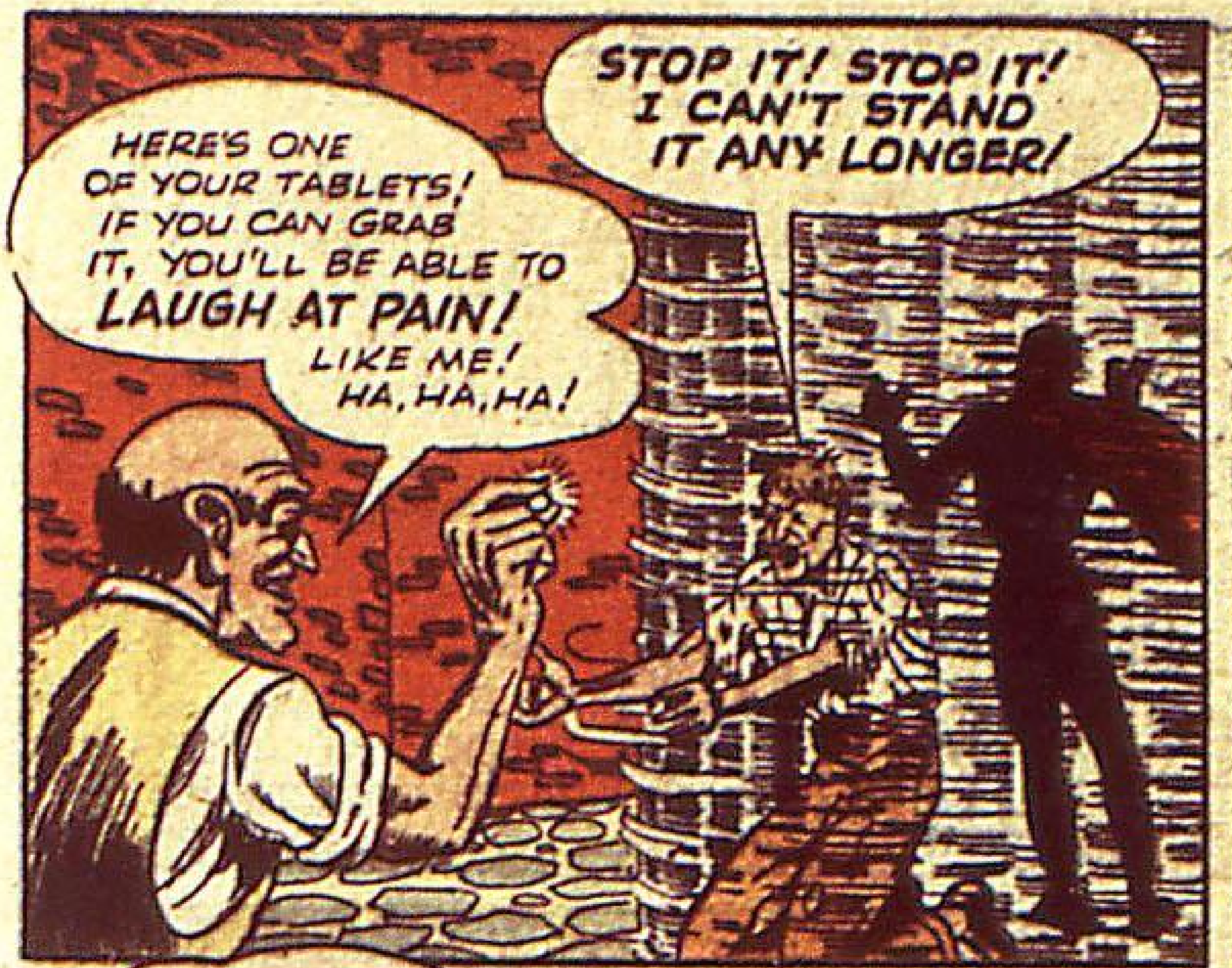

INSIDE THE BUILDING ...
AH! THERE'S THE SINISTER SHRIMP!
MY NOSE! ... AND WHAT A DROP! IT'S A WONDER I WASN'T KILLED!
FOR A GUY WITH LEGS LIKE YOURS, YOU CERTAINLY COVER TERRITORY!
THE ANGEL! I'D BETTER PUT OUT THE LIGHTS!
NO USE RUNNING, GOOM ... BECAUSE I CAN COVER GROUND TOO!
NOT IN THE DARK! HA, HA, HA!
!
I'VE GOT A GUN TRAINED ON YOU. MY EYES ARE ACCUSTOMED TO DARKNESS! LONG NIGHTS SITTING AWAKE IN A CELL HAVE MADE THEM SO. I CAN SEE EVERY MOVE YOU MAKE.
YOU MAKE ME LAUGH, GOOM! YOU'RE NO CAT ... YOU CAN'T SEE ME!
I'VE GOT TO FORCE HIM TO SHOW HIMSELF!
EVEN AS THE ANGEL SPEAKS, HE DROPS TO THE FLOOR!
CAN'T I?
BOOM
MISSED! ... THAT FLASH REVEALS WHERE HE STANDS

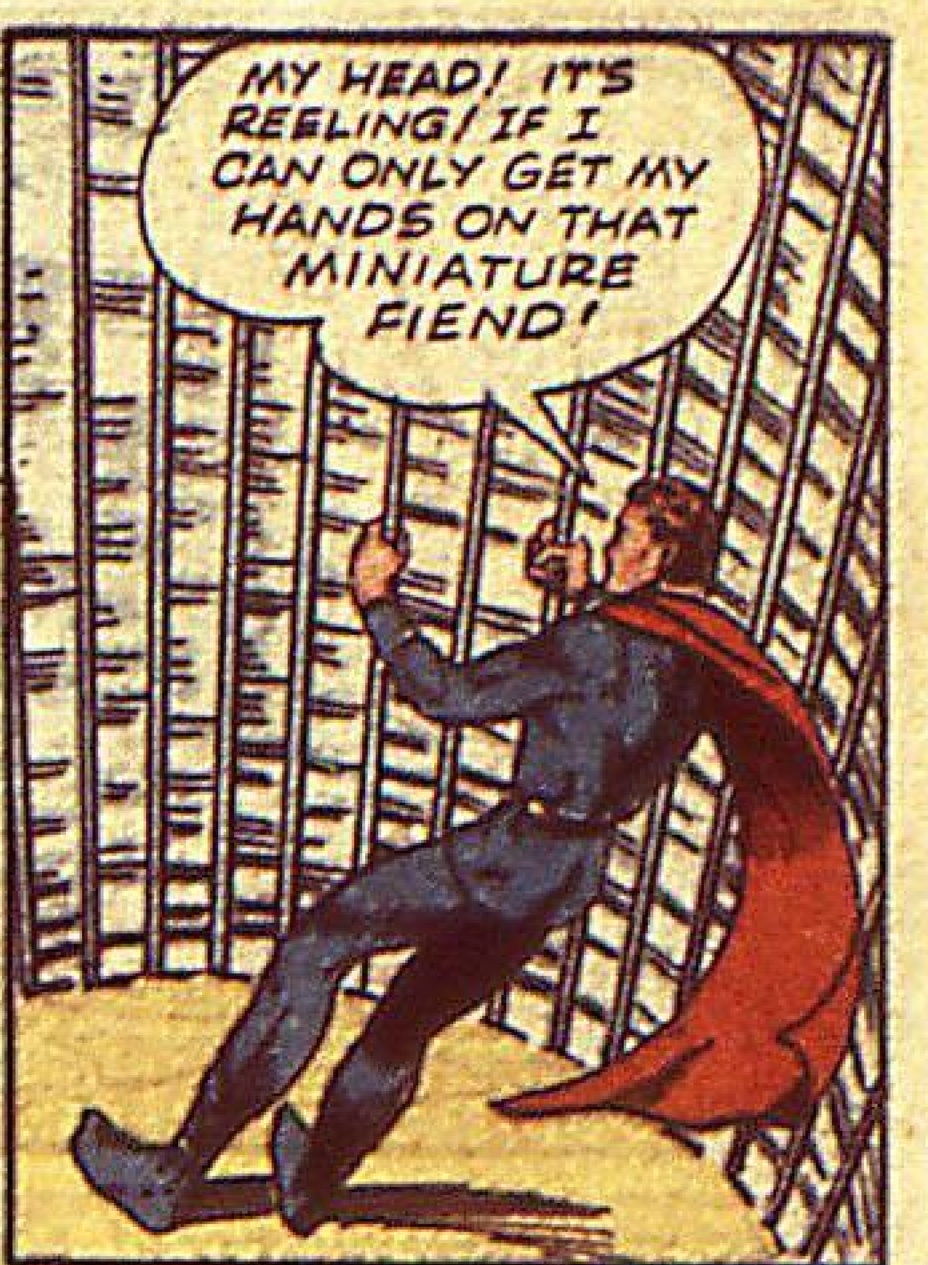

THE ANGEL FLINGS HIMSELF THROUGH THE DARKNESS IN THE DIRECTION OF THE GUN-FLAME AND POUNCES ON GOOM...
BIFF!
BANG!
HELP!
SOCK!
DROP THAT GUN!
LEGGO!
BREAKING AWAY FROM THE ANGEL, GOOM RUNS TO A DOOR...
SO THERE YOU ARE!
SUDDENLY GOOM DROPS, AND THE ANGEL SAILS OVER HIM!
WELL, I'LL BE--
SURPRISE!
THOUGH CAUGHT OFF GUARD, THE ANGEL LANDS ON HIS FEET...
I'D BETTER GET HOPPING!
THIS CORRIDOR'S LINED WITH CELLS! WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH MR. GOOM, HE'S GOING TO LAND IN ONE.
REACHING THE END OF THE CORRIDOR, GOOM DARTS OUT OF SIGHT!
YOU LAUGH TOO SOON, FRIEND!
HA-HA-HA!
13

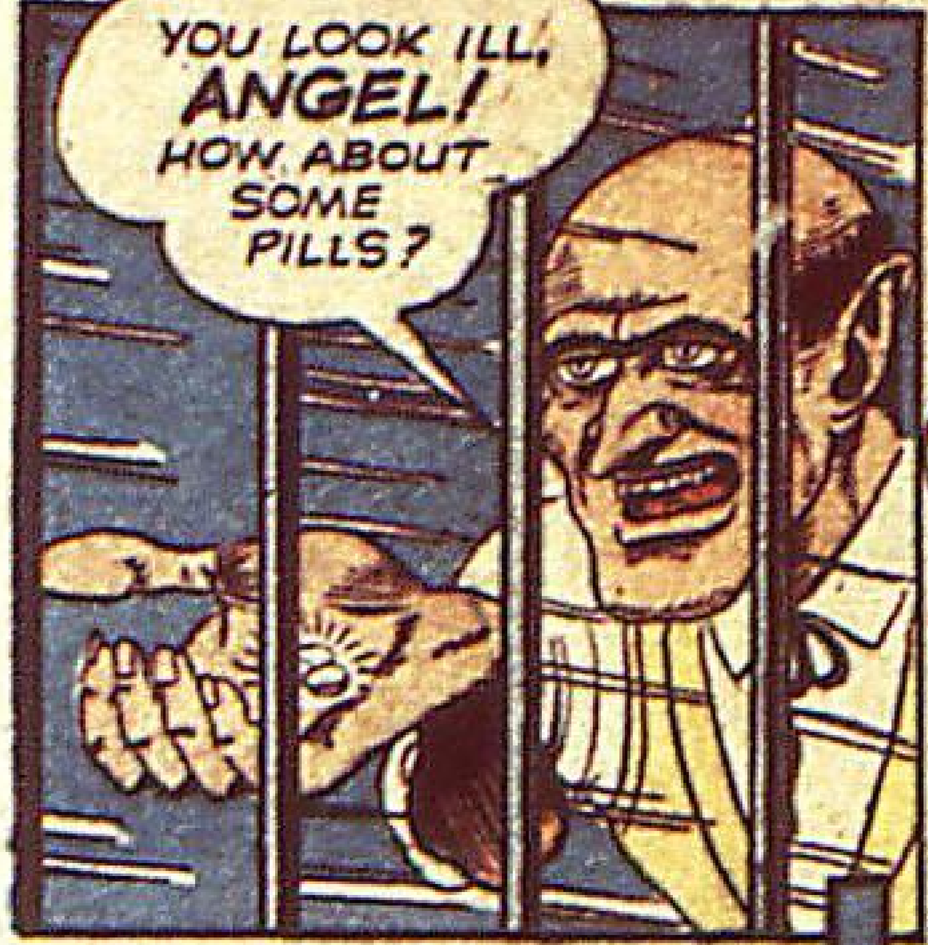

SUDDENLY A STEEL DOOR DROPS FROM THE CEILING OF THE CORRIDOR.
HE WHO LAUGHS LAST DOESN'T LAUGH TOO SOON! HA, HA!
WHAT THE---?
DESPERATE, THE ANGEL WHIRLS—
...ANOTHER DOOR!
GLANCE INTO THE ADJOINING CELL AND MEET MR. DUTTON!
HE LOOKS AS IF HE'S GONE THROUGH HADES.
I HAVE! I'D RATHER BE DEAD THAN GO THROUGH ANOTHER WEEK OF THIS! DEAD! BUT THAT LITTLE FIEND WON'T LET ME DIE!
YOU WILL DIE WHEN I WILL IT-- BUT FIRST YOU WILL GET A TASTE OF THE YEARS I SPENT IN JAIL!
WHY DON'T YOU KILL HIM OUTRIGHT AS YOU DID THE OTHERS?
HE WAS THE RINGLEADER OF THE FRAME-UP. ---YES, I WAS AS GUILTY AS THE OTHERS-- BUT HE DELIBERATELY SACRIFICED ME. HE PLANNED IT!
AS YOU'LL NOTE, THIS PLACE IS FITTED OUT LIKE A PRISON... HA, HA, HA! WE EVEN HAVE AN EXECUTION CHAMBER WHICH WILL BE USED NEXT WEEK! ---BUT FIRST, SOME FUN ----- WATCH!

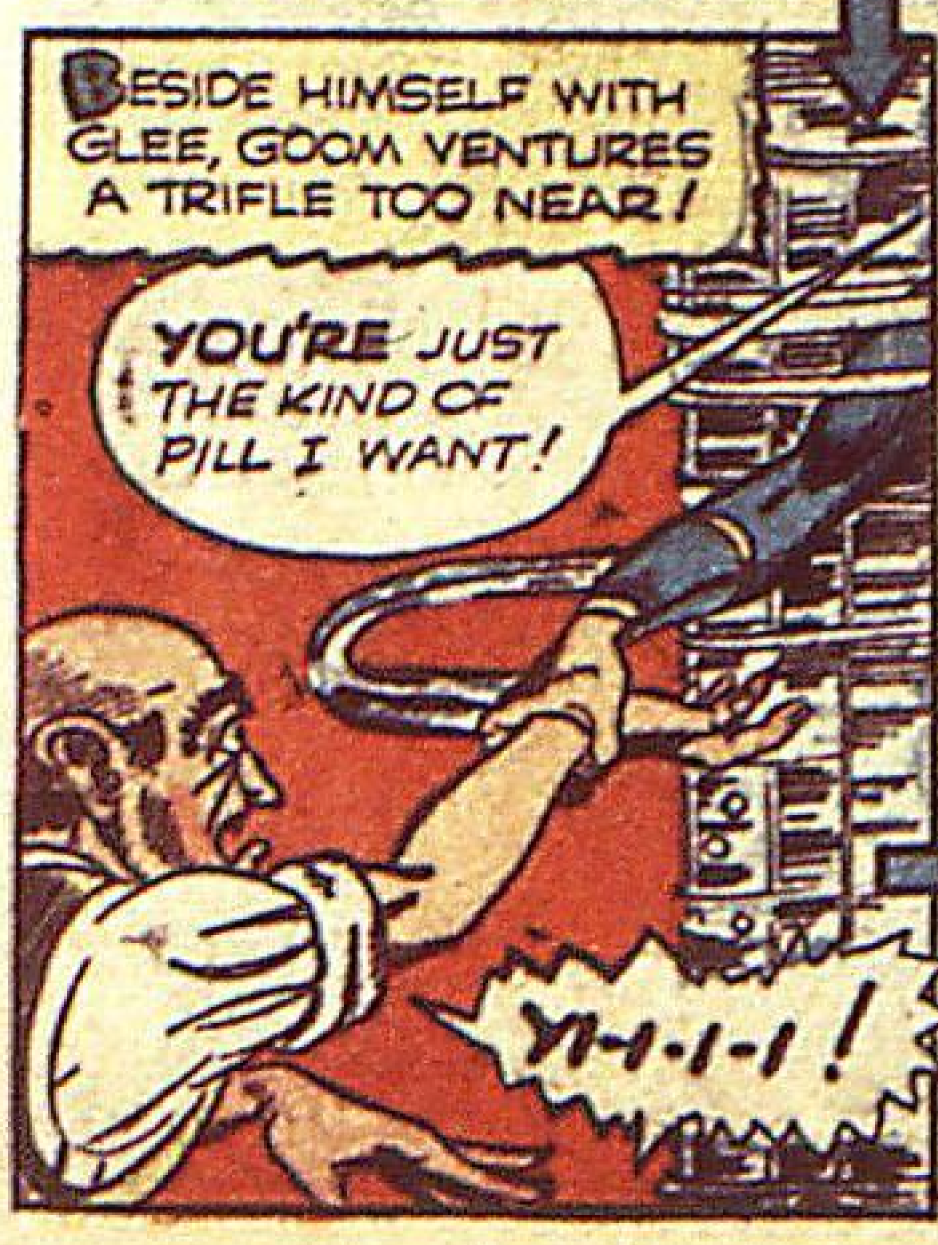

THE DOOR SEPARATING DUTTON AND THE **ANGEL** SLIDES OPEN...
?
NO! NO! NOT THAT AGAIN!
COME OUT, DUTTON! DON'T BE BASHFUL!
ROCKY! A LITTLE WATER!
OKAY, BOSS!
SUDDENLY, POWERFUL JETS OF WATER LEAP FROM THE WALLS AND CEILING OF DUTTON'S CELL!
HALP! IT'S SMASHING ME! --SUFFOCATING ME!
GO AHEAD, ANGEL, --BE A BOY SCOUT!
WOW! C'MON DUTTON! WE'LL DROWN HERE!
LIKE RATS! HA, HA! LIKE PRISON RATS!
OH-H! I CAN HARDLY BREATHE! --LOOK OUT! THE FLOOR...
BUT DUTTON'S WARNING COMES TOO LATE!
WHAT THE ---? A TRAP DOOR!

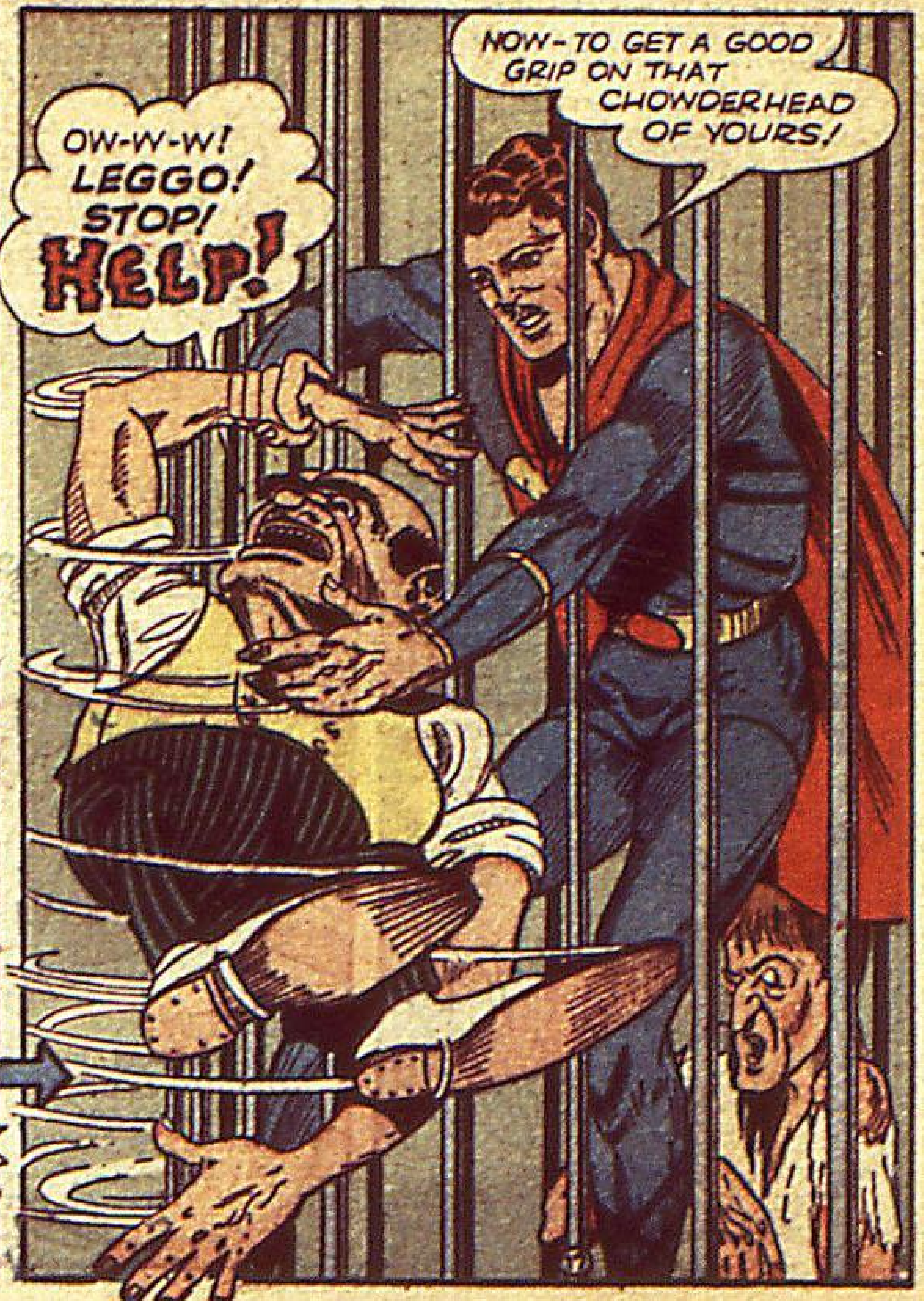

THEY PLUNGE INTO A GREAT CIRCULAR CAGE!
THE LID SLAMS, LOCKING AUTOMATICALLY!
DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO WALK AROUND IN CIRCLES FOR FIFTEEN YEARS?
I'LL SHOW YOU! I CALL THIS DEATH'S MERRY-GO-ROUND!
SUDDENLY THE GREAT CAGE STARTS TO TURN --FASTER --FASTER--- UNTIL IT IS WHIRLING AT DIZZY SPEED!
YEOW-W-W!
HANG ON, BOYS! MAYBE ONE OF YOU'LL GET THE BRASS RING! YAH, HA, HA!
WHEW! MY HEAD IS TURNING UPSIDE DOWN AND MY STOMACH'S DOING A FLIP-FLOP!

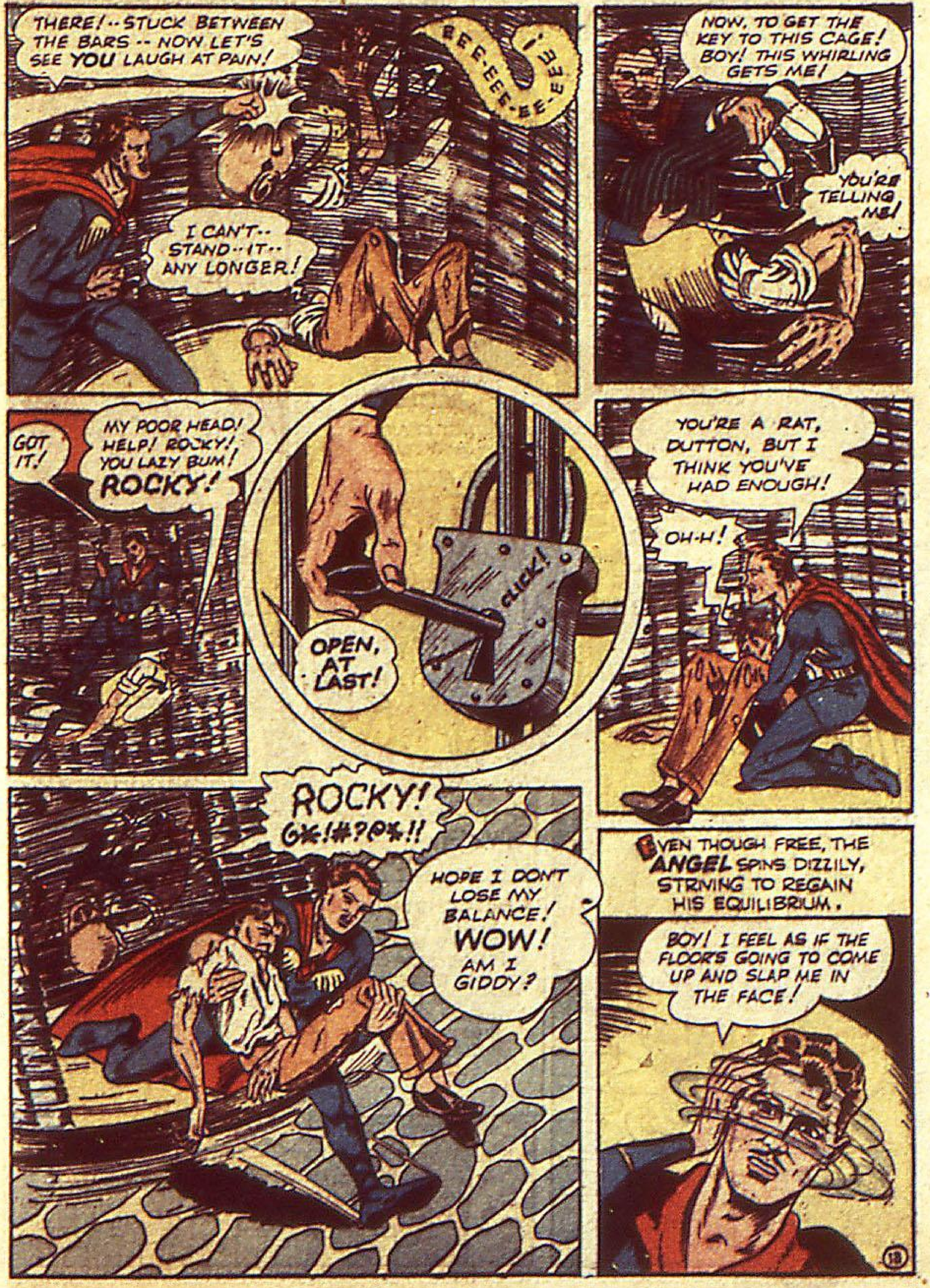

HERE'S ONE OF YOUR TABLETS! IF YOU CAN GRAB IT, YOU'LL BE ABLE TO LAUGH AT PAIN! LIKE ME! HA, HA, HA!
STOP IT! STOP IT! I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER!

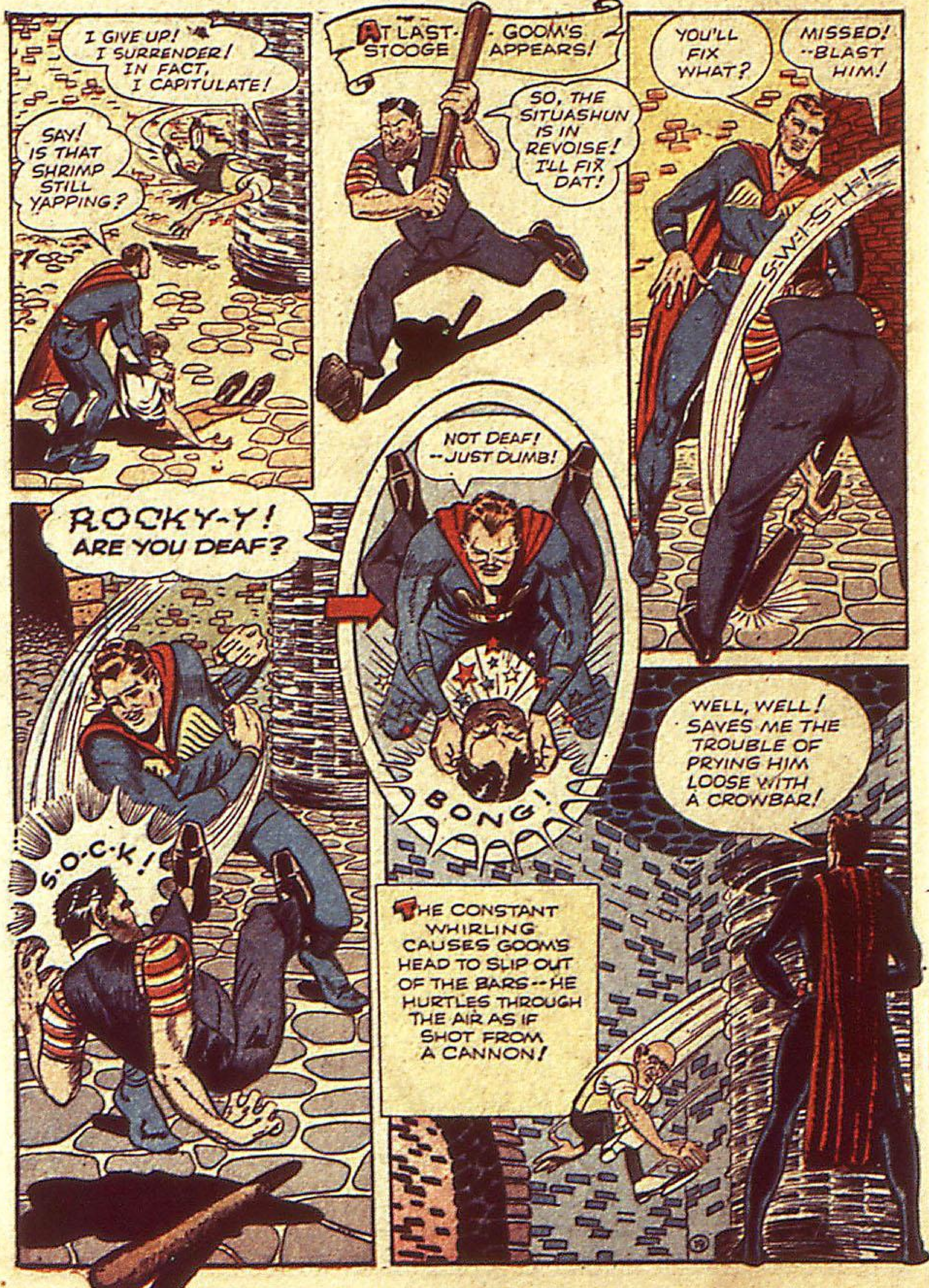

MY HEAD! IT'S REELING! IF I CAN ONLY GET MY HANDS ON THAT MINIATURE FIEND!

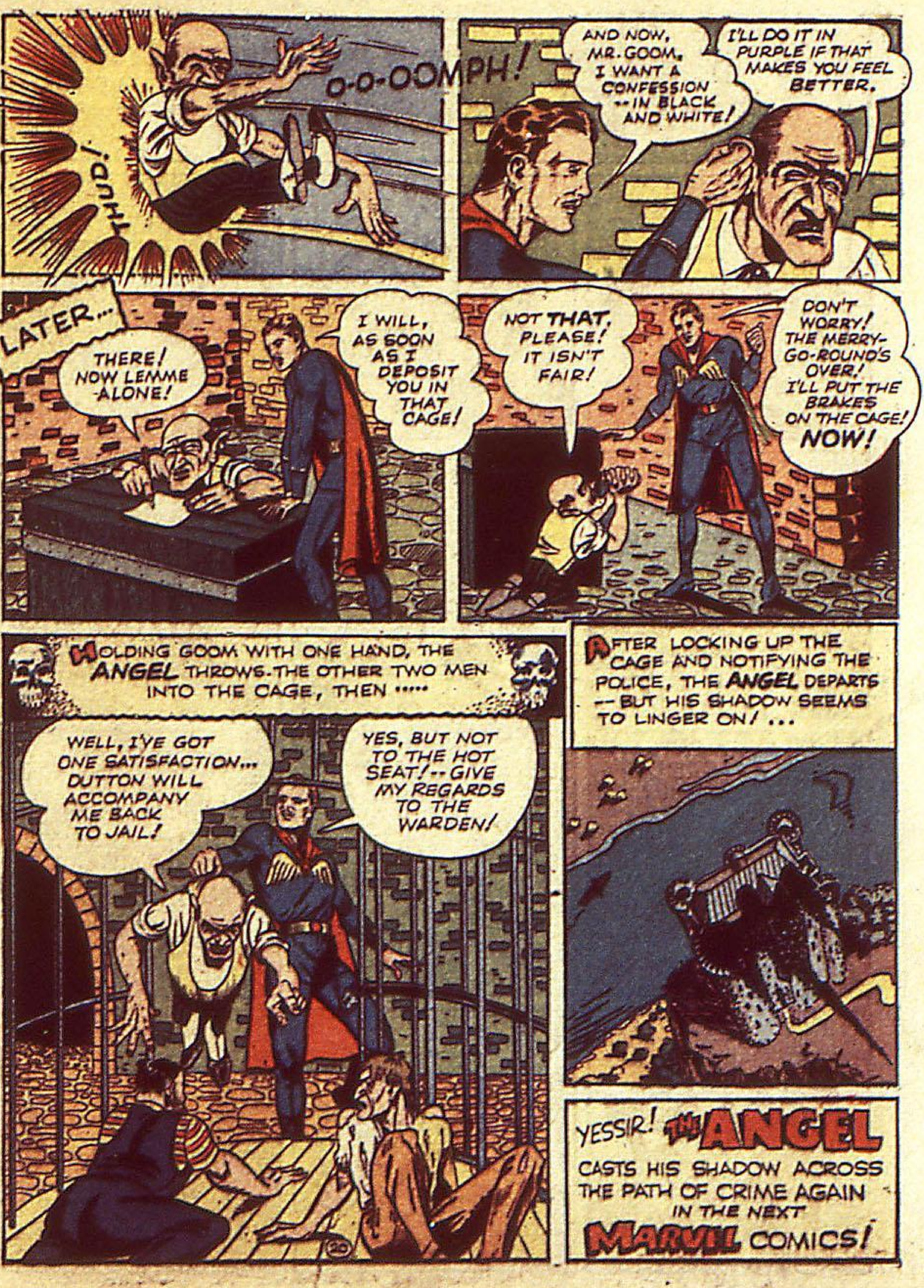

YOU LOOK ILL, ANGEL! HOW ABOUT SOME PILLS?


BESIDE HIMSELF WITH GLEE, GOOM VENTURES A TRIFLE TOO NEAR!
YOU'RE JUST THE KIND OF PILL I WANT!
YI-I-I-I!


OW-W-W! LEGGO! STOP! HELP!
NOW-TO GET A GOOD GRIP ON THAT CHOWDERHEAD OF YOURS!

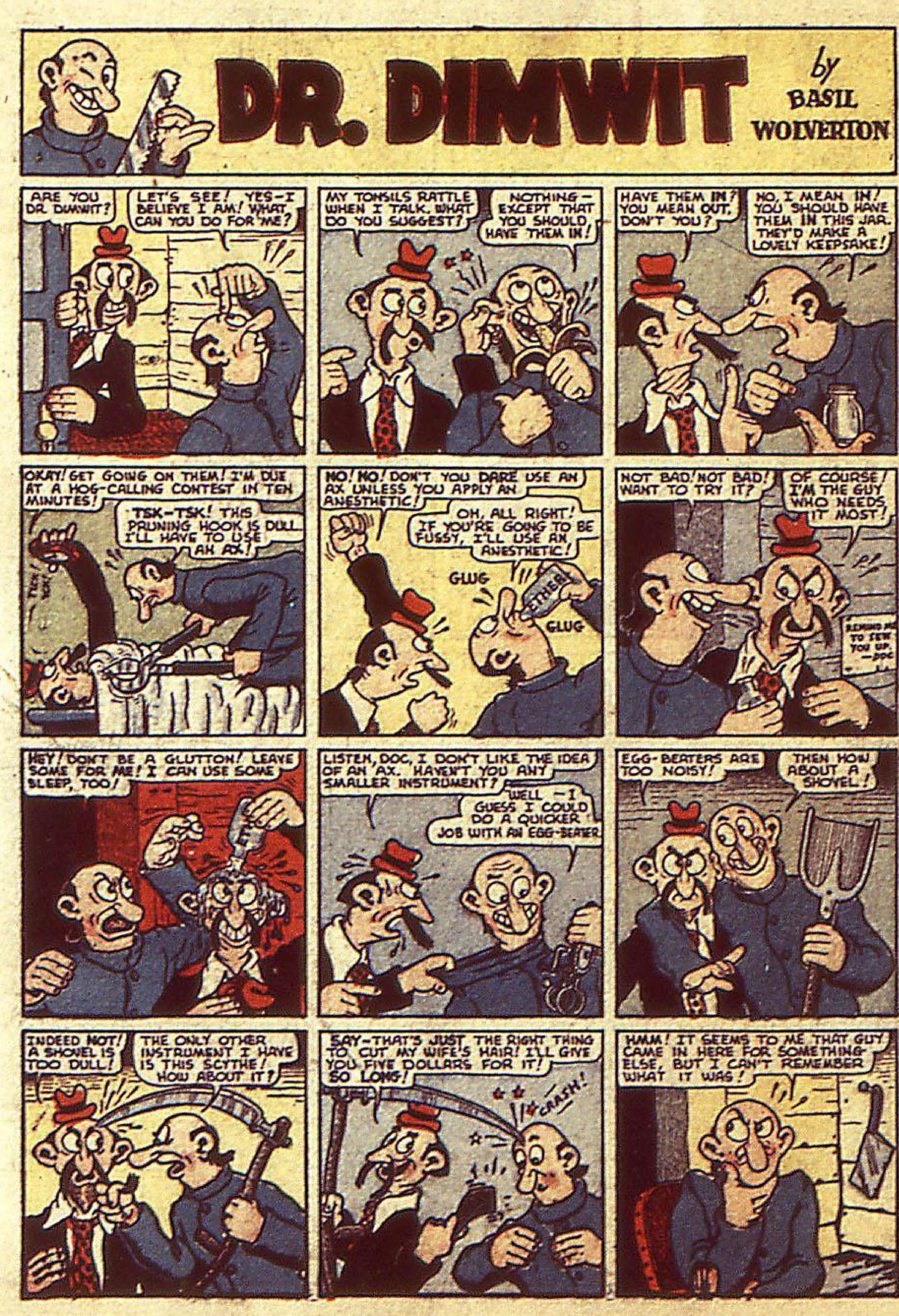

THERE! -- STUCK BETWEEN THE BARS -- NOW LET'S SEE **YOU** LAUGH AT PAIN!
EEE-EEE-EE-EEE!
I CAN'T-- STAND-- IT-- ANY LONGER!
NOW, TO GET THE KEY TO THIS CAGE! BOY! THIS WHIRLING GETS ME!
YOU'RE TELLING ME!
GOT IT!
MY POOR HEAD! HELP! ROCKY! YOU LAZY BUM! **ROCKY!**
CLICK!
OPEN, AT LAST!
YOU'RE A RAT, DUTTON, BUT I THINK YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH!
OH-H!
ROCKY! G*!#?@*!!
HOPE I DON'T LOSE MY BALANCE! **WOW!** AM I GIDDY?
EVEN THOUGH FREE, THE **ANGEL** SPINS DIZZILY, STRIVING TO REGAIN HIS EQUILIBRIUM.
BOY! I FEEL AS IF THE FLOOR'S GOING TO COME UP AND SLAP ME IN THE FACE!


I GIVE UP! I SURRENDER! IN FACT, I CAPITULATE!
SAY! IS THAT SHRIMP STILL YAPPING?
AT LAST-- GOOM'S STOOGE APPEARS!
SO, THE SITUASHUN IS IN REVOISE! I'LL FIX DAT!
YOU'LL FIX WHAT?
MISSED! --BLAST HIM!
S-W-I-S-H!
ROCKY-Y! ARE YOU DEAF?
S-O-C-K!
NOT DEAF! --JUST DUMB!
BONG!
WELL, WELL! SAVES ME THE TROUBLE OF PRYING HIM LOOSE WITH A CROWBAR!
THE CONSTANT WHIRLING CAUSES GOOM'S HEAD TO SLIP OUT OF THE BARS--HE HURTLES THROUGH THE AIR AS IF SHOT FROM A CANNON!


THUD!
O-O-OOMPH!
AND NOW, MR. GOOM, I WANT A CONFESSION --IN BLACK AND WHITE!
I'LL DO IT IN PURPLE IF THAT MAKES YOU FEEL BETTER.
LATER...
THERE! NOW LEMME ALONE!
I WILL, AS SOON AS I DEPOSIT YOU IN THAT CAGE!
NOT THAT, PLEASE! IT ISN'T FAIR!
DON'T WORRY! THE MERRY-GO-ROUND'S OVER! I'LL PUT THE BRAKES ON THE CAGE! NOW!
HOLDING GOOM WITH ONE HAND, THE ANGEL THROWS THE OTHER TWO MEN INTO THE CAGE, THEN .....
WELL, I'VE GOT ONE SATISFACTION... DUTTON WILL ACCOMPANY ME BACK TO JAIL!
YES, BUT NOT TO THE HOT SEAT! -- GIVE MY REGARDS TO THE WARDEN!
20
AFTER LOCKING UP THE CAGE AND NOTIFYING THE POLICE, THE ANGEL DEPARTS -- BUT HIS SHADOW SEEMS TO LINGER ON! ...
YESSIR! THE ANGEL CASTS HIS SHADOW ACROSS THE PATH OF CRIME AGAIN IN THE NEXT MARVEL COMICS!

DR. DIMWIT

by BASIL WOLVERTON


ARE YOU DR. DIMWIT?
LET'S SEE! YES—I BELIEVE I AM! WHAT CAN YOU DO FOR ME?
MY TONSILS RATTLE WHEN I TALK. WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST?
NOTHING— EXCEPT THAT YOU SHOULD HAVE THEM IN!
HAVE THEM IN? YOU MEAN OUT, DON'T YOU?
NO, I MEAN IN! YOU SHOULD HAVE THEM IN THIS JAR. THEY'D MAKE A LOVELY KEEPSAKE!
OKAY! GET GOING ON THEM! I'M DUE AT A HOG-CALLING CONTEST IN TEN MINUTES!
TSK-TSK! THIS PRUNING HOOK IS DULL. I'LL HAVE TO USE AN AX!
NO! NO! DON'T YOU DARE USE AN AX UNLESS YOU APPLY AN ANESTHETIC!
OH, ALL RIGHT! IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE FUSSY, I'LL USE AN ANESTHETIC!
GLUG
ETHER
GLUG
NOT BAD! NOT BAD! WANT TO TRY IT?
OF COURSE! I'M THE GUY WHO NEEDS IT MOST!
REMIND ME TO SEW YOU UP. —DOC
HEY! DON'T BE A GLUTTON! LEAVE SOME FOR ME! I CAN USE SOME SLEEP, TOO!
LISTEN, DOC, I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF AN AX. HAVEN'T YOU ANY SMALLER INSTRUMENT?
WELL —I GUESS I COULD DO A QUICKER JOB WITH AN EGG-BEATER
EGG-BEATERS ARE TOO NOISY!
THEN HOW ABOUT A SHOVEL!
INDEED NOT! A SHOVEL IS TOO DULL!
THE ONLY OTHER INSTRUMENT I HAVE IS THIS SCYTHE! HOW ABOUT IT?
SAY—THAT'S JUST THE RIGHT THING TO CUT MY WIFE'S HAIR! I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE DOLLARS FOR IT! SO LONG!
CRASH!
HMM! IT SEEMS TO ME THAT GUY CAME IN HERE FOR SOMETHING ELSE, BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT IT WAS!

FLAMING

TO THE FRONT!

OUT FRONT-

FOR THRILLS ... MYSTERY
EXCITEMENT AND ACTION!

OUT FRONT-

IS WHERE YOU'LL FIND-

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COMICS NO. 6

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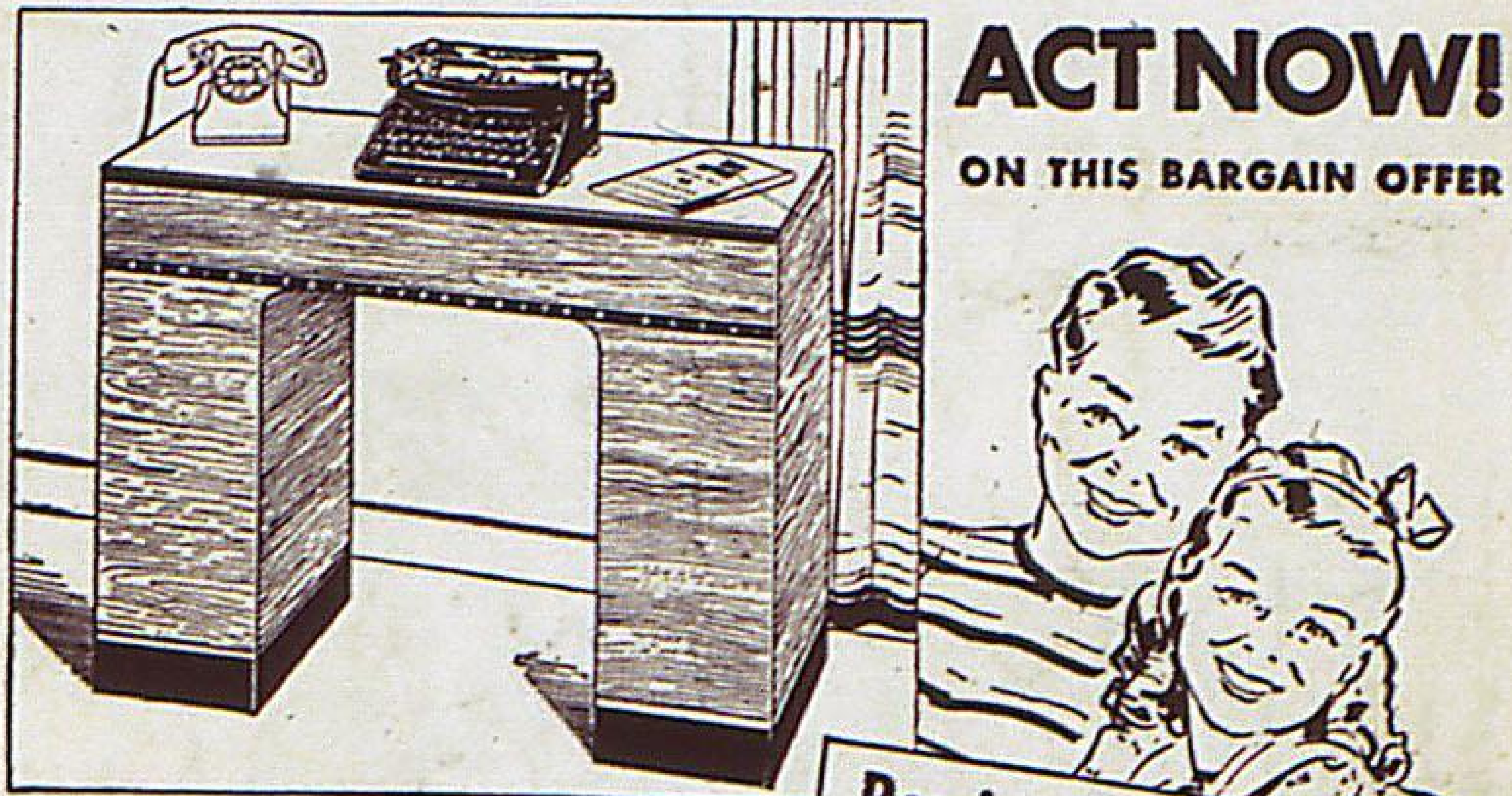
SUB MARINER!

WATCH FOR

THIS SENSATIONAL ISSUE
ON SALE SOON!



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THIS BEAUTIFUL DESK FOR ONLY $1.00

WITH ANY

REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

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To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 44-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent Free while this offer holds.

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The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a beautiful carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood bound with a special Dupont Fabric.

SPECIFICATIONS

ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Deluxe Noiseless Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin stops and margin release; double shift key; two color ribbon; automatic reverse; tabulator; variable line spacer; paper fingers; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 9.5" wide; writes lines 8.2" wide, black key cards and white letters, rubber cushioned feet.

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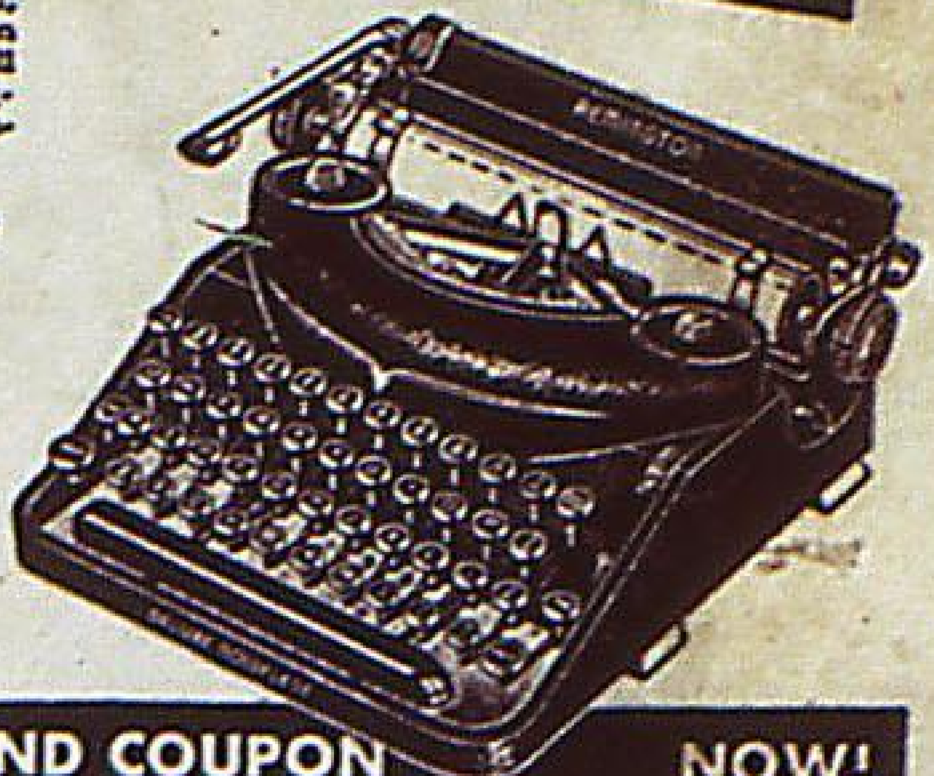
The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money-back guarantee. If, after ten days trial, you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back, pay all shipping charges and refund your good will deposit at once. You take no risk.



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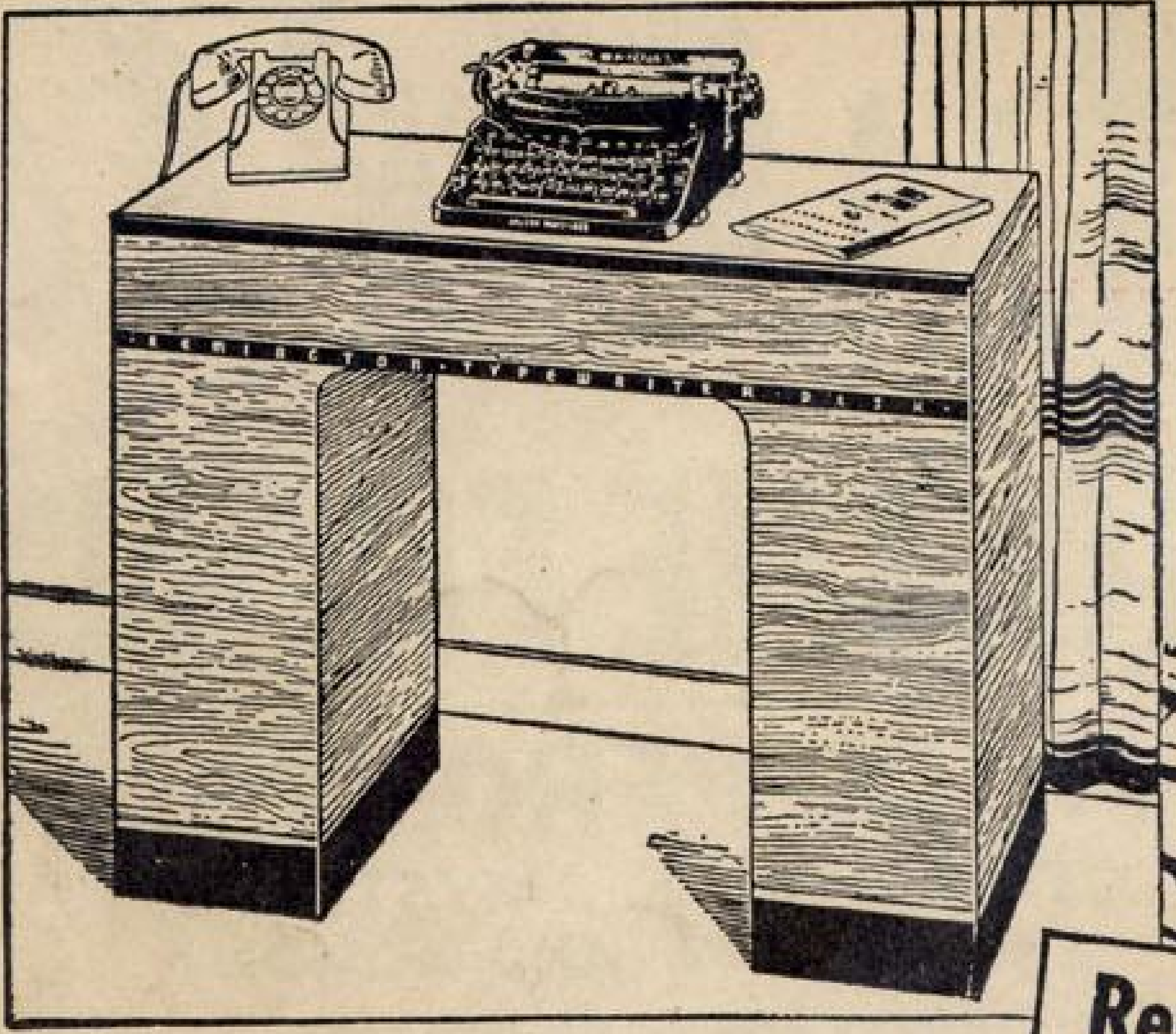

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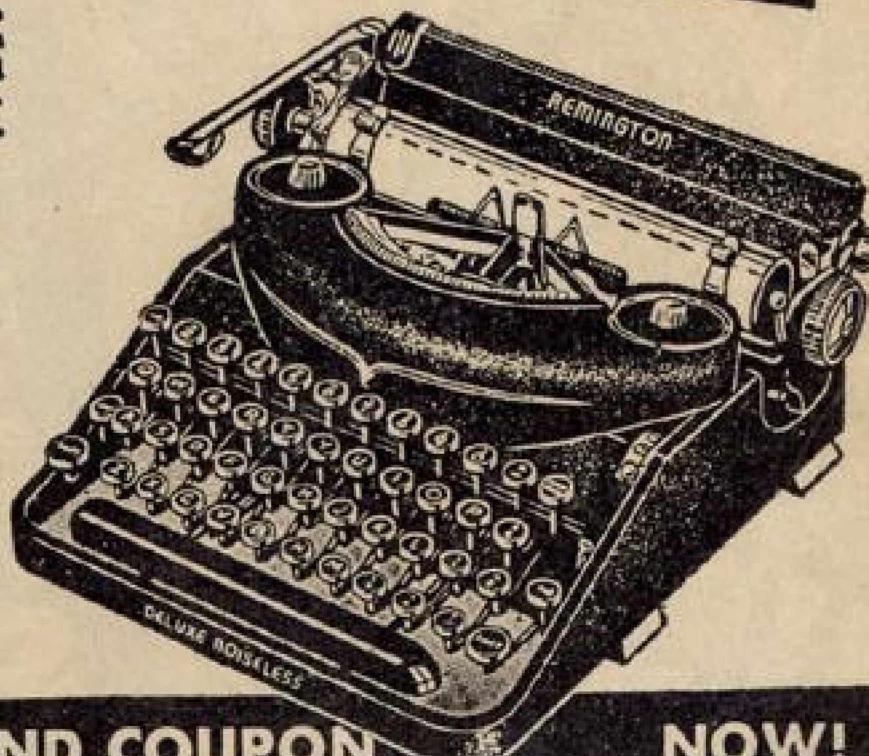
The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a beautiful carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood bound with a special Dupont Fabric.

SPECIFICATIONS

ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Deluxe Noiseless Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin stops and margin release; double shift key; two color ribbon; automatic reverse; tabulator; variable line spacer; paper fingers; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 9.5" wide; writes lines 8.2" wide, black key cards and white letters, rubber cushioned feet.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money-back guarantee. If, after ten days trial, you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back, pay all shipping charges and refund your good will deposit at once. You take no risk.



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Tell me, without obligation, how to get a Free Trial of a new Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable, including Carrying Case and Free 44 page Typing Booklet. Also about terms the Remington ten pay way. Send Catalogue.

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